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DR. BREEN'S PRACTICE.[1]

VII.

Libby's friends had broken up their camp on the beach, and had gone to a lake in the heart of the woods for the fishing. He had taken a room at the Long Beach House, but he spent most of his time at Jocelyn's, where he kept his mare for use in going upon errands for Mrs. Maynard. Grace saw him constantly, and he was always doing little things for her with a divination of her unexpressed desires which women find too rarely in men. He brought her flowers, which, after refusing them for Mrs. Maynard, the first time, she accepted for herself. He sometimes brought her books, the light sort which form the sentimental currency of young people, and she lent them round among the other ladies, who were insatiable of them. She took a pleasure in these attentions, as if they had been for some one else. In this alien sense she liked to be followed up with a chair to the point where she wished to sit; to have her hat fetched, or her shawl; to drop her work or her handkerchief, secure that it would be picked up for her. It all interested her, and it was a relief from the circumstances that would have forbidden her to recognize it as gallantry, even if her own mind had not been so far from all thought of that. It followed often upon some application of hers for his advice or help, for she had fallen into the habit of going to him with difficulties. He had a prompt common sense that made him very useful in emergencies, and a sympathy or an insight that was quick in suggestions and expedients. Perhaps she overrated other qualities of his in her admiration of the practical readiness which kept his amiability from seeming weak. But the practical had so often been the unattainable with her that it was not strange she should overrate it, and that she should rest upon it in him with a trust that included all he chose to do in her behalf.

"What is the matter, Mr. Libby?" she asked, as he came toward her.

"Is anything the matter?" he demanded in turn.

"Yes; you are looking downcast," she cried reproachfully.

"I did n't know that I must n't look downcast. I did n't suppose it would be very polite, under the circumstances, to go round looking as bobbish as I feel."

"It 's the best thing you could possibly do. But you 're not feeling very bobbish now." A woman respects the word a man uses, not because she would have chosen it, but because she thinks that he has an exact intention in it, which could not be reconveyed in a

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more feminine phrase. In this way slang arises. "Is n't it time for Mr. Maynard to be here?"

"Yes," he answered. Then, "How did you know I was thinking of that?"

"I did n't. I only happened to think it was time. What are you keeping back, Mr. Libby?" she pursued tremulously.

"Nothing, upon my honor. I almost wish there *were* something to keep back. But there is n't anything. There have n't been any accidents reported. And I should n't keep anything back from you."

"Why?"

"Because you would be equal to it, whatever it was."

"I don't see why you say that." She weakly found comfort in the praise which she might once have resented as patronage.

"I don't see why I should n't," he retorted.

"Because I am not fit to be trusted at all."

"Do you mean" —

"Oh, I have n't the strength to *mean* anything," she said. "But I thank you, thank you very much," she added. She turned her head away.

"Confound Maynard!" cried the young man. "I don't see why he does n't come. He must have started four days ago. He ought to have had sense enough to telegraph when he did start. I did n't tell his partner to ask him. You can't think of everything. I 've been trying to find out something. I 'm going over to Leyden, now, to try to wake up *somebody* in Cheyenne who knows Maynard." He looked ruefully at Grace, who listened with anxious unintelligence. "You 're getting worn out, Miss Breen," he said. "I wish I could ask you to go with me to Leyden. It would do you good. But my mare 's fallen lame; I 've just been to see her. Is there anything I can do for you over there?"

"Why, how are you going?" she asked.

"In my boat," he answered consciously.

"The same boat?"

"Yes. I 've had her put to rights. She was n't much damaged."

She was silent a moment, while he stood looking down at her in the chair into which she had sunk. "Does it take you long?"

"Oh, no. It 's shorter than it is by land. I shall have the tide with me both ways. I can make the run there and back in a couple of hours."

"Two hours?"

"Yes."

A sudden impulse, unreasoned and unreasonable, in which there seemed hope of some such atonement, or expiation, as the same ascetic nature would once have found in fasting or the scourge, prevailed with her. She rose. "Mr. Libby," she panted, "if you will let me, I should like to go with you in your boat. Do you think it will be rough?"

"No, it 's a light breeze; just right. You need n't be afraid."

"I 'm not afraid. I should not care if it were rough! I should not care if it stormed! I hope it — I will ask mother to stay with Mrs. Maynard."

Mrs. Breen had not been pleased to have her daughter in charge of Mrs. Maynard's case, but she had not liked her giving it up. She had said more than once that she had no faith in Dr. Mulbridge. She willingly consented to Grace's prayer, and went down into Mrs. Maynard's room, and insinuated misgivings in which the sick woman found so much reason that they began for the first time to recognize each other's good qualities. They decided that the treatment was not sufficiently active, and that she should either have something that would be more loosening to the cough, or some application — like mustard plasters — to her feet, so as to

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take away that stuffed feeling about the head.

At that hour of the afternoon, when most of the ladies were lying down in their rooms, Grace met no one on the beach but Miss Gleason and Mrs. Alger, who rose from their beds of sand under the cliff, at her passage with Mr. Libby to his dory.

"Don't you want to go to Leyden?" he asked jocosely over his shoulder.

"You don't mean to say *you're* going?" Miss Gleason demanded of Grace.

"Yes, certainly. Why not?"

"Well, you *are* brave!" She shut her novel upon her thumb, that she might have nothing to do but admire Grace's courage, as the girl walked away.

"It will do her good, poor thing," said the elder woman. "She looks wretchedly."

"I can understand just why she does it," murmured Miss Gleason in adoring rapture.

"I hope she does it for pleasure," said Mrs. Alger.

"It is n't that," returned Miss Gleason mysteriously.

"At any rate Mr. Libby seemed pleased."

"Oh, she would never marry *him!*" said Miss Gleason.

The other laughed, and at that moment Grace also laughed. The strong current of her purpose, the sense of escape from the bitter servitude of the past week, and the wild hope of final expiation through the chances she was tempting gave her a buoyancy long unfelt. She laughed in gayety of heart as she helped the young man draw his dory down the sand, and then took her place at one end while he gave it the last push and then leaped in at the other. He pulled out to where the boat lay tilting at anchor, and held the dory alongside by the gunwale that she might step aboard. But after rising she faltered, looking intently at the boat as if she missed something there.

"I thought you had a man to sail your boat."

"I had. But I let him go last week. Perhaps I ought to have told you," he said, looking up at her aslant. "Are you afraid to trust my seamanship? Adams was a mere form. He behaved like a fool, that day."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," said Grace. She stepped from the dory into the boat, and he flung out the dory's anchor and followed. The sail went up with a pleasant clucking of the tackle, and the light wind filled it; Libby made the sheet fast, and, sitting down in the stern on the other side, took the tiller and headed the boat toward the town that shimmered in the distance. The water hissed at the bow, and seethed and sparkled from the stern; the land breeze that bent their sail blew cool upon her cheek and freshened it with a tinge of color.

"This will do you good," he said, looking into hers with his kind, gay eyes.

The color in her cheeks deepened a little. "Oh, I am better than I look. I did n't come for" —

"For medicinal purposes. Well, I am glad of it. We 've a good hour between us and news or no news from Maynard, and I should like to think we were out for pleasure. You don't object?"

"No. You can even smoke, if that will heighten the illusion."

"It will make it reality. But you don't mean it?"

"Yes, why not?"

"I don't know. But I could n't have dreamt of smoking in your presence. And we take the liberty to dream very strange things."

"Yes," she said, "it 's shocking what things we do dream of people. But am I so forbidding?" she asked, a little sadly.

"Not now," said Libby. He got out a pouch of tobacco and some cigarette papers, and putting the tiller under his

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arm, he made himself a cigarette. "You seem interested," he said, as he lifted his eyes from his work, on which he found her intent, and struck his fusee.

"I was admiring your skill," she answered.

"Do you think it was worth a voyage to South America?"

"I should n't have thought the voyage was necessary."

"Oh, perhaps you think you can do it," he said, handing her the tobacco and papers. She took them and made a cigarette. "It took me a whole day to learn to make bad ones, and this is beautiful. But I will never smoke it. I will keep this always."

"You had better smoke it, if you want more," she said.

"Will you make some more? I can't smoke the first one!"

"Then smoke the last," she said, offering him the things back.

"No, go on. I 'll smoke it."

She lent herself to the idle humor of the time, and went on making cigarettes till there were no more papers. From time to time she looked up from this labor, and scanned the beautiful bay, which they had almost wholly to themselves. They passed a collier lagging in the deep channel, and signaling for a pilot to take her up to the town. A yacht, trim and swift, cut across their course; the ladies on board waved a salutation with their handkerchiefs, and Libby responded.

"Do you know them?" asked Grace.

"No!" he laughed. "But ladies like to take these liberties at a safe distance."

"Yes, that's a specimen of woman's daring," she said with a self-scornful curl of the lip, which presently softened into a wistful smile. "How lovely it all is!" she sighed.

"Yes, there 's nothing better in all the world than a sail. It is all the world while it lasts. A boat 's like your own fireside for snugness."

A dreamier light came into her eye, which wandered, with a turn of the head giving him the tender curve of her cheek, over the levels of the bay, roughened everywhere by the breeze, but yellowish green in the channels and dark with the thick growth of eel-grass in the shallows; then she lifted her face to the pale blue heavens in an effort that slanted towards him the soft round of her chin, and showed her full throat.

"This is the kind of afternoon," she said, still looking at the sky, "that you think will never end."

"I wish it would n't," he answered.

She lowered her eyes to his, and asked: "Do you have times when you are sorry that you ever tried to do anything — when it seems foolish to have tried?"

"I have the other kind of times: when I wish that I had tried to do something."

"Oh yes, I have those, too. It 's wholesome to be ashamed of not having tried to do anything; but to be ashamed of having tried — it 's like death. There seems no recovery from that."

He did not take advantage of her confession, or try to tempt her to further confidence; and women like men who have this wisdom, or this instinctive generosity, and trust them further.

"And the worst of it is that you can't go back and be like those that have never tried at all. If you could, that would be some consolation for having failed. There 's nothing left of you but your mistake."

"Well," he said, "some people are not even mistakes. I suppose that almost any sort of success looks a good deal like failure from the inside. It must be a poor creature that comes up to his own mark. The best way is not to have any mark, and then you 're in no danger of not coming up to it." He laughed, but she smiled sadly.

"You don't believe in thinking about yourself," she said.

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"Oh, I try a little introspection, now and then. But I soon get through: there is n't much of me to think about."

"No, don't talk in that way," she pleaded, and she was very charming in her earnestness: it was there that her charm lay. "I want you to be serious with me, and tell me — tell me how men feel when" —

A sudden splashing startled her, and looking round she saw a multitude of curious, great-eyed, black heads, something like the heads of boys, and something like the heads of dogs, thrusting from the water, and flashing under it again at sight of them with a swish that sent the spray into the air. She sprang to her feet. "Oh, look at those things! Look at them! Look at them!" She laid vehement hands upon the young man, and pushed him in the direction in which she wished him to look, at some risk of pushing him overboard, while he laughed at her ecstasy.

"They 're seals. The bay 's full of them. Did you never see them on the reef at Jocelyn's?"

"I never saw them before!" she cried. "How wonderful they are! Oh!" she shouted, as one of them glanced sadly at her over its shoulder, and then vanished with a whirl of the head. "The Beatrice Cenci attitude."

"They 're always trying that," said Libby. "Look yonder." He pointed to a bank of mud which the tide had not yet covered, and where a herd of seals lay basking in the sun. They started at his voice, and wriggling and twisting and bumping themselves over the earth to the water's edge, they plunged in. "Their walk is n't so graceful as their swim. Would you like one for a pet, Miss Breen? That 's all they 're good for since kerosene came in. They can't compete with that, and they 're not the kind that wear the cloaks."

She was standing with her hand pressed hard upon his shoulder.

"Did they ever *kill* them?"

"They used to take that precaution."

"With those eyes? It was murder!" She withdrew her hand and sat down.

"Well, they only catch them, now. I tried it myself once. I set out at low tide, about ten o'clock one night, and got between the water and the biggest seal on the bank. We fought it out on that line till daylight."

"And did you get it?" she demanded, absurdly interested.

"No, it got me. The tide came in, and the seal beat."

"I am glad of that."

"Thank you."

"What did you want with it?"

"I don't think I wanted it at all. At any rate, that 's what I always said. I shall have to ask you to sit on this side," he added, loosening the sheet and preparing to shift the sail. "The wind has backed round a little more to the south, and it 's getting lighter."

"If it 's going down we shall be late," she said with an intimation of apprehension.

"We shall be at Leyden on time. If the wind falls then, I can get a horse at the stable and have you driven back."

"Well."

He kept scanning the sky. Then, "Did you ever hear them whistle for a wind?" he asked.

"No. What is it like?"

"When Adams does it, it 's like this." He put on a furtive look, and glanced once or twice at her askance. "Well!" he said with the reproduction of a strong nasal, "of course I don't believe there 's anything in it. Of course it 's all foolishness. Now you must urge me a little," he added, in his own manner.

"Oh, by all means go on, Mr. Adams," she cried, with a laugh.

He rolled his head again to one side, sheepishly. "Well, I don't presume it *doos* have anything to do with the wind — well, I don't *presume* it doos." He was silent long enough to whet an imagined expectation; then he set his face

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towards the sky, and began a soft, low, coaxing sibillation between his teeth. "S-s-s-*s*; *s*-s-s-s-s-s! Well, it don't stand to reason it *can* bring the wind — S-s-s-*s*-s-s-s; s-s-s-s. Why, of course it 's all foolishness. *S*-s-s-s." He continued to emit these sibillants, interspersing them with Adams's protests. Suddenly the sail pulled the loose sheet taut and the boat leaped forward over the water.

"Wonderful!" cried the girl.

"That 's what I said to Adams — or words to that effect. But I thought we should get it from the look of the sky, before I proposed to whistle for it. Now, then," he continued, "I will be serious, if you like."

"Serious?"

"Yes. Did n't you ask me to be serious just before those seals interrupted you?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, coloring a little. "I don't think we can go back to that, now." He did not insist, and she said, presently, "I thought the sailors had a superstition about ships that are lucky and unlucky. But you 've kept your boat."

"I kept her for luck: the lightning never strikes twice in the same place. And I never saw a boat that behaved so well."

"Do you call it behaving well to tip over?"

"She behaved well before that. She did n't tip over outside the reef."

"It certainly goes very smoothly," said the girl. She had in vain recurred to the tragic motive of her coming; she could not revive it; there had been nothing like expiation in this eventless voyage; it had been a pleasure and no penance. She abandoned herself with a weak luxury to the respite from suffering and anxiety; she made herself the good comrade of the young man whom perhaps she even tempted to flatter her farther and farther out of the dreariness in which she had dwelt, and if any woeful current of feeling swept beneath, she would not fathom it, but resolutely floated, as one may at such times, on the surface. They laughed together and jested: they talked in the gay idleness of such rare moods. They passed a yacht at anchor, and a young fellow in a white duck cap, leaning over the rail, saluted Libby with the significant gravity which one young man uses towards another whom he sees in a sail-boat with a pretty girl.

She laughed at this. "Do you know your friend?" she asked.

"Yes. This time I do."

"He fancies you are taking some young lady a sail. What would he say if you were to stop and introduce me to him as Dr. Breen?"

"Oh, he knows who you are. It 's Johnson."

"The one whose clothes you came over in, that morning?"

"Yes. I suppose you laughed at me."

"I liked your having the courage to do it. But how does he know me."

"I — I described you. He 's rather an old friend."

This also amused her. "I should like to hear how you described me."

"I will tell you sometime. It was an elaborate description. I could n't get through with it now before we landed."

The old town had come out of the haze of the distance, a straggling village of weather-beaten wood and weather-beaten white paint, picturesque, but no longer a vision of gray stone and pale marble. A coal yard and a brick locomotive house and rambling railroad sheds stretched along the water-front. They found their way easily enough through the sparse shipping to the steps at the end of the wooden pier, where Libby dropped the sail and made his boat fast.

A little pleasant giddiness, as if the lightness of her heart had mounted to her head, made her glad of his arm up

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these steps, and up the wharf; and she kept it as they climbed the sloping elm-shaded village street to the main thoroughfare, with its brick sidewalks, its shops and awnings, and its cheerful stir and traffic.

The telegraph office fronted the head of the street which they had ascended. "You can sit here in the apothecary's till I come down," he said.

"Do you think that will be professionally appropriate? I am only a nurse, now."

"No, I was n't thinking of that. But I saw a chair in there. And we can make a pretense of wanting some soda. It is the proper thing to treat young ladies to soda when one brings them in from the country."

"It *does* have that appearance," she assented, with a smile. She kept him waiting with what would have looked like coquettish hesitation in another, while she glanced at the windows overhead, pierced by a skein of converging wires. "Suppose I go up with you?"

"I should like that better," he said, and she followed him lightly up the stairs that led to the telegraph office. A young man stood at the machine with a cigar in his mouth, and his eyes intent upon the ribbon of paper unreeling itself before him.

"Just hold on," he said to Libby, without turning his head. "I 've got something here for you." He read: "'Dispatch received yesterday. Coming right through. George Maynard.'"

"Good!" cried Libby.

"Dated Council Bluffs. Want it written out?"

"No. What 's to pay?"

"Paid," said the operator.

The laconically transacted business ended with this, the wire began to cluck again like the anxious hen whose manner the most awful and mysterious of the elements assumes in becoming articulate, and nothing remained for them but to come away.

"That was what I was afraid of," said Libby. "Maynard was at his ranch, and it must have been a good way out. They 're fifty or sixty miles out, sometimes. That would account for the delay. Well, Mrs. Maynard does n't know how long it takes to come from Cheyenne, and we can tell her he 's on the way, and has telegraphed." They were walking rapidly down the street to the wharf where his boat lay. "Oh!" he exclaimed, halting abruptly. "I promised to send you back by land, if you preferred."

"Has the wind fallen?"

"Oh, no. We shall have a good breeze."

"I won't put you to the trouble of getting a horse. I can go back perfectly well in the boat."

"Well, that 's what I think," he said cheerily.

She did not respond, and he could not be aware that any change had come over her mood. But when they were once more seated in the boat, and the sail was pulling in the fresh breeze, she turned to him with a scarcely concealed indignation. "Have you a fancy for experimenting upon people, Mr. Libby?"

"Experimenting? I? I don't know in the least what you mean!"

"Why did you tell me that the operator was a woman?"

"Because the other operator is," he answered.

"Oh!" she said, and fell blankly silent.

"There is a good deal of business there. They have to have two operators," he explained, after a pause.

"Why, of course," she murmured in deep humiliation. If he had suffered her to be silent as long as she would, she might have offered him some reparation; but he spoke.

"Why did you think I had been experimenting on you?" he asked.

"Why?" she repeated. The sense of having put herself in the wrong ex-

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asperated her with him. "Oh, I dare say you were curious. Don't you suppose I have noticed that men are puzzled at me? What did you mean by saying that you thought I would be equal to anything?"

"I meant — I thought you would like to be treated frankly."

"And you would n't treat everybody so?"

"I would n't treat Mrs. Maynard so."

"Oh!" she said. "You treat me upon a theory."

"Don't you like that? We treat everybody upon a theory" —

"Yes, I know" —

"And I should tell you the worst of anything at once, because I think you are one of the kind that don't like to have their conclusions made for them."

"And you would really let women make their own conclusions," she said. "You are very peculiar!" She waited a while, and then she asked, "And what is your theory of me?"

"That *you* are very peculiar."

"How?"

"You are proud."

"And is pride so very peculiar?"

"Yes; in women."

"Indeed! You set up for a connoisseur of female character. That 's very common, nowadays. Why don't you tell me something more about yourself? We 're always talking about me."

He might well have been doubtful of her humor. He seemed to decide that she was jesting, for he answered lightly, "Why, you began it."

"I know I did, this time. But now I wish to stop it, too."

He looked down at the tiller in his hands. "Well," he said, "I should like to tell you about myself. I should like to know what you think of the kind of man I am. Will you be honest if I will?"

"That 's a very strange condition," she answered, meeting and then avoiding the gaze he lifted to her face.

"What? Being honest?"

"Well, no — Or, yes!"

"It is n't for you."

"Thank you. But I 'm not under discussion now."

"Well, in the first place," he began, "I was afraid of you when we met."

"Afraid of me?"

"That is n't the word, perhaps. We 'll say ashamed of myself. Mrs. Maynard told me about you, and I thought you would despise me for not doing or being anything in particular. I thought you must."

"Indeed!"

He hesitated, as if still uncertain of her mood from this intonation, and then he went on: "But I had some little hope you would tolerate me, after all. You looked like a friend I used to have. — Do you mind my telling you?"

"Oh, no. Though I can't say that it 's ever very comfortable to be told that you look like some one else."

"I don't suppose any one else would have been struck by the resemblance," said Libby with a laugh of reminiscence. "He was huge. But he had eyes like a girl, — I beg your pardon, — like yours."

"You mean that I have eyes like a man."

He laughed, and said, "No," and then turned grave. "As long as he lived" —

"Oh, is he dead?" she asked more gently than she had yet spoken.

"Yes, he died just before I went abroad. I went out on business for my father, — he 's an importer and jobber, — and bought goods for him. Do you despise business?"

"I don't know anything about it."

"I did it to please my father, and he said I was a very good buyer. He thinks there 's nothing like buying — except selling. He used to sell things himself, over the counter, and not so long ago, either. I fancied it made a difference for me when I was in college,

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and that the yardstick came between me and society. I was an ass for thinking anything about it. Though I did n't really care, much. I never liked society, and I did like boats and horses. I thought of a profession, once. But it would n't work. I 've been round the world twice, and I 've done nothing but enjoy myself since I left college, — or try to. When I first saw you I was hesitating about letting my father make me of use. He wants me to become one of the most respectable members of society, — he wants me to be a cotton-spinner. You know there 's nothing so irreproachable as cotton, for a business?"

"No. I don't know about those things."

"Well, there is n't. When I was abroad, buying and selling, I made a little discovery: I found that there were goods we could make and sell in the European market cheaper than the English, and that gave my father the notion of buying a mill to make them. I 'm boring you!"

"No."

"Well, he bought it; and he wants me to take charge of it."

"And shall you?"

"Do you think I 'm fit for it?"

"I? How should I know?"

"You don't know cotton; but you know me a little. Do I strike you as fit for anything?" She made no reply to this, and he laughed. "I assure you I felt small enough when I heard what you had done, and thought what I had done. It gave me a start; and I wrote my father that night that I would go in for it."

"I once thought of going to a factory town," she answered, without willful evasion, "to begin my practice there among the operatives' children. I should have done it if it had not been for coming here with Mrs. Maynard. It would have been better" —

"Come to my factory town, Miss Breen! There ought to be fevers there in the autumn, with all the low lands that I 'm allowed to flood. Mrs. Maynard told me about your plan."

"Pray, what else did Mrs. Maynard tell you about me?"

"About your taking up a profession, in the way you did, when you need n't, and when you did n't particularly like it."

"Oh!" she said. Then she added: "And because I was n't obliged to it, and did n't like it, you tolerated me?"

"Tolerated?" he echoed.

This vexed her. "Yes, tolerate! Everybody, interested or not, has to make up his mind whether to tolerate me, as soon as he hears what I am. What excuse did you make for me?"

"I did n't make any," said Libby.

"But you had your misgiving, your surprise."

"I thought if you could stand it, other people might. I thought it was your affair."

"Just as if I had been a young man?"

"No! That was n't possible."

She was silent. Then, "The conversation has got back into the old quarter," she said. "You are talking about me again. Have you heard from your friends since they went away?"

"What friends?"

"Those you were camping with."

"No."

"What did *they* say when they heard that you had found a young doctress at Jocelyn's? How did you break the fact to them? What jokes did they make? You need n't be afraid to tell me!" she cried. "Give me Mr. Johnson's comments."

He looked at her in surprise that incensed her still more, and rendered her incapable of regarding the pain with which he answered her. "I 'm afraid," he said, "that I have done something to offend you."

"Oh no! What could you have done?"

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"Then you really mean to ask me whether I would let any one make a joke of you in my presence?"

"Yes; why not?"

"Because it was impossible," he answered.

"Why was it impossible?" she pursued.

"Because — I love you."

She had been looking him defiantly in the eyes, and she could not withdraw her gaze. For the endless moment that ensued, her breath was taken away. Then she asked, in a low, steady voice, "Did you mean to say that?"

"No."

"I believe you, and I forgive you. No, no!" she cried at a demonstration of protest from him. "Don't speak again!"

He obeyed, instantly, implicitly. With the tiller in his hand he looked past her and guided the boat's course. It became intolerable.

"Have I ever done anything that gave you the right to — to — say that?" she asked, without the self-command which she might have wished to show.

"No," he said, "you were only the most beautiful" —

"I am not beautiful! And if I were" —

"It was n't to be helped! I saw from the first how good and noble you were, and" —

"This is absurd!" she exclaimed. "I am neither good nor noble; and if I were" —

"It would n't make any difference. Whatever you are, you are the one woman in the world to me; and you always will be."

"Mr. Libby!"

"Oh, I must speak, now! You were always thinking, because you had studied a man's profession, that no one would think of you as a woman, as if that could make any difference to a man that had the soul of a man in him!"

"No, no!" she protested. "I did n't think that. I always expected to be considered as a woman."

"But not as a woman to fall in love with. I understood. And that somehow made you all the dearer to me. If you had been a girl like other girls, I should n't have cared for you."

"Oh!"

"I did n't mean to speak to you today. But sometime I did mean to speak; because whatever I was, I loved you; and I thought you did n't dislike me."

"I did like you," she murmured, "very much. And I respected you. But you can't say that I ever gave you any hope, in this — this — way." She almost asked him if she had.

"No, — not purposely. And if you did, it 's over now. You have rejected me. I understand that. There 's no reason why you should n't. And I can hold my tongue." He did not turn, but looked steadily past her at the boat's head.

An emotion stirred in her breast which took the form of a reproach. "Was it fair, then, to say this when neither of us could escape afterwards?"

"I did n't mean to speak," he said, without looking up, "and I never meant to place you where you could n't escape."

It was true that she had proposed to go with him in the boat, and that she had chosen to come back with him, when he had offered to have her driven home from Leyden. "No, you are not to blame," she said, at last. "I asked to come with you. Shall I tell you why?" Her voice began to break. In her pity for him and her shame for herself the tears started to her eyes. She did not press her question, but, "Thank you for reminding me that I invited myself to go with you," she said with feeble bitterness.

He looked up at her in silent wonder, and she broke into a sob. He said gently, "I don't suppose you expect me to deny that. You don't think me such a poor dog as that."

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"Why, of course not," she answered with quivering lips, while she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I was only too glad to have you come. I always meant to tell you — what I have told; but not when I should seem to trap you into listening."

"No," she murmured, "I can believe that of you. I do believe it. I take back what I said. Don't let us speak of it any more, now," she continued, struggling for her lost composure, with what success appeared in the fresh outburst with which she recognized his forbearance to hint at any painfulness to himself in the situation.

"I don't mind it so much on my account, but oh! how *could* you for your own sake? *Do* let us get home as fast as we can!"

"I am doing everything I can to release you," he said. "If you will sit here," he added, indicating the place beside him in the stern, "you won't have to change so much, when I want to tack."

She took the other seat, and for the first time she noticed that the wind had grown very light. She watched him with a piteous impatience while he shifted the sail from side to side, keeping the sheet in his hand for convenience in the frequent changes. He scanned the sky, and turned every current of the ebbing tide to account. It was useless; the boat crept, and presently it scarcely moved.

"The wind is down," he said, making the sheet fast, and relaxing his hold on the tiller.

"And the tide is going out!" she exclaimed.

"The tide is going out," he admitted.

"If we should get caught on these flats," she began, with rising indignation.

"We should have to stay till the tide turned."

She looked wildly about for aid. If there were a row-boat anywhere within hail, she could be taken to Jocelyn's in that. But they were quite alone on those lifeless waters.

Libby got out a pair of heavy oars from the bottom of the boat, and setting the rowlocks on either side, tugged silently at them.

The futile effort suggested an idea to her which doubtless she would not have expressed if she had not been lacking, as she once said, in a sense of humor.

"Why don't you whistle for a wind?"

He stared at her in sad astonishment to make sure that she was in earnest, and then, "Whistle!" he echoed forlornly, and broke into a joyless laugh.

"You knew the chances of delay that I took in asking to come with you," she cried, "and you should have warned me. It was ungenerous — it was ungentlemanly!"

"It was whatever you like. I must be to blame. I suppose I was too glad to have you come. If I thought anything I thought you must have some particular errand at Leyden. You seemed anxious to go, even if it stormed."

"If it had stormed," she retorted, "I should not have cared! I *hoped* it would storm. Then at least I should have run the same danger — I hoped it would be dangerous."

"I don't understand what you mean," he said.

"I forced that wretched creature to go with you that day when you said it was going to be rough; and I shall have her blood upon my hands, if she dies" —

"Is it possible," cried Libby, pulling in his useless oars, and leaning forward upon them, "that she has gone on letting you think I believed there was going to be a storm? She knew perfectly well that I did n't mind what Adams said; he was always croaking." She sat looking at him in a daze, but she could not speak, and he continued. "I see: it happened by one chance in a million to turn out as he said; and she has been making you pay for it. Why, I sup-

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pose," he added with a melancholy smile of intelligence, "she 's had so much satisfaction in holding you responsible for what 's happened, that she 's almost glad of it!"

"She has tortured me!" cried the girl. "But you — you, when you saw that I did n't believe there was going to be any storm, why did you — why did n't you" —

"I did n't believe it either! It was Mrs. Maynard that proposed the sail, but when I saw that you did n't like it, I was glad of any excuse for putting it off. I could n't help wanting to please you, and I could n't see why you urged us afterwards; but I supposed you had some reason."

She passed her hand over her forehead, as if to clear away the confusion in which all this involved her. "But why — why did *you* let me go on thinking myself to blame" —

"How could I know what you were thinking? Heaven knows I did n't dream of such a thing! Though I remember, now, your saying" —

"Oh, I see!" she cried. "You are a *man!* But I can't forgive it, — no, I can't forgive it! You wished to deceive her if you did n't wish to deceive me. How can you excuse yourself for repeating what you did n't believe?"

"I was willing she should think Adams was right."

"And that was deceit. What can you say to it?"

"There is only one thing I could say," he murmured, looking hopelessly into her eyes, "and that 's of no use."

She turned her head away. Her tragedy had fallen to nothing; or rather it had never been. All her remorse, all her suffering, was mere farce now; but his guilt in the matter was the greater. A fierce resentment burned in her heart; she longed to make him feel something of the anguish she had needlessly undergone.

He sat watching her averted face. "Miss Breen," he said huskily, "will you let me speak to you?"

"Oh, you have me in your power," she answered cruelly. "Say what you like."

He did not speak, nor make any motion to do so. A foolish, idle curiosity to know what, after all that had happened, he could possibly have to say, stirred within her, but she disdainfully stifled it. They were both so still that a company of seals found it safe to put their heads above water, and approach near enough to examine her with their round soft eyes. She turned from the silly things in contempt that they should even have interested her. She felt that from time to time her companion lifted an anxious glance to the dull heavens. At last the limp sail faintly stirred; it flapped; it filled shallowly; the boat moved. The sail seemed to have had a prescience of the wind before it passed over the smooth water like a shadow.

When a woman says she never will forgive a man, she always has a condition of forgiveness in her heart. Now that the wind had risen again, "I have no right to forbid you to speak," she said, as if no silence had elapsed, and she turned round and quietly confronted him; she no longer felt so impatient to escape.

He did not meet her eye at once, and he seemed in no haste to avail himself of the leave granted him. A heavy sadness blotted the gayety of a face whose sunny sympathy had been her only cheer for many days. She fancied a bewilderment in its hopelessness which smote her with still sharper pathos. "Of course," she said, "I appreciate your wish to do what I wanted, about Mrs. Maynard. I remember my telling you that she ought n't to go out, that day. But that was not the way to do it."

"There was no other," he said.

"No," she assented, upon reflection. "Then it ought n't to have been done."

He showed no sign of intending to

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continue, and after a moment of restlessness, she began again.

"If I have been rude or hasty in refusing to hear you, Mr. Libby, I am very wrong. I must hear anything you have to say."

"Oh, not unless you wish."

"I wish whatever you wish."

"I 'm not sure that I wish that now. I have thought it over; I should only distress you for nothing. You are letting me say why sentence should n't be passed upon me. Sentence is going to be passed any way. I should only repeat what I have said. You would pity me, but you could n't help me. And that would give you pain for nothing. No, it would be useless."

"It *would* be useless to talk to me about — loving." She took the word on her lips with a certain effect of adopting it for convenience' sake in her vocabulary. "All that was ended for me long ago, — ten years ago. And my whole life since then has been shaped to do without it. I will tell you my story if you like. Perhaps it 's your due. I wish to be just. You may have a right to know."

"No, I have n't. But — perhaps I ought to say that Mrs. Maynard told me something."

"Well, I am glad of that; though she had no right to do it. Then you can understand."

"Oh, yes, I can understand. I don't pretend that I had any *reason* in it."

He forbore again to urge any plea for himself, and once more she was obliged to interfere in his behalf. "Mr. Libby, I have never confessed that I once wronged you in a way that I 'm very sorry for."

"About Mrs. Maynard? Yes, I know. I won't try to whitewash myself, but it did n't occur to me how it would look. I wanted to talk with her about you."

"You ought to have considered her, though," she said gently.

"She ought to have considered herself," he retorted, with his unfailing bitterness for Mrs. Maynard. "But it does n't matter whose fault it was. I 'm sufficiently punished; for I know that it injured me with you."

"It did at first. But now I can see that I was wrong. I wished to tell you that. It is n't creditable to me that I thought you intended to flirt with her. If I had been better myself" —

"You!" He could not say more.

That utter faith in her was very charming. It softened her more and more; it made her wish to reason with him, and try gently to show him how impossible his hope was. "And you know," she said, recurring to something that had gone before, "that even if I had cared for you in the way you wish, it could n't be. You would n't want to have people laughing and saying I had been a doctress."

"I should n't have minded. I know how much people's talk is worth."

"Yes," she said. "I know you would be generous and brave about that — about anything. But what — what if I could n't give up my career — my hopes of being useful in the way I have planned? You would n't have liked me to go on practicing medicine?"

"I thought of that," he answered simply. "I did n't see how it could be done. But if you saw any way, I was willing — No, that was my great trouble! I knew that it was selfish in me, and very conceited, to suppose you would give up your whole life for me; and whenever I thought of that, I determined not to ask you. But I tried not to think of that."

"Well, don't you see? But if I could have answered you as you wish, it would n't have been anything to give up everything for you. A woman is n't something else first, and a woman afterwards. I understand how unselfishly you meant, and indeed, indeed I thank you. But don't let 's talk of it any more. It

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could n't have been, and there is nothing but misery in thinking of it. Come," she said, with a struggle for cheerfulness, "let us forget it. Let it be just as if you had n't spoken to me; I know you did n't intend to do it; and let us go on as if nothing had happened."

"Oh, we can't go on," he answered. "I shall get away, as soon as Maynard comes, and rid you of the sight of me."

"Are you going away?" she softly asked. "Why need you? I know that people always seem to think they can't be friends after — such a thing as this. But why should n't we? I respect you, and I like you very much. You have shown me more regard and more kindness than any other friend" —

"But I was n't your friend," he interrupted; "I loved you."

"Well," she sighed in gentle perplexity, "then you can't be my friend?"

"Never. But I shall always love you. If it would do any good, I would stay, as you ask it. I should n't mind myself. But I should be a nuisance to you."

"No, no!" she exclaimed. "I will take the risk of that. I need your advice, your — sympathy, your — You won't trouble me, indeed you won't. Perhaps you have mistaken your — feeling about me. It 's such a very little time since we met," she pleaded.

"That makes no difference, — the time. And I 'm not mistaken."

"Well, stay at least till Mrs. Maynard is well, and we can all go away together. Promise me that!" She instinctively put out her hand toward him in entreaty. He took it, and pressing it to his lips covered it with kisses. "Oh!" she grieved in reproachful surprise.

"There!" he cried. "You see that I must go!"

"Yes," she sighed in assent, "you must go."

They did not look at each other again, but remained in a lamentable silence while the boat pushed swiftly before the freshening breeze, and when they reached the place where the dory lay, he dropped the sail and threw out the anchor without a word.

He was haggard to the glance she stole at him, when they had taken their places in the dory, and he confronted her, pulling hard at the oars. He did not lift his eyes to hers, but from time to time he looked over his shoulder at the boat's prow, and he rowed from one point to another for a good landing. A dreamy pity for him filled her; through the memories of her own suffering, she divined the soreness of his heart.

She started from her reverie as the bottom of the dory struck the sand. The shoal water stretched twenty feet beyond. He pulled in the oars and rose desperately. "It 's of no use: I shall have to carry you ashore."

She sat staring up into his face, and longing to ask him something; to accuse him of having done this purposely. But she had erred in so many doubts, her suspicions of him had all recoiled so pitilessly upon her, that she had no longer the courage to question or reproach him. "Oh, no, thank you," she said weakly. "I won't trouble you. I — I will wait till the tide is out."

"The tide 's out now," he answered with coldness, "and you can't wade."

She rose desperately. "Why, of course!" she cried in self-contempt, glancing at the water, into which he promptly stepped to his boot-tops. "A woman must n't get her feet wet."

VIII.

Grace went to her own room to lay aside her shawl and hat before going to Mrs. Maynard, and found her mother sewing there.

"Why, who is with Mrs. Maynard?" she asked.

"Miss Gleason is reading to her," said Mrs. Breen. "If she had any sort

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of active treatment, she could get well at once. I could n't take the responsibility of doing anything for her, and it was such a worry to stay and see everything going wrong that when Miss Gleason came in I was glad to get away. Miss Gleason seems to believe in your Dr. Mulbridge."

"*My* Dr. Mulbridge!" echoed Grace.

"She talked of him as if he were yours. I don't know what you 've been saying to her about him; but you had better be careful. The woman is a fool." She now looked up at her daughter for the first time. "Why, what is the matter with you? What kept you so long? You look perfectly wild."

"I feel wild," said Grace calmly. "The wind went down."

"Was that all? I don't see why that should make you feel wild," said her mother, dropping her spectacles to her sewing again.

"It was n't all," answered the girl, sinking provisionally upon the side of a chair, with her shawl still on her arm, and her hat in her hand. "Mother, have you noticed anything peculiar about Mr. Libby?"

"He 's the only person who seems to be of the slightest use about here; I 've noticed *that*," said Mrs. Breen. "He 's always going and coming for you and Mrs. Maynard. Where is that worthless husband of hers? Has n't he had time to come from Cheyenne yet?"

"He 's on the way. He was out at his ranch when Mr. Libby telegraphed first, and had to be sent for. We found a dispatch from him at Leyden, saying he had started," Grace explained.

"What business had he to be so far away at all?" demanded her mother. It was plain that Mrs. Breen was in her most censorious temper, which had probably acquired a sharper edge towards Maynard from her reconciliation with his wife.

Grace seized her chance to meet the worst. "Do you think that I have done anything to encourage Mr. Libby?" she asked, looking bravely at her mother.

"Encourage him to do what?" asked Mrs. Breen, without lifting her eyes from her work.

"Encourage him to — think I cared for him; to — to be in love with me."

Mrs. Breen lifted her head now, and pushed her spectacles up on her forehead, while she regarded her daughter in silence. "Has he been making love to you?"

"Yes."

Her mother pushed her spectacles down again, and, turning the seam which she had been sewing, flattened it with her thumb-nail. She made this action expressive of having foreseen such a result, and of having struggled against it, neglected and alone. "Very well then. I hope you accepted him?" she asked quietly.

"Mother!"

"Why not? You must like him," she continued in the same tone. "You have been with him every moment the last week that you have n't been with Mrs. Maynard. At least *I've* seen nothing of you, except when you came to tell me you were going to walk or to drive with him. You seem to have asked him to take you, most of the time."

"How can you say such a thing, mother?" cried the girl.

"Did n't you ask him to let you go with him this afternoon? You told me you did."

"Yes, I did. I did it for a purpose."

"Ah! for a purpose," said Mrs. Breen, taking a survey of the new seam, which she pulled from her knee, where one end of it was pinned, towards her chin. She left the word to her daughter, who was obliged to take it.

"I asked him to let me go with him because Louise had tortured me about making her go out in his boat, till I could n't bear it any longer. It seemed

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to me that if I took the same risk myself, it would be something; and I hoped there would be a storm."

"I should think you had taken leave of your senses," Mrs. Breen observed, with her spectacles intent upon her seam. "Did you think it would be any consolation to him if you were drowned, or to her? And if," she added, her conscience rising equal to the vicarious demand upon it, "you hoped there would be danger, had you any right to expose him to it? Even if you chose to risk your own life, you had no right to risk his." She lifted her spectacles again, and turned their austere glitter upon her daughter.

"Yes, it all seems very silly now," said the girl with a hopeless sigh.

"Silly!" cried her mother. "I'm glad you can call it silly."

"And it seemed worse still when he told me that he had never believed it was going to storm that day, when he took Louise out. His man said it was, and he repeated it, because he saw I did n't want her to go."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Breen, "if he was willing to deceive her then, he is willing to deceive you now."

"He did n't deceive her. He said what he had heard. And he said it because he — I wished it."

"I call it deceiving. Truth is truth. That is what I was taught; and that 's what I supposed I had taught you."

"I would trust Mr. Libby in anything," returned the daughter. "He is perfectly frank about himself. He confessed that he had done it to please me. He said that nothing else could excuse it."

"Oh, then, you *have* accepted him!"

"No, mother, I have n't. I have refused him, and he is going away, as soon as Mr. Maynard comes." She sat looking at the window, and the tears stole into her eyes, and blurred the sea and sky together where she saw their meeting at the horizon line.

"Well," said her mother, "then that is the end of it, I presume."

"Yes, that 's the end," said Grace. "But — I felt sorry for him, mother. Once," she went on, "I thought I had everything clear before me; but now I seem only to have made confusion of my life. Yes," she added drearily, "it was foolish and wicked, and it was perfectly useless, too. I can't escape from the consequences of what I did. It makes no difference what he believed or any one believed. I drove them on to risk their lives because I thought myself so much better than they; because I was self-righteous and suspicious and stubborn. Well, I must bear the penalty; and oh, if I could only bear it alone!" With a long sigh she took back the burden which she had been struggling to cast off, and from which for a time she had actually seemed to escape. She put away her hat and shawl, and stood before the glass, smoothing her hair. "When will it ever end?" she moaned to the reflection there, rather than to her mother, who did not interrupt this spiritual ordeal. In another age, such a New England girl would have tortured herself with inquisition as to some neglected duty to God; in ours, when religion is so largely humanified, this Puritan soul could only wreak itself in a sense of irreparable wrong to her fellow-creature.

When she went out, she met Miss Gleason half-way down the corridor to Mrs. Maynard's door. The latter had a book in her hand, and came forward whispering. "She 's *asleep*," she said very sibilantly. "I have read her to sleep, and she 's sleeping beautifully. Have you ever read it?" she asked, with hoarse breaks from her undertone, as she held up one of those cheap-library editions of a novel toward Grace.

"Jane Eyre? Why, of course. Long ago."

"So have I," said Miss Gleason. "But I sent and got it again, to refresh

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my impressions of Rochester. We all think Dr. Mulbridge is just like him. Rochester is my ideal character — a perfect conception of a man: so abrupt, so rough, so savage. Oh, I *like* those men! Don't you?" she fluted. "Mrs. Maynard sees the resemblance, as well as the rest of us. But I know! You don't approve of them. I suppose they *can't* be defended on some grounds; but I can see how even in such a case as this the perfect mastery of the man-physician constitutes the highest usefulness of the woman-physician. The advancement of women must be as women. 'Male and female created he them,' and it is only in remembering this that we are helping Gawd, whether as an anthropomorphic conception or a universally pervading instinct of love, don't you think?"

With her novel clapped against her breast, she leaned winningly over toward Grace, and fixed her with her wide eyes, which had rings of white round them.

"Do tell me!" she ran on without waiting an answer. "*Did n't* you go with Mr. Libby because you hoped it might storm, and wished to take the same risk as Mrs. Maynard? I *told* Mrs. Alger you did!"

Grace flushed guiltily, and Miss Gleason cowered a little, perhaps interpreting the color as resentment. "I should consider that a very silly motive," she said, helplessly ashamed that she was leaving the weight of the blow upon Miss Gleason's shoulders instead of her own.

"Of course," said Miss Gleason, enthusiastically, "you can't confess it. But I *know* you are capable of such a thing — of anything heroic! *Do* forgive me," she said, seizing Grace's hand. She held it a moment, gazing with a devouring fondness into her face, which she stooped a little sidewise to peer up into. Then she quickly dropped her hand, and, whirling away, glided slimly out of the corridor.

Grace softly opened Mrs. Maynard's door, and the sick woman opened her eyes. "I was n't asleep," she said hoarsely. "But I had to pretend to be, or that woman would have killed me."

Grace went to her, and felt her hands and her flushed forehead.

"I am worse this evening," said Mrs. Maynard.

"Oh, no," sighed the girl, dropping into a chair at the bedside, with her eyes fixed in a sort of fascination on the lurid face of the sick woman.

"After getting me here," continued Mrs. Maynard, in the same low, hoarse murmur, "you might at least stay with me, a little. What kept you so long?"

"The wind fell. We were becalmed."

"We were not becalmed the day *I* went out with Mr. Libby. But perhaps nobody forced *you* to go."

Having launched this dart, she closed her eyes again with something more like content than she had yet shown; it had an aim of which she could always be sure.

"We have heard from Mr. Maynard," said Grace humbly. "There was a dispatch waiting for Mr. Libby at Leyden. He is on his way."

Mrs. Maynard betrayed no immediate effect of this other than to say, "He had better hurry," and did not open her eyes.

Grace went about the room with a leaden weight in every fibre, putting the place in order, and Mrs. Maynard did not speak again till she had finished. Then she said, "I want you to tell me just how bad Dr. Mulbridge thinks I am."

"He has never expressed any anxiety," Grace began, with her inaptness at evasion.

"Of course he has n't," murmured the sick woman. "He is n't a fool! What does he *say*?"

This passed the sufferance even of remorse. "He says you must n't talk," the girl flashed out. "And if you in-

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sist upon doing so, I will leave you, and send some one else to take care of you."

"Very well, then. I know what *that* means. When a doctor tells you not to talk, it 's because he knows he can't do you any good. As soon as George Maynard gets here I will have some one that *can* cure me; or I will know the reason why." The conception of her husband as a champion seemed to commend him to her in novel degree. She shed some tears, and after a little reflection she asked, "How soon will he be here?"

"I don't know," said Grace. "He seems to have started yesterday morning."

"He can be here by day after tomorrow," Mrs. Maynard computed. "There will be some one to look after poor little Bella, then," she added, as if, during her sickness, Bella must have been wholly neglected. "Don't let the child be *all* dirt, when her father comes."

"Mother will look after Bella," Grace replied, too meek again to resent the implication. After a pause, "Oh, Louise," she added, beseechingly, "I 've suffered so much from my own wrong-headedness and obstinacy, that I could n't bear to see you taking the same risk, and I 'm so glad that you are going to meet your husband in the right spirit."

"What right spirit?" croaked Mrs. Maynard.

"The wish to please him, to" —

"I don't choose to have him say that his child disgraces him," replied Mrs. Maynard, in the low, husky, monotonous murmur in which she was obliged to utter everything.

"But, *dear* Louise!" cried the other, "you choose something else, too, don't you? You wish to meet him as if no unkindness had parted you, and as if you were to be always together after this? I *hope* you do! Then I should feel that all this suffering and trouble was a mercy."

"Other people's misery is always a mercy to them," hoarsely suggested Mrs. Maynard.

"Yes, I know that," Grace submitted, with meek conviction. "But, Louise," she pleaded, "you *will* make up with your husband, won't you? Whatever he has done, that will surely be best. I know that you love him, and that he must love you, yet. It 's the only way. If you were finally separated from him, and you and he could be happy apart, what would become of that poor child? Who will take a father's place with her? That 's the worst about it. Oh, Louise, I feel so badly for you — for what you have lost, and may lose. Marriage must change people so that unless they live to each other, their lives will be maimed and useless. It ought to be so much easier to forgive any wrong your husband does you than to punish it; for that perpetuates the wrong, and forgiveness ends it, and it 's the only thing that *can* end a wrong. I am sure that your husband will be ready to do or say anything you wish; but if he should n't, Louise, you *will* receive him forgivingly, and make the first advance? It 's a woman's right to make the advances in forgiving."

Mrs. Maynard lay with her hands stretched at her side under the covering, and only her face visible above it. She now turned her head a little, so as to pierce the earnest speaker with a gleam from her dull eye. "Have you accepted Walter Libby?" she asked.

"Louise!" cried Grace, with a blush that burned like fire.

"That 's the way I used to talk when I was first engaged. Wait till you 're married a while. I want Bella to have on her piqué, and her pink sash, — not the cherry one. I should think you would have studied to be a minister instead of a doctor. But you need n't preach to me; I shall know how to behave to George Maynard when he comes, — if he ever does come. And

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now I should think you had made me talk enough."

"Yes, yes," said Grace, recalled to her more immediate duty in alarm.

All her helpfulness was soon to be needed. The disease, which had lingered more than usual in the early stages, suddenly approached a crisis. That night Mrs. Maynard grew so much worse that Grace sent Libby at daybreak for Dr. Mulbridge, and the young man, after leading out his own mare to see if her lameness had abated, ruefully put her back in the stable, and set off to Corbitant with the splay-foot at a rate of speed unparalleled, probably, in the animal's recollection of a long and useful life. In the two anxious days that followed, the doctor and Grace were associated in the freedom of a common interest outside of themselves; she went to him for help and suggestion, and he gave them as if nothing had passed to restrict or embarrass their relations. There was that, in fact, in the awe of the time and an involuntary disoccupation of hers that threw them together even more constantly than before. Dr. Mulbridge remained with his patient well into the forenoon; in the afternoon he came again, and that night he did not go away. He superseded Grace as a nurse no less completely than he had displaced her as a physician. He let her relieve him when he flung himself down for a few minutes' sleep, or when he went out for the huge meals which he devoured, preferring the unwholesome things with a depravity shocking to the tender physical consciences of the ladies who looked on; but when he returned to his charge, he showed himself jealous of all that Grace had dóne involving the exercise of more than a servile discretion. When she asked him once if there were nothing else that she could do, he said, "Yes, keep those women and children quiet," in a tone that classed her with both. She longed to ask him what he thought of Mrs. Maynard's condition; but she had not the courage to invoke the intelligence that ignored her so completely, and she struggled in silence with such disheartening auguries as her theoretical science enabled her to make.

The next day was a Sunday, and the Sabbath hush which always hung over Jocelyn's was intensified to the sense of those who ached between hope and fear for the life that seemed to waver and flicker in that still air. Dr. Mulbridge watched beside his patient, noting every change with a wary intelligence which no fact escaped and no anxiety clouded; alert, gentle, prompt; suffering no question, and absolutely silent as to all impressions. He allowed Grace to remain with him when she liked, and let her do his bidding in minor matters; but when from time to time she escaped from the intolerable tension in which his reticence and her own fear held her, he did not seem to see whether she went or came.

Toward nightfall, she met him coming out of Mrs. Maynard's room, as she drew near in the narrow corridor.

"Where is your friend — the young man — the one who smokes?" he asked, as if nothing unusual had occupied him. "I want him to give me a cigar."

"Dr. Mulbridge," she said, "I will not bear this any longer. I must know the worst — you have no right to treat me in this way. Tell me now — tell me instantly: will she live?"

He looked at her with an imaginable apprehension of hysterics, but as she continued firm, and placed herself resolutely in his way, he relaxed his scrutiny, and said with a smile, "Oh, I think so. What made you think she would n't?"

She drew herself aside, and made way for him. "Go!" she cried. She would have said more, but her indignation choked her.

He did not pass at once, and he did not seem troubled at her anger. "Dr. Breen," he said, "I saw a good deal of

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pneumonia in the army, and I don't remember a single case that was saved by the anxiety of the surgeon."

He went now, as people do when they fancy themselves to have made a good point; and she heard him asking Barlow for Libby, outside, and then walking over the gravel toward the stable. At that moment she doubted and hated him so much that she would have been glad to keep Libby from talking or even smoking with him. But she relented a little toward him afterwards, when he returned and resumed the charge of his patient with the gentle, vigilant cheerfulness which she had admired in him from the first, omitting no care and betraying none. He appeared to take it for granted that Grace saw an improvement, but he recognized it by nothing explicit till he rose and said, "I think I will leave Mrs. Maynard with you to-night, Dr. Breen."

The sick woman's eyes turned to him imploringly from her pillow, and Grace spoke the terror of both when she faltered in return, "Are you — you are not going home?"

"I shall sleep in the house" —

"Oh, thank you!" she cried, fervently.

"And you can call me if you wish. But there won't be any occasion. Mrs. Maynard is very much better." He waited to give, in a sort of absent-minded way, certain directions. Then he went out, and Grace sank back into the chair from which she had started at his rising, and wept long and silently with a hidden face. When she took away her hands and dried her tears, she saw Mrs. Maynard beckoning to her. She went to the bedside.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, tenderly.

"Stoop down," whispered the other; and as Grace bowed her ear Mrs. Maynard touched her cheek with her dry lips. In this kiss doubtless she forgave the wrong which she had hoarded in her heart, and there perverted into a deadly injury. But they both knew upon what terms the pardon was accorded, and that if Mrs. Maynard had died, she would have died holding Grace answerable for her undoing.

W. D. Howells.

ORIGIN OF CRIME IN SOCIETY.

In the study of the causes which regulate the existence of crime, the first influence to be taken into account is that of environment. Examples are necessary to set forth what environment does for crime, and a good illustration is found in Defoe's Journal of the Plague in London. In stating its effect upon the population, he says, "There were a great many robberies committed even in this dreadful time. . . . Particularly in houses where all the families or inhabitants had been dead and carried out, they would break in at all hazards, and, without regard to the danger of infection, take even the clothes off the dead bodies. . . . It is, indeed, to be observed that the women were, in all this calamity, the most rash, fearless, and desperate creatures; and, as there were vast numbers that went about as nurses, to tend those that were sick, they committed a great many petty thieveries in the houses where they were employed; . . . till at length the parish officers were sent to recommend nurses to the sick, and always took an account who it was they sent, so as that they might call them to account if the house had been abused where they were placed.

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. . . But these robberies extended chiefly to wearing clothes . . . and what rings and money they could come at, . . . but not to a general plundering of the houses." [1] Describing the robbery of a warehouse in Swan Alley of "high-crowned hats" by women, the journalist continues: "'What business, mistress,' said I, 'have you had there?' 'There are more people there,' said she; 'I have had no more business there than they.' But just as I came to the gate I saw two more coming across the yard to come out, with hats also on their heads, and under their arms; and turning to the women, 'Forsooth,' said I, 'what are you doing here?' . . . One of them, who, I confess, did not look like a thief, 'Indeed,' says she, 'we are all wrong; but we were told they were goods that had no owner. Be pleased to take them again, and look yonder; there are more such customers as we.' . . . They all told me they were neighbors, that they had heard any one might take them, that they were nobody's goods, and the like." [2]

Those who recall the incidents of the yellow-fever epidemic in Memphis during 1879 will remember that thefts were committed in a similar way; that in one instance the health officers found the stolen goods scattered several miles away, and that a committee of safety had to be organized to prevent the plunder of the closed stores and dwellings.

When these incidents are analyzed, they show that the disturbance of social order which leaves property unprotected promotes unlawful appropriation. It was the women in London who were chiefly engaged in pilfering. They had free access to the houses as nurses, and could not resist the temptation which was presented to them within doors. But the rise in crime was not general; in fact, the vigilance of the police was such that property was more carefully guarded during the epidemic than before or after. Nor could those who thus stole be classed with common criminals. They were chiefly persons who, under ordinary circumstances, were held to be honest; but neither the fear of contagion nor the fact that the owner was living served as a restraint when the rumor came that the things coveted were "nobody's goods." Effective temptation becoming enhanced, offenses multiplied responsively, extending the circle of offenders beyond the habitually criminal to those usually honest. But an epidemic is not the only disturbance which diffuses crime. It may spring out of speculation with other people's money. This was the case during our late war. While the currency was in process of inflation, the continuous rise in prices presented such chances to become suddenly rich that numberless clerks, trustees, and directors in public institutions pledged other people's collaterals in order to borrow money for their speculations. With the sure decline of prices the extent of their demoralization was revealed by a numerous crop of embezzlements and defalcations, which led to the statement that defalcation was the crime of the day, just as highway robbery was the terror of travelers in the days of Fielding. These breaches of trust were not committed by the criminal class. They were mainly confined to the greatly tempted among lawyers, bankers, directors of monetary institutions, and members of churches, all of whom knew the ethical wrong of their acts. Every one of their offenses was punishable by a state-prison sentence, and yet men in good standing in the community, men who had the confidence of the people on the very ground of their fidelity to important trusts, did not hesitate, with the prospect of reaping great profits, to risk in unlawful enterprises the funds intrusted to them, and in doing thus entered upon a crim-

[1] A Journal of the Plague in 1665, page 62.

[2] Ibid., page 65. Though Defoe put his Journal in the form of fiction, it is nevertheless substantially historical.

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inal career. The so-called fear of the law had no essential part in their calculations.

The memorable "draft riots" of July, 1863, in New York city, developed similar results from the disturbance of the social order. On Tuesday, July 14th, the second day of the riot, the New York Tribune had the following: "Bands of thieves are everywhere, mixed up in every crowd, and carrying off plunder in every direction. To them it was a free day, and they made themselves comfortable as to terms." "A vast horde followed the rioters," says Mr. Headley, "for the sole purpose of plunder, and, loaded down with their spoils, could be seen hastening home in every direction." [1] "The lawlessness that prevailed not only let loose all the thieves and burglars of the city, but attracted those from other places, who practiced their vocation with impunity." [2] The Tribune adds that "highway robberies were perpetrated in every part of the city." On the night of the third day of the riot, Chief Young ordered detectives to raid all the "lushing cribs" [3] frequented by thieves within a short distance of the central police office, and to arrest every person found. The Tribune says, "They belong to Boston, Providence, and Baltimore." Again, "John Fay, Montgomery, Myer, and Marsh, said to be Philadelphia thieves, were set at liberty" by the notorious Judge McCunn, and at the trials of the one hundred and fifty persons arrested on account of the riots several were proved to belong to other cities. It is also significant that in this riot as in the "strike" riots of 1877 no professional thief was reported among the killed. They always worked at a safe distance from the fight. For several weeks after the disturbance of the New York draft-riots was quelled, the police searched for plunder. "In dirty cellars and squalid apartments," says Mr. Headley, "were piled away the richest stuffs, brocaded silks, cashmere shawls, elegant chairs, brasses, bronzes, and articles of *vertu*, huddled promiscuously together;" [4] and the amount paid by the authorities for damages to merchants and private citizens was nearly $2,500,000.

These incidents concur in their essential features with those of Defoe's narrative, but with the addition, in the case of the riot, that the thieves, knowing that their market was ready, were on hand before the police and the soldiers. According to the Tribune, one Colman, arrested for larceny, "was heard to say previous to the riot, that the store of Brooks Brothers was to be forced open and sacked, and that he should be one of the first to do it. It shows conclusively that he knew there was to be a riot, the chief object of which was to rob and plunder." The loss at the sacking of their store was between $80,000 and $100,000. There is to be noticed the temporary flocking of the criminals from other points to the centre of opportunity, so that the crime ratio in New York city rose in proportion to the knowledge, given through the press and the telegraph, that superior inducements were offered during the riot for breaking into houses and engaging in wholesale plunder. Had the riot lasted long enough to exhaust all possibility of plunder, the thieves would have dispersed as spontaneously as they gathered; and the ratio of crime and criminals in New York would then have sunk to a level below the average before the disturbance.

Here we have a new feature: the immigration of criminals from one section of country to another, the outside professional entering into competition with the native cut-purse; showing that the distribution of criminals within the community follows the law of supply and demand which obtains in the commer-

[1] The Great Riots of New York, 1873, page 169.
[2] Ibid., page 189.
[3] Rum-houses where thieves resort.
[4] The Great Riots of New York, page 261.

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cial world. But the parallel goes further: it was not the forgers and counterfeiters who gathered, but those who practiced house-breaking and pocket-picking. It is seen, in this case, that the ratio of criminals rises selectively, as the nature of the opportunity corresponds to the character and habits of the criminal or of the person tempted to commit crime.

Thus far our illustrations show that the ratio fluctuates by force of certain external circumstances. But the existence of temptation does not fully account for the suddenness of the rise in the crime ratio of a nation. Some other effective element must coöperate with the opportunity, and this effective something must be latent, ever present, and highly susceptible of excitation. This element is best studied in that aspect of the history of subsistence which relates to the metamorphoses of national character resulting from the changes in the mode of acquiring and distributing property.

If subsistence failed the Teutonic savages, they provided it by rapine and divided it by lot, the strongest wresting an undue share. The vanquished might become the food of the conquerors; the division of the feast might be attended with patricide; the surfeit of the banquet might be succeeded by the stupor of gluttony. The primary instinct was self-preservation, but it was attended by self-indulgence in every extreme of uncultured vice. Its effect was to produce predatory habits, a mind stolid to the torture of others, and a character marked by indolence, fickleness, and treachery. The incursion of an alien tribe on the customary hunting-ground was a threat of famine, and had to be met by war to oust the trespasser. But if the increase of the tribe required a wider area for subsistence, it was obtained by the dispossession of a neighboring enemy or of a feeble ally, by massacre or by slavery. This is the substantial history of the successive Germanic invasions which overthrew the Roman civilization and practically extinguished it in England, where the historical evidence survives that the present title to all land was acquired by the forcible despoiling of the former occupants, who were themselves invaders. At that time the right of private war was unquestioned, and a knight's right arm "gave a better title than any deed of grant or Court of Thanes."[1] The law, recognizing the custom of forcible appropriation, borrowed its vocabulary from the facts, and spoke of the possessor being *seised* of the realty; and if he were ousted, the act was spoken of as *disseisin*. The maxims of law declared that actual entry was necessary to possession, thus ignoring a rightful owner too weak to hold his own, and that "possession is nine points of the law," thus favoring a successful brigand. In this way the law perpetuated acts of spoliation by acknowledging possession as the best evidence of right. Forcible entry was continued in the early civilization of England as a rightful mode of maintaining legal titles. Even down to the fourteenth century it is perplexing to draw the line which separates the acts of criminals from the deeds of nobles and dignitaries. "The knights, or, in other words, the class corresponding to our modern gentry, were commonly engaged in exploits which it is extremely difficult to distinguish from brigandage; and the clergy, from the abbots down to the chaplains, followed the example set them by the knights." The history of the time is crowded with instances of this sort of lawlessness. "The Countess of Lincoln had a free warren and chase at Kingston Lacy. A band, more than fifty in number, entered, killed the game, deliberately cut down the timber to the value of two thousand pounds of ancient currency, and carried it off. Among

[1] Pike, History of Crime in England, vol. i. p. 81.

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the accused were the Abbot of Sherborne, the Abbot of Middleton, and the Prior of Horton. Three knights and a force more than sixty strong, with many chaplains in its ranks, broke a close belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury, drove off his cattle, cut down his trees, reaped his corn, and marched quietly away with the plunder.[1] . . . The Prior of Bollington was charged with the robbery of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs."[2] These instances are found in the rolls of a single year, among a hundred more of the same general character. So ineffectual were the statutes to suppress this tendency that we find in a roll for 1701 "no less than eleven cases of violent seizure or detention of land were mentioned."[3] Even when disseisin ceased to be practiced in fact, the laws relating to fines and recoveries, which gave sanction to mediæval fraud and force, were regarded by the conveyancers as necessary legal fictions. "Both fines and recoveries were originally actions at law, in which the opposing parties acted in collusion for the purpose of effecting that which they could not legally effect by straightforward and honorable dealing. In the recovery there was the allegation of a disseisin or forcible entry, which was purely fictitious, a fictitious warranty, and a fictitious default of the warrantor. In later times, of course, no deception was practiced, and the law practically gave its countenance to that which had once been the evasion of law."[4] In this incomplete historical sketch we see that the other essential element of crime to which we have alluded is the character of the people. Underlying national metamorphoses, the deep-seated habits of the savage, ever decreasing as we approach the present time, have reached down through eleven centuries of English history, and the acts of burglary, robbery, larceny, and murder which, five hundred years ago, were the customary life of the nobles are now practiced chiefly by criminal reprobates.

But in tracing the modification of individual and national character there is another point to look at. In the transfer of property by violence, what the victor gains the vanquished loses; but the transfer of property by exchange, which implies gain to both parties by the transaction, gradually supersedes the former, and modifies human character in that way which we call civilization. Labor is the point around which the social metamorphosis primarily revolves. It is one of the chief forces in modern life, the most effective moderator of license, impulse, and intemperance; it provides with certainty for the well-being of the citizen and the commonwealth. The accumulation of wealth from labor involves a vital process which affects society at three points: primarily, by controlling the emotional and magnifying the mental life of the laborer; secondarily, by producing a social organization dependent upon the change of character thus induced in the laborer; and, thirdly, by the product of the labor itself becoming an agent, in the hands of those who have created it, to expand the purposes of civilization. Labor enters mysteriously into the physical basis of morality. It organizes perseverance, foresight, moderation, and the power to forego present pleasure for prospective profit, all of which are attributes of character. It requires and secures peace under liberty, which encourages commercial contracts, strengthens responsibility, and facilitates exchange which involves equity. Labor thus moulds the national metamorphoses into the form of an international brotherhood, and progressively increases the allotment of material, social, and moral rewards which are distributed among

[1] Pike, History of Crime in England, vol. i. p. 247.
[2] Ibid., vol. i. p. 248.
[3] Ibid., vol. ii. p. 259.
[4] Ibid., vol. ii. p. 477.

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thrifty people. In this arrangement of social forces, arbitrary vindictiveness finds no place. The march of civilization is not by savage conquest or by private war. It is a perpetual persuasion, carried forward to an intensely practical result, and becoming an organic, constructive, and inexorable compulsion, "the simple non-collection of reward performing the office of punishment." [1]

Looking to the effect of these initial causes, we should expect that the free cities established during the Middle Ages, fostering industrial growth by insuring security for life and property, would muster the peaceful citizens of the rural districts, and leave the idle and turbulent elements behind. This was the fact, and the industrial selection favored the survival of savage instincts and customs in the suburban districts, while it effaced them in the cities.

Labor thus displaces the savage system of spoliation, and introduces the new element of coöperation. The two processes act with unequal force on different individuals, one retarding, the other accelerating, in differing degrees and diverse directions; so that various individuals and different localities depart more or less widely from the original savage type. In this way, innumerable grades have arisen, each conforming more or less to the civilization of their time; and the difference in capacity which marks the boor from the skilled mechanic and professional expert, or the criminal outcast from the honest man, grows largely out of the incapacity of the boor and criminal to grasp the nature of exchange, or to fit themselves to become productive laborers.

Modern society has thus become a harp of a thousand strings, many of which are discords waiting to be keyed up to concert pitch. There are striking examples of the active operation of this process of selection in the economic and criminal history of England during the first half of this century. In 1848 Plint observed that the increase of crime in England from 1801 to 1848 had been 200 per cent., but that this increase was in a rapidly diminishing ratio. From 1801 to 1821 it was 112 per cent.; from 1821 to 1831 it was 27 per cent.; while from 1831 to 1845 it was only 7 per cent. This showed "either that some powerful causes [were] in operation, retarding crime, or that crime . . . has its limits, and that in particular localities it is approaching such limits." [2] How well he understood the matter appears by the diminishing increase of the first half of the century becoming an actual decrease of 33 per cent. in indictable offenses between the years 1858 and 1875.

In his observations on the diminishing ratio in the increase of crime, the higher relative augmentation was in the agricultural and mining counties, where it ranged, between the years 1821 and 1845, from 100 to 207 per cent.; while it was but 35 per cent. for all England. In the mixed manufacturing and mining counties there was an intermediate excess, while there was an increase below the average of all England, or an absolute decrease, in 1821, in the counties which contained the centres of manufactures, trade, and wealth. The increase in Middlesex was only 5-3 per cent.; while Lancashire showed a decrease of 5 and Nottingham of 22 per cent. And this is not all. The county constabulary, which makes criminal returns for 56 per cent. of the population of England and Wales, 18 per cent. being in towns, reported that in three years, ending in 1873, 53 per cent. of the attempts to murder, 62 per cent. of the proved murders, which includes the most atrocious cases, and 88 per cent. of the arsons committed took place in the rural districts. Aside from numerous

[1] Jeremy Bentham, Rationale of Punishment, page 9.

[2] Plint, Crime in England, London, 1848, page 24.

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secondary causes which contribute to these results, the retardation of hereditable quality is conspicuous. The rustic population suffers a double deprivation. The intelligent and aspiring, flocking to the centres of manufacture, cease to endow with their virtues the posterity of their native neighborhoods, and by their absence subtract the civilizing environment they would otherwise generate. Class *endogamy*[1] ensuing, the lineal descendant and contingent remainder of the savage survives, in the rural district, in the persons of the habitual criminal and pauper, who pour forth in a perpetual stream to swell the criminal ranks of the cities.

The Irish form a conspicuous example of this law on an international scale. For two hundred years England has avoided civil war, and organized those social and political habits which are best described as respect for law. But the people of Ireland, partly by reason of their derivation from a barbarous race, and largely by reason of English misrule, have remained up to very recent times a prey to faction fights, to insecurity of land tenure, to industrial stagnation, and to uncertainty of food products frequently threatening actual famine. Their history has been one of protracted revolt, now smothered, and again breaking out at fitful intervals, so that industry has never been established upon a fixed and certain basis. In correspondence with these historical facts we find that grave crime in Ireland is more frequent than in England. In 1873, the English stood charged with 37 per cent. less offenses in the malicious destruction of property, and with 41 per cent. fewer murders of persons above one year of age, than the Irish; while the offenses against property without violence were 49 per cent. less among the Irish than among the English. Offenses against property without violence are the mark of civilization. When the Irish emigrate to countries which have long since outgrown savage life, their proclivities become still more marked; they actually supplant the native offender. More than 8 per cent. of the graver crimes committed in England are traced to the Irish, who, in 1873, were less than 2.5 per cent. of the whole population. In the northern counties, while the percentage of the Irish population was 6.6 per cent. of the whole, the number of Irish imprisoned was 25 per cent., or four times as great as the native population.

In order to avoid possible error in these figures, arising out of race prejudice in England acting unfavorably to the conviction of the Irish, it is well to note that in the city of New York, where neither the juries nor the judges can be supposed to have a bias against the Irish, the proportion of convicts in Sing Sing prison who are Irish or of Irish parentage is almost 66 per cent., while the Irish population of the city of New York is only 44 per cent., and that of the rural districts which send their convicts to that prison is not one fifth of the number.

This strikingly establishes the force of hereditary tendencies in the formation of the criminal character. We have confined ourselves, in all that precedes, entirely to the influence of hunger upon crime, excluding, for obvious reasons, the illustrations which might be drawn from the sexual appetite, — illustrations which, if duly taken into account, would immensely strengthen the argument.

It is now time to turn to the question of relative temptation as developed under commercial and industrial crises. These tend to restore the chronic conditions of savage life, — war and hunger, — which produce reversions toward barbaric impulse among a race fairly civilized. No country presents a more favorable example for this study than

[1] Intermarriage between relations or persons of the same class.

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England. It has been so long at peace internally that the forces of civilization are uppermost; and yet the external wars she has frequently waged have reacted on the social prosperity of the nation, and can be noted like a pulse in its crime ratio. For eight years before the close of the twenty years' war in 1815, a commercial and industrial panic was impending; but when the industries incident to the supply of war materials were checked, and 120,000 soldiers, mostly unskilled laborers or criminals, either pressed into the army, or deliberately committed to its ranks by the magistrate, were turned loose as free laborers, the catastrophe could no longer be averted. The crisis culminated in 1816. Eighty-nine banks failed; the inflated currency fell to half its face value; the price of food went up; and the 120,000 helpless soldiers found no place among artisans as helpless as themselves. They were compelled to fight in a new direction. In two years, from 1815 to 1817, the rise in crime culminated, going up to 72 per cent., which was 173 per cent. more than it was in 1806, notwithstanding the executions in 1817 were double those of 1815, and the death penalty was inflicted for two hundred and thirty-three distinct offenses, including larcenies to the value of five shillings. The same results, only in a less degree, were noticed after the Crimean war. Want always follows in the wake of war. The ability to give employment is curtailed; the purchasing power of workmen is reduced; and a relative famine substantially exists among the poor, even though there may be an abundant harvest. Usually during the period of crises the operatives are selectively dismissed from employment, those turned off being less skillful, less reliable, less honest, less steady, or less industrious than the workmen who are retained. The discharged men thus approximate nearer to the savage type. Famine, an essential condition of savage life, looms up before them, and becomes to those most closely allied to the savage character their most effective temptation. If they fail in the capacity and training which command employment in the handicrafts in which they have been bred, they are still less able to readapt themselves to the new industries which grow out of the changes of modern life; they feel obliged to fall back upon a set of capacities which enables them to enter into a destructive competition with thieves for a portion of the decreased income which may now be secured by theft. This competition forces the habitual criminals to share in the general retrenchment, and the evidence of this very retrenchment may be seen in the reduction of arrests for drunkenness. Thus, one of the results of a commercial crisis is the compulsory temperance of the criminal class. The general result is on the one hand a rise in the number of graver crimes and in the proportionate number of criminals, and on the other hand the curbing of vices which lead to assaults and misdemeanors, and a reduction in the number of commitments for these causes.

Yet, upon the return of commercial prosperity, a fall in the crime ratio and a rise in the misdemeanors will take place. The call now is for additional operatives, and those who took up criminal callings in adversity are the first to reënter the ranks of honest industry. Thus, whenever commercial panics, without war, have occurred, a rise has taken place in the crime-ratio. Whenever abundant harvests and industrial prosperity have concurred, the ratio has fallen. There is no exception to this rule. But while the advent of prosperity reduces the number of criminals and of crimes, it also enlarges the possible income of the persistently dishonest, and tends to keep up the number of hereditary criminals to the point which society itself tolerates. This perpetuation of a criminal stock, however,

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need not be a cause of alarm or an occasion of wonder. Speaking in a general way, the survival of these hereditary criminals represents not a destructive but a conservative force. They measure the maximum number of persons whom civilization has so far failed to improve. They point out the enormous power of the slow social growth, by which the vast antecedent army of self-indulgent men has been reduced until it has shrunk to a corporal's guard of professional offenders. The fact that they are hereditary offenders, perpetuated mainly by class intermarriage, restricts their social influence by narrowing down the field of entailment, and makes them more and more a controllable element as to numbers and social influence.

Criminals are not found to be isolated factors in modern life, and the prevalence of crime is no fortuitous accident, but follows a law similar to that of mortality, though illustrated by facts of a somewhat different order.

We can now readily understand that want, as a constant cause, will produce an analogous constant equivalent, modified as to kind by the changes wrought in the national character and by other civilizing agencies, and restricted as to degree by the moderation or severity of the struggle for existence. In other words, whenever, in a savage state of society, famine threatens a tribe, it incites to the massacre and pillage of the adjacent people as the means of procuring food; sometimes it ends in cannibalism. If it stops short of these acts of violence among the civilized, it is because the progressive accumulation and wider distribution of wealth enables the community to submit without resistance to a temporarily increased loss from depredation, and offers to the needy an easier relief from want by means of theft. The existence of a food reserve, which multiplies the opportunities for theft, relieves the thief of the temptation to effect the transfer by the additional crime of the murder of the holder of the supply. Herein you have an illustration of the persuasions of civilization in the extinguishing of the necessity for an absolute reversion to the savage type. There is also an illustration of the inexorableness of civilization in the fact that by checking the impulse to murder the non-exercise provides for the extinction of a characteristic of brutality, which would otherwise be indefinitely continued. Slowly, brutality as an hereditary entailment becomes an ever-weakening force.

So far, the attention has been directed chiefly to the fluctuations of the crime-ratio when the comparison is made at different periods of time. But when particular crimes in countries or localities of homogeneous social, industrial, and political organization are compared with one another at the same time, it is found that the ratios are nearly uniform. The gradual decrease of serious offenses and the change in the character of the crimes themselves are also points to be noted. In Turpin's day travelers carried coin to meet the requirements of their journey, which involved the highwayman in a personal contest with his victim, — a contest fatal or not according to the degree of the victim's resistance. In our own day the universal use of checks and letters of credit, of railroad trains stopping only at regular and frequented stations, instead of stage-coaches with "irregular stoppages," has cut off the forms of opportunity which tempted the Dick Turpin of old. The intensity of crime has thus decreased by losing the characteristics of violence, and embezzlements, pocket-picking, false pretenses, and counterfeiting, which avoid violence, are in the ascendant. In other words, fraud and dexterity are superseding force as the auxiliaries of the criminal, and contrivance is becoming essential to criminal success. But fraud, dexterity, and contrivance imply

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intellectual and manual training, sometimes training of the highest order; so that the forms of crime are conforming in certain essential features to the conditions of organized labor. Just so far the training of the expert criminal lays the foundation for his potential drafting into the army of the industrious. Crime, therefore, is itself becoming civilized, and by reason of this infusion of the element of industry is perpetually providing for the extinction of some of its own forms. It is thus seen to be less true that civilization creates new crimes than that it makes old crimes more and more impossible.

The present argument is purposely confined to the consideration of crimes against property with or without violence. Murders committed for gain are included, because they follow the general laws already mentioned; but offenses committed by the insane or idiotic are excluded, because they present certain features which do not obviously follow these laws, and need a separate treatment to show how they conform to and differ from the present subject. Crimes against the person embrace motives which do not enter into the commission of crimes against property (excepting malicious mischief), and require a special examination. They are, for this reason, here left out.

In so short a space it is impossible to give a full exposition of all the laws governing the crime ratio. This would call for an analysis of the emotions which prompt to gratification by acts involving the invasion of the property of others. But as these emotions are to a great extent either resolvable into two master appetites, hunger and sexual passion, or intimately allied to them, it is thought best to suggest that the sum of these emotions be thought of by the reader as the inspiring and prompting element of the criminal career. On the other hand, the illustrations and explanation of the general laws of crime have been confined specifically to hunger, in order to avoid the necessity of discussing the uxorial problem, and the complexities growing out of collateral though highly important issues of less prominent motives.

The general induction seems to be that the more important fluctuations in the crime ratio primarily depend on the entailment of the savage nature. Whenever war and want affect a partly cultured nation, the environment of its less favored people approximates to savage forms, and their latent savage traits break forth into theft and brutality. If the want comes from a commercial crisis, the reversion is toward crimes against property without violence. If peace and plenty reign, and the environment promotes steady industry, the savage features of the character subside, and the moral attributes become fixed and extend civilized habits to a new contingent of hitherto unimproved people. The rewards of labor play an important part at this point. Whenever civilization ceases to dispense rewards, the backward movement toward barbarism again sets in, because the average man cares less for life than for the things for which he lives. But where there is an hereditary criminal class, crime will be proportionate to the degree of effective temptation, and no sort of arbitrary punishment can avail to check it. The temptation depends upon two conditions, — the character, necessities, and caprices of the thief, and the vigilance of his victims. If for a sufficient time the vigilance be relaxed by social disturbance, the crime ratio will rise; if it be increased, the ratio will fall.

The number of criminals who will prey upon property, at any given time, is determined by the degree of competition for the plunder which is within the possibility of capture, the amount of which is gauged by the standard of living habitual to those among whom the plunder is to be divided. Nor is this all.

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The competition for plunder excludes many men and women from the criminal class, because the point of successful resistance to depredation has been reached and the point of the possible distribution of the spoil attained, thereby extinguishing the conditions of success in a criminal career.

The absolute reduction of the crime ratio seems largely to be effected by three methods. The first method is the offer of rewards for industry in the form of wages or social and moral consideration, presenting greater inducements than the possible gains by theft. These inducements are offered at first with severe and irksome conditions of contract, expressed or implied, and these conditions give rise to habits which gradually organize into moral sentiments. These sentiments are in accord with the habits, at first unwillingly accepted, but afterwards loyally and cheerfully carried out, and at last are performed as duties, bringing with them the satisfactions of right doing. The second method is the gradual preparation of the criminal class to enter upon legitimate occupation. There is a certain sort of compulsion in this. Civilization makes it necessary for the criminal to fit himself by an appropriate education to cope with the devices created by monetary and property relationships. He must be able to use the instruments and methods of culture, and this knowledge is one of the first steps in moral conduct, and most favorable to its development. The third method is the gradual multiplication of grades of society, one insensibly merging into the other. This prepares a continuous social medium for transitions from one extreme group, the criminal, to the other extreme group, the gentleman, by the law of imitation, admirably expounded by the late Walter Bagehot in his Physics and Politics. This law is found to operate quite freely with that very large class in every community, the unpunished criminals, who, beginning business with a capital obtained by fraud or theft, or by pandering to the vices of their fellows, gradually amass fortunes, and, prompted by social aspiration, endeavor to enter a circle of society from which they would be excluded were their antecedents known or their former practices continued. Nor is this change simply an act of hypocrisy. It is so often the determination to give their posterity a social start which they did not have themselves that the origin is sunk in the aim. Taking in all time, however, the disparagement of the origin is no greater because recent than is that of the analogous ancestry of the pious and upright citizens, whose forefathers are revered because their short-comings are effaced by the remoteness of their misdoings. The time was when the high and mighty claimed to be the children of the gods. Few to-day will dare to deny that they are the posterity of the savage emerging into the light.

Since the crimes here treated are chiefly against property, the aspects of education intimately connected with the rise, conditions, and requirements of property have been chiefly dwelt upon, not because there are no other phases of education bearing upon the crime ratio, but because those adduced are fundamental to the subject. In future papers it is intended to consider the limits of punishment, the efficacy of prevention, the possibilities of education specifically applied to the training of juvenile offenders and the children of habitual criminals and paupers. The chief object of the present paper has been to show that there are inevitable laws regulating crime which are above legislative statutes, and that civilization is in the ascendant, whether people are fervent adorers at its altar, or unwilling but compulsory pilgrims towards its shrine.

Richard L. Dugdale.

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CARLYLE'S LAUGH.

None of the many sketches of Carlyle that have been published since his death have brought out quite distinctly enough the thing which struck me more forcibly than all else, when in the actual presence of the man; namely, the peculiar quality and expression of his laugh. It need hardly be said that there is a great deal in a laugh. One of the most telling pieces of oratory that ever reached my ears was Victor Hugo's vindication, at the Voltaire Centenary in Paris, of the smile of Voltaire. Certainly Carlyle's laugh was not like that smile, but it was something as inseparable from his personality, and as essential to the account, when making up one's estimate of him. It was as individually characteristic as his face or his dress, or his way of talking or of writing. It seemed indeed indispensable for the explanation of all of these. I found in looking back upon my first interview with him that all I had known of Carlyle through others, or through his own books, for twenty-five years, had been utterly defective, — had left out, in fact, the key to his whole nature, — inasmuch as nobody had ever described to me his laugh.

It is impossible to follow the matter further without a little bit of personal narration. On visiting England for the first time in 1872, I was offered a letter to Carlyle, and declined it. Like all of this generation, I had been under some personal obligations to him for his early writings, — though in my case this debt was trifling compared with that due to Emerson, — but his Latter Day Pamphlets and his reported utterances on American affairs had taken away all special desire to meet him, besides the ungraciousness said to mark his demeanor toward visitors from the United States. Yet when I was once fairly launched in that fascinating world of London society where the American sees, as Willis used to say, whole shelves of his library walking about in coats and gowns, this disinclination rapidly softened. And when Mr. Froude kindly offered to take me with him on one of his afternoon visits to Carlyle, and further proposed that I should join them in their habitual walk through the parks, it was not in human nature — or at least in American nature — to resist.

We accordingly went after lunch, one day in May, to Carlyle's modest house in Chelsea, and found him in his study, reading — by a chance very appropriate for me — in Weiss's Life of Parker. He received us kindly, but at once began inveighing against the want of arrangement in the book he was reading, the defective grouping of the different parts, and the impossibility of finding anything in it, even by aid of the index. He then went on to speak of Parker himself, and of other Americans whom he had met. I do not recall the details of the conversation, but to my surprise he did not say a single really offensive or ungracious thing. If he did, it related less to my countrymen than to his own, for I remember his saying some rather stern things about Scotchmen. But that which saved these and all his sharpest words from being actually offensive was this, that after the most vehement tirade he would suddenly pause, throw his head back, and give as genuine and kindly a laugh as I ever heard from a human being. It was not the bitter laugh of the cynic, nor yet the big-bodied laugh of the burly joker; least of all was it the thin and rasping cackle of the dyspeptic satirist. But it was a broad, honest, human laugh, which, beginning in the brain, took into its action the whole heart and dia-

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phragm, and instantly changed the worn face into something frank and even winning, giving to it an expression that would have won the confidence of any child. Nor did it convey the impression of an exceptional thing that had occurred for the first time that day, and might never happen again. It rather produced the effect of something habitual; of being the channel, well worn for years, by which the overflow of a strong nature was discharged. It cleared the air like thunder, and left the atmosphere sweet. It seemed to say to himself, if not to us, "Do not let us take this too seriously; it is my way of putting things. What refuge is there for a man who looks below the surface in a world like this, except to laugh now and then?" The laugh, in short, revealed the humorist; if I said the genial humorist, wearing a mask of grimness, I should hardly go too far for the impression it left. At any rate it shifted the ground, and transferred the whole matter to that realm of thought where men play with things. The instant Carlyle laughed, he seemed to take the counsel of his old friend Emerson, and to write upon the lintels of his doorway, "Whim."

Whether this interpretation be right or wrong, it is certain that the effect of this new point of view upon one of his visitors was wholly disarming. The bitter and unlovely vision vanished; my armed neutrality went with it, and there I sat talking with Carlyle as fearlessly as if he were an old friend. The talk soon fell on the most dangerous of all ground, our civil war, which was then near enough to inspire curiosity; and he put questions showing that he had, after all, considered the matter in a sane and reasonable way. He was especially interested in the freed slaves and the colored troops; he said but little, yet that was always to the point, and without one ungenerous word. On the contrary, he showed more readiness to comprehend the situation, as it existed after the war, than was to be found in most Englishmen at that time. The need of giving the ballot to the former slaves he readily admitted, when it was explained to him; and he at once volunteered the remark that in a republic they needed this, as the guarantee of their freedom. "You could do no less," he said, "for the men who had stood by you." I could scarcely convince my senses that this manly and reasonable critic was the terrible Carlyle, the hater of "Cuffee" and "Quashee" and of all republican government. If at times a trace of angry exaggeration showed itself, the good, sunny laugh came in and cleared the air.

We walked beneath the lovely trees of Kensington Gardens, then in the glory of an English May; and I had my first sight of the endless procession of riders and equipages in Rotten Row. My two companions received numerous greetings, and as I walked in safe obscurity by their side, I could cast sly glances of keen enjoyment at the odd combination visible in their looks. Froude's fine face and bearing have since then grown familiar to Americans, and he was irreproachably dressed; while probably no salutation was ever bestowed from an elegant carriage on an odder figure than Carlyle. Tall, very thin, and slightly stooping; with unkempt, grizzly whiskers pushed up by a high collar, and kept down by an ancient felt hat; wearing an old faded frock coat, checked waistcoat, coarse gray trowsers, and russet shoes; holding a stout stick, with his hands encased in very large gray woolen gloves, — this was Carlyle. I noticed that when we first left his house, his aspect attracted no notice in the streets, being doubtless familiar in his own neighborhood; but as we went farther and farther on, many eyes were turned upon him, and men sometimes stopped to gaze at him. Little he noticed it, however, as he plodded along with his eyes cast down or looking straight before him, while his lips

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poured forth an endless stream of talk. Once and once only he was accosted, and forced to answer; and I recall it with delight as showing how the unerring instinct of childhood coincided with mine, and pronounced him not a man to be feared.

We passed a spot where some nobleman's grounds were being appropriated for a public park; it was only lately that people had been allowed to cross them, and all was in the rough, preparations for the change having been begun. Part of the turf had been torn up for a roadway, but there was a little emerald strip where three or four ragged children, the oldest not over ten, were turning somersaults in great delight. As we approached, they paused and looked shyly at us, as if uncertain of their right on these premises; and I could see the oldest, a sharp-eyed little London boy, reviewing us with one keen glance, as if selecting him in whom confidence might best be placed. Now I am myself a child-loving person; and I had seen with pleasure Mr. Froude's kindly ways with his own youthful household: yet the little *gamin* dismissed us with a glance and fastened on Carlyle. Pausing on one foot, as if ready to take to his heels on the least discouragement, he called out the daring question, "I say, mister, may we roll on this here grass?" The philosopher faced round, leaning on his staff, and replied in a homelier Scotch accent than I had yet heard him use, "Yes, my little fellow, r-r-roll at discraytion!" Instantly the children resumed their antics, while one little girl repeated meditatively, "He says we may roll at discraytion!" — as if it were some new kind of ninepin-ball.

Six years later I went with my friend Conway to call on Mr. Carlyle once more, and found the kindly laugh still there, though changed, like all else in him, by the advance of years and the solitude of existence. It could not be said of him that he grew old happily, but he did not grow old unkindly, I should say; it was painful to see him, but it was because one pitied him, not by reason of resentment suggested by anything he said. He announced himself to be, and he visibly was, a man left behind by time and waiting for death. He seemed in a manner sunk within himself; but I remember well the affectionate way in which he spoke of Emerson, who had just sent him the address entitled The Future of the Republic. Carlyle said, "I 've just noo been reading it; the dear Emerson, he thinks the whole warrld's like himself; and if he can just get a million people together and let them all vote, they 'll be sure to vote right and all will go vara well;" and then came in the brave laugh of old, but briefer and less hearty by reason of years and sorrows.

One may well hesitate before obtruding upon the public any such private impressions of an eminent man. They will always seem either too personal or too trivial. But I have waited in vain to see some justice done to that side of Carlyle here portrayed; and since it has been very commonly asserted that the effect he produced on strangers was that of a rude and offensive person, it seems almost a duty to testify to the very different way in which one American visitor saw him. An impression produced at two interviews, six years apart, may be worth recording, especially if it proved strong enough to outweigh all previous prejudice and antagonism.

In fine, I should be inclined to appeal from all Carlyle's apparent bitterness and injustice to the mere quality of his laugh, as giving sufficient proof that the gift of humor underlay all else in him. All his critics, as it seems to me, treat him a little too seriously. No matter what his labors or his purposes, the attitude of the humorist was always behind. As I write, there lies before me a scrap from the original manuscript of

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his French Revolution, — the page being written, after the custom of English authors of half a century ago, on both sides of the paper, — and as I study it, every curl and twist of the handwriting, every backstroke of the pen, every substitution of a more piquant word for a plainer one, bespeaks the man of whim. Perhaps this quality came by nature through a Scotch ancestry; perhaps it was strengthened by the accidental course of his early reading. It may be that it was Richter who moulded him, after all, rather than Goethe; and we know that Richter was defined by Carlyle, in his very first literary essay, as "a humorist and a philosopher," putting the humorist first. The German author's favorite type of character — seen to best advantage in his Siebenkäs of the Blumen, Frucht und Dornenstücke — came nearer to the actual Carlyle than most of the grave portraitures yet executed. He, as is said of Siebenkäs, disguised his heart beneath a grotesque mask, partly for greater freedom, and partly because he preferred to whimsically exaggerate human folly rather than to share it (*dass er die menschliche Thorheit mehr travestiere als nachahme*). Both characters might be well summed up in the brief sentence which follows: "A humorist in action is but a satirical improvisatore" (*Ein handelnder Humorist ist blos ein satirischer Improvisatore*). This last phrase, "a satirical improvisatore," seems to me better than any other to describe Carlyle.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

MARTHA.

Yea, Lord! — Yet some must serve!
Not all with tranquil heart,
Even at thy dear feet,
Wrapped in devotion sweet,
May sit apart!

Yea, Lord! — Yet some must bear
The burden of the day,
Its labor and its heat,
While others at thy feet
May muse and pray!

Yea, Lord! — Yet some must do
Life's daily task-work; some
Who fain would sing must toil
Amid earth's dust and moil,
While lips are dumb!

Yea, Lord! — Yet man must earn,
And woman bake, the bread;
And some must watch and wake
Early, for others' sake,
Who pray instead!

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Yea, Lord! — Yet even Thou
Hast need of earthly care.
I bring the bread and wine
To Thee, a guest divine, —
Be this my prayer!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE TWO HAMLETS.

By the two Hamlets I do not mean the Hamlets father and son, as to whom I have said quite all that need be said by me in The Case of Hamlet the Younger.[1] The two Hamlets that will presently engage our attention are two editions of the great tragedy which were published respectively in the years 1603 and 1604, and in regard to which some notions have been adopted and painfully advocated which seem to me little more than fanciful conjecture, without any foundation in fact and reason. The examination of such a subject must from its nature be an exercise in textual criticism; and those who have not an appetite for such entertainment would do well to act upon this warning. It is also proper to say that I shall necessarily go over ground upon which I have appeared previously;[2] but to those who would in any case be interested in my subject this, I believe, will not be objectionable.

The tragedy of Hamlet is founded upon a story told by Saxo Grammaticus in his Historia Danica. Written about 1180–90, printed in 1514, retold in Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques in 1570, it found its way to England, and was there made the groundwork of a play before the year 1589. These points I shall assume as settled (they are undisputed), without troubling my present readers with regard to the evidence upon which they rest. Of the English play performed in the sixteenth century no copy is known to exist. Should one be discovered, it would readily sell for twenty times its weight in gold to any one of a dozen buyers, among which would be the British Museum. But as in the walls and aisles of some of the beautiful old English churches there are found the scattered and broken remnants of ruder predecessors, which necessity, or choice, or chance caused to be adopted into their structure, so in the first known Hamlet, which bears the name of William Shakespeare, there are fragmentary remains of this ancient and vanished drama, which furnished our great dramatic architect not only with the occasion, but with the plan and even with some of the substance, of his marvelous work. He indeed was hindered from such adoption by no sense of intellectual importance and dignity, nor by ambition for the elevation of his art, as to which he showed himself supremely indifferent. He did not disdain or hesitate to use any material within his reach, if he could make it useful and fit it into the work that he had in hand. But in the present instance the remnants of the old play, upon whose outlines and foundation and with whose ruins he built, have been preserved to us by accident, through the greed — or, to use a more fashionable phrase, the enterprise — of a London bookseller of his day, and by the treachery of an actor in his company. The

[1] The Galaxy, April, 1870.

[2] Introductory Essay to Hamlet. Works of Shakespeare, 1862, vol. xi. p. 5.

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latter undertook to furnish the former surreptitiously with Shakespeare's version of the tragedy; but not being able to get a copy of the whole, he attempted to give some parts of it from memory, and in other passages which he could not recollect at all he used the old play, which had been made worthless by the success of Shakespeare's, if indeed he did not find this patching done to his hand in the stage copy.

This view of the first existing version of Shakespeare's Hamlet was first presented nineteen years ago, in the introductory essay to my edition of the tragedy before referred to; but although it has received respectful, and I suppose I ought to say highly favorable, consideration from my fellow editors and critics, it has, to my surprise, not been adopted without question.[1] But I am sure that the hesitation in adopting it is the result merely of my previous inability to treat the subject more thoroughly than it could be treated in the introduction to the tragedy in an edition of all of Shakespeare's works, which, intended for the general public of intelligent readers, was necessarily confined within moderate limits.[2] The conclusion seems to me, even after these nineteen years, and after reading, I believe, all that has since been written on the question, so clearly unavoidable as not to admit a doubt.

Two other views of this important subject have been taken. One supposes the copy of the first Hamlet to have been obtained merely by means of a short-hand reporter, who was able to furnish his employer with only a mangled and imperfect version of the play, a view first briefly, and without reason assigned, set forth by Mr. Collier; the other, the difference of which from mine is much the more important, is that in the 1603 Hamlet we have the tragedy as Shakespeare first wrote it, and that in the second edition, published the next year, but within a few months, we have it recast, rewritten, and much enlarged by the author. This view has a great fascination for those who cannot be easy without pulling their Shakespeare to pieces, to see how he goes. For they think that by comparing the two Hamlets, first and second, they can trace the growth of his mind and the development of his thought; although they might as well undertake to trace the development of lightning from a thunder cloud. Wherefore this notion — it is the merest notion — has been, and perhaps may yet hereafter be, earnestly and ingeniously defended, either simply of itself, or in some modified form or other. The fact, however, as to which I am so sure is that, on the contrary, the first Hamlet represents, in a mutilated form and with interpolations, the only Hamlet that Shakespeare ever wrote, and that about the year 1600 his tragedy existed in its first and last, its full and perfect form.

The first edition of Hamlet was entered on the Stationers' Register in London — a mode of securing copyright — in 1602, and was published in 1603 with this title: "The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet *Prince of Denmarke*, by Will-

[1] Except, I should perhaps say, by the Rev. Mr. Fleay, the skillful and laborious developer, if not discoverer, of the rhythm and rhyme and syllable-ending test of dramatic authorship. He has abandoned the theory of the periods of the writing of Hamlet which he presented in his Shakespeare Manual, and has, moreover, come to the same conclusion with me in regard to the making up of the first version of the play. This I find by his valuable and interesting tables published in Dr. Ingleby's Occasional Papers on Shakespeare. It has been pointed out in England that I have also the benefit of the support of his conclusions by rhyme and syllable test in my view of the mixed authorship of the Taming of the Shrew, set forth seventeen years before.

[2] I may also here not inappropriately remark that a certain inconsistency which the distinguished German critic, Professor Leo (Shakespeare Jahrbuch, vol. i.), has detected and commented upon, between the system of editing advocated in Shakespeare's Scholar and that adopted in my edition, is due to the same consideration of my public, — to reasons partly commercial. I gave my readers, to a certain degree, what I thought *they* wanted. More than once in the course of my work I remarked that I was not editing Shakespeare as if I were doing it for myself.

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iam Shake-speare. As it hath beene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London : and also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where." This title is evidence of the public favor which the tragedy quickly attained, and it also bears upon the date of its composition and production. Written for Shakespeare's company in London, in the year 1603, and probably in 1602, it had had the honor of being selected for performance at the two great universities, and had made its way elsewhere. The time in which it had risen to this popularity and distinction was short. For we know by its absence from a list of Shakespeare's tragedies published by Francis Meres in 1598 that he had not then written his Hamlet; and allowing only a year or two for its success in London, in Oxford and Cambridge, and elsewhere, we are led to 1599 or 1600 as the time of its composition and production. Internal evidence, with the details of which it is not necessary to trouble the readers of this article, points to the latter year as that in which a certain scene of it was written. The question between 1599 and 1600 is on any account a trifling one ; and in comparison with the others which remain to be settled in regard to it dwindles into absolute insignificance.

A glance at the Hamlet of 1603 discovers to the most unobservant reader, first, that it is only about half as long as the tragedy now known as Shakespeare's ; next, that it could not have been written by Shakespeare in the form in which it is presented in that edition. Much of it, indeed, varies little from the tragedy as it appears in later editions ; but no inconsiderable part of it is not only unlike that text in very many important particulars, but is such a jumble of confused, heterogeneous dullness and nonsense that it cannot be accepted as the work of any playwright of repute, not to say of Shakespeare. Moreover, in addition to these passages, and in addition to the others, already mentioned, which are unquestionably Shakespeare's, and which bear the impress of his powers in their most transcendent development, there are some which, although coherent and clear, cannot be accepted as having been written by him at any period of his career. The course of our inquiry will lead us to the examination of examples of all these varieties of text in this singular and supremely interesting version of the most peculiar, impressive, and thoughtful, if not the greatest, of the works of the world's greatest poet and dramatist.

It is first remarkable that the texts of the two versions (for the text of the second edition, that of 1604, may be properly assumed, for our present purpose, as being the same with that of the folio of 1623 and of subsequent editions) are in the earlier scenes identical, to all intents and purposes, with notable exceptions in two or three passages. But this conformity diminishes as the play advances. The long first act comfortably completed, confusion begins to reign, — confusion in arrangement, confusion in thought, confusion in language. Thenceforward there are hardly half a dozen consecutive speeches which can be accepted even as badly copied or badly printed versions of Shakespeare's work. This is admitted even by those who insist that the edition of 1603 represents, although imperfectly, the tragedy which Shakespeare first wrote, and which he afterwards developed into the version represented by the texts of the edition of 1604 and the folio of 1623. It is assumed by these critics that the text of the edition of 1603 is a mutilated version of a first sketch of an afterwards enlarged, elaborated, and highly finished drama. For our present purpose it is not here necessary to show that the text of 1603 is so grossly mangled and corrupted in the main that it cannot be accepted as a fair, or even as a tolerable,

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representation of *any* drama. That is admitted on all hands. The question is what drama it *mis*represents, — the Hamlet that we know, or an earlier, shorter, and less admirable one? It misrepresents the former. There was but one Hamlet written by William Shakespeare.

The title of the second edition, that of 1604, which contains the play as we know it, has a peculiarity which has done much to mislead those critics — many of them justly distinguished, and having at their head the venerable and enthusiastic editor, Charles Knight — who have adopted and ingeniously advocated the alluring theory of a revision, an enlargement, and an elaboration by Shakespeare of his first work. That title, in regard to the name of the play, is the same as the title of the edition of 1603; but to this there is made the very important addition that it is "newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie." That the play is newly imprinted in this edition, and enlarged to almost as much again as it was in its predecessor, is plain enough. The question is as to the manner of the enlargement. The advocates of the development theory assume that this enlargement was the result of a rewriting by the author. But for this assumption, notwithstanding all the ingenious and painful arguments with which it has been supported, there is in my judgment no sufficient ground. And this the last phrase of the title in question seems to show very clearly. The enlargement was due to the printing of the play "according to the true and perfect copy." There was very good reason that this announcement should be made. Heminge and Condell, the sponsors, if not the editors, of the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, the folio of 1623, tell his readers that they had been theretofore "abused with divers stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds of injurious impostors;" and among these stolen and surreptitious copies none was so maimed and deformed as the Hamlet of 1603. Only those who have examined this edition carefully can imagine the horror and the indignation of Shakespeare and his friends and fellow theatrical proprietors at the publication of that book as his tragedy. It is the most monstrous caricature in the history of literature, and a caricature entirely devoid of humor; for it was put forth in the grim sobriety of bookselling piracy. The publisher meant to make money out of the reputation of William Shakespeare and his great tragedy. The matter was very serious. But it was also serious in another sense to the said William Shakespeare and his theatrical partners, and therefore (not very willingly, we may be sure, but of necessity, — they had no remedy) they consented that he should furnish this same publisher with the real play; and he, as his former edition was evidently to all readers false and imperfect, announced this one as being printed "according to the true and perfect copy." The enlargement was due to the fact that it was true and perfect.

If the edition of 1603 had represented an early form of the tragedy which Shakespeare had, after some years, rewritten and enlarged, we should have surely found in the enlarged and perfected work some traces of his improving hand. There would in that case have been new scenes, a suppression of parts of the earlier version, a higher development, or at least a subtler modification, of character, an enrichment of the dialogue; in fine, a recasting and an elaboration of the work first produced. But nothing of this kind appears. The Hamlet of 1603, cruelly maimed and ridiculously perverted as it is, not only presents the Hamlet of 1604 and 1623 complete as to design in all essential points, but contains evidence which, considered in con-

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nection with that furnished by those later editions, shows that it was the result of a surreptitious and very imperfectly successful attempt to obtain the text of those very editions.

If Shakespeare revised, rewrote, and enlarged Hamlet, and thus made the version which is more or less imperfectly represented in the edition of 1603 into that which is (for the time) well printed in the editions of 1604 and 1623, in looking for the evidence of the work of his polishing and perfecting hand and of his maturer mind we should without hesitation turn to those lofty, strong-built passages of the tragedy which present what may be called the Hamletian world philosophy. Of these the grandest and the subtlest, the most important in every way, are Hamlet's soliloquies. Now it is remarkable that these soliloquies are found in the first version, 1603, in a form which shows at once that they then existed in the finished completeness in which we now know them, and that they were obtained by underhand means by some blundering, dull-brained knave. All the soliloquies are given with two exceptions; and evidence is left both of the existence of these and of the reason for their omission. A somewhat detailed examination of Hamlet's first soliloquy (Act I. Scene 2) as it appears in the edition of 1603, and a comparison of it with that of the editions of 1604 and 1623, shall illustrate and support this position. But I suggest that the reader who has not that soliloquy well in mind should refer to it before reading the following lines, which Hamlet speaks, according to the first version. I shall give them the benefit of a relief from all the grotesqueness of mere antiquated spelling.

"O that this too much griev'd and sallied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the universal
Globe of heaven would turn all to a chaos!
O God, within two months; no, not two; married
Mine uncle: O let me not think of it.
My father's brother: but no more like
My father than I to Hercules.
Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
Unrighteous tears had left their flushing
In her galled eyes, she married: O God, a beast
Devoid of reason would not have made
Such speed: Frailty, thy name is woman.
Why, she would hang on him, as if increase
Of appetite had grown by what it looked on.
O wicked, wicked speed, to make such
Dexterity to incestuous sheets;
Ere yet the shoes were old
The which she followed my dead father's corse,
Like Niobe, all tears: married; well it is not
Nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue."

This speech is in twenty-one lines; that of the editions of 1604 and 1623, which the reader will find in his Shakespeare, has thirty-one, and so is longer by one half; but the difference in the length of the two speeches is the least remarkable unlikeness between them; and their unlikeness is not so remarkable, I may say so surprising, as their resemblance, which, indeed, is of an amazing and ridiculous sort. Criticism must give reasons; but in this case may not the critic and his readers enjoy for a mutual moment the flash of intuitive conviction that — inapprehensive, or quickly all-apprehensive, of details — decides at once that this speech is not one that Shakespeare wrote at any time, and afterwards worked up into the soliloquy as we know it. The 1603 soliloquy is a travesty of the real one. It is like the resemblance of himself that a solemn prig sees in a spoon, dwarfed, distorted, and all the gravity of the original made monstrous. Remark the first three lines, ending "turn all to a chaos." That Shakespeare wrote them, with their "grieved flesh," is a question not to be discussed. It is not even a question. And yet there is in them, from "O" to "chaos," a constant suggestion of the real soliloquy; and we feel that the wish that Hamlet is made to express as to "the universal globe of heaven," that it "would turn all to a chaos," is the result of the feeble-minded writer's inability to receive a stronger impression than he thus reveals of the clear, sharp utterances of Hamlet's despair in

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the last half of the first nine lines of the complete soliloquy. After this the speech goes, in the words of him who makes this abortive attempt to report it, "all to a chaos." To apprehend the extent and the nature of the corruption and confusion which has taken place, we must compare the two forms of the soliloquy in detail. I have found it impossible to do so with such particularity and deliberation as would enable the general reader to see all their likeness and their unlikeness, and the causes of both, except by printing them side by side, and by numbering the various passages in the two in such a manner that the transpositions of the reporter (who here and elsewhere manifestly worked from memory, aided by notes hastily made at the theatre) may be traced with ease, and his confused memory of the whole speech be made apparent.

1604.

1. O, that this too-too solid flesh would melt,
   Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
   Or that the everlasting had not fixed
   His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
2. How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
   Seem to me all the uses of this world!
   Fie on 't! O fie! 't is an unweeded garden
   That grows to seed: things rank and gross in nature
   Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
3. But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two!
4. So excellent a king, that was to this
   Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother
   That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
   Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
5. Must I remember?
6. Why, she would hang on him
   As if increase of appetite had grown
   By what it fed on;
7. and yet within a month —
   Let me not think on 't.
8. — Frailty, thy name is woman.
   A little month,
9. or ere those shoes were old
   With which she followed my poor father's body
   Like Niobe, all tears, why, she, even she —
10. O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
    Would have mourned longer —
11. married with mine uncle,
12. My father's brother, but no more like my father
    Than I to Hercules:
13. within a month;
    Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
    Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
    She married.
14. O, most wicked speed, to post
    With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
15. It is not nor it cannot come to good:
    But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

1603.

1 i. O that this too much griev'd and sallied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the universal
Globe of heaven would turn all to a chaos!

2 ii. [*wanting.*]

3 iii. O God! within two months, no, not two,

4 iv. [*wanting.*]

11 v. Married
Mine uncle!

5,7 vi. O let me not think of it,

12 vii. My father's brother, but no more like
My father than I to Hercules.

13 viii. Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
Unrighteous tears had left the flushing
In her galled eyes, she married.

10 ix. O God, a beast
Devoid of reason would not have made
Such speed.

8 x. Frailty, thy name is woman.

6 xi. Why, she would hang on him, as if increase
Of appetite had grown by what it looked on.

14 xii. O, wicked, wicked speed, to make such
Dexterity to incestuous sheets!

9 xiii. Ere yet the shoes were old
The which she followed my dead father's corse,
Like Niobe, all tears: married.

15 xiv. Well, 't is not
Nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

The first in order of these texts, that of 1604, gives the soliloquy as it is known to the general reader of Shakespeare. The breaks in the lines, as, for example,

"Must I remember?
Why, she would hang on him,"

do not occur in the original, but are, for the convenience of a division into sections, or rather into fragments, to ex-

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hibit the manner in which the speech is broken up in the version of 1603, which is in the opposite column. The fragments in the text of 1604 are numbered with Arabic numerals, those in the text of 1603 with small Roman numerals. Beside these, however, are placed the Arabic numerals of the corresponding passages in the version of 1604.

On comparing the two texts by the aid of this arrangement, we find that the text of 1603 corresponds to that of 1604 exactly in its first words, and generally in thought in its first phrase, and that the last lines of the two texts, although not at all striking in thought or in form, are identical. Between the extremities, however, there is the confusion of an intellectual earthquake; and yet, as after an earthquake, we see that, although some parts of what has gone to ruin have been lost in the catastrophe, we have around us the scattered fragments of the whole. The chaotic verse and a half — chaotic both in rhythm and in sense, as well as in phrase — about the universal globe of heaven turning to chaos represents the vague, confused impression which the writer or thieving reporter received of the first and second sections of the soliloquy, which express apostrophically Hamlet's feeling that the world is out of joint. Then we find the exclamation "O God!" displaced, and connected with the expression of his resentment at the speed of his mother's new nuptials, in the third section. The fourth section or fragment is wanting in the text of 1603; and it is so, we may be sure, merely because it was not remembered. Indeed, it is surprising that a man undertaking to get the text in such a way did not forget more of a soliloquy so disconnected and so exclamatory. Continuing our comparison, we find that section eleven of 1604 becomes section three of 1603; that the fifth and seventh of the former are represented by the sixth of the latter; that Hamlet's comparison of his uncle with his father, and of himself with Hercules, is shifted from near the end of the soliloquy to the middle, the twelfth paragraph in the complete speech being his seventh in the incomplete; that the comparison of Hamlet's mother to Niobe drops down from being ninth in order to the thirteenth place; and that the passage about the beast that would have mourned longer not only changes place, but is despoiled of its characteristic phraseology, — "that wants discourse of reason" becoming "devoid of reason;" the reporter, we may be sure, not being able to apprehend the finer thought of the former phrase, which is the more remarkable as the phrase is not Shakespeare's, but one which had been used before. Other confusion I leave to detection by the reader's own observation: it is manifest enough. But it is equally manifest that the whole of the perfect soliloquy is confused in the text of 1603, in which are to be found all the thoughts, with most of the language, and fragments and suggestions of all the language, of the speech in its perfection. To suppose that the text of 1603 represents what was *developed* into the text of 1604 is quite preposterous. Remark also that the passage about the "wicked speed" of Hamlet's mother, although it is out of place (it being blunderingly put before the comparison to Niobe), yet contains in perfection the very Shakespearean phrase, "dexterity to incestuous sheets," in which, in a way peculiar to himself, and in his most matured manner, he strains the sense of the word "dexterity" to the extreme of its capacity of endurance, — "to *post* with such dexterity;" and that the reporter, unable quite to apprehend this connection of thoughts apparently remote, preserved the striking part of the phrase, but changed *post* to *make*. And now observe again that, after all this confusion and mutilation, the last two lines, although, as I before remarked, they contain no impressive thought, or

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word, are identical in the two versions. The reason of this is that they are a cue; they are the sign for the entrance of Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo, and those last words of Hamlet's speech were written out on the parts of the actors who played those three personages. They were therefore easily accessible, while the body of the speech, being only in Burbadge's hands (he played Hamlet) or in the prompter's book, was not easily accessible to a person who would make a surreptitious copy for piratical publication.

Two points are now to be remarked upon: First, that the confusion and mutilation of this soliloquy is characteristic of the confusion and mutilation throughout the play; in which displacement and proper arrangement, ruin and perfect preservation, compel attention side by side. Second, that throughout the play the cues which would be written out on the parts of minor actors are identical in both the texts. There could hardly be better circumstantial evidence of the identity of the originals of the two texts, or of the manner in which the text of 1603 was obtained. It is to be remarked also that rhyming couplets and tags at the ends of scenes are generally identical in both versions.

Let us now consider another very "philosophical" passage of the tragedy, and one strongly characteristic of the perfected and completed Hamlet,— the great soliloquy of the first scene of the third act. This appears in the first, 1603, edition of the play in another place, distorted, mutilated, and patched, and in the following amazing fashion:[1]

"To be or not to be. Aye, there 's the point,
To die, to sleep; is that all? aye, all:
No, to sleep, to dream: aye, marry, there it goes;
For in that dream of death, when we awake,
And borne before an everlasting Judge
From whence no passenger ever return'd,
The undiscovered country at whose sight
The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd.
But for this, the joyful hope of this,
Who 'd bear the scorns and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich, the rich curs'd of the poor?
The widow being oppressed, the orphan wrong'd,
The taste of hunger, or a tyrant's reign,
And thousand more calamities besides,
To grunt and sweat under this weary life,
When that he may his full quietus make
With a base bodkin? Who would thus endure
But for a hope of something after death,
Which puzzles the brain, and doth confound the sense,
Which makes us rather bear those evils we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Aye that. O this conscience makes cowards of us all.
Lady in thy orisons, be all my sins remembered."

There are some things that are past caricature, because they themselves reach the limit of the ridiculous: as, for example, Mr. Barnum's calling his tight-rope woman Queen of the Lofty Wire. The absurdity of incongruity can no further go. And so this misrepresentation of Hamlet's solemn self-communing unites resemblance and distortion with an effect which surpasses that of intentional burlesque. The worthy reader of Shakespeare needs no help to the perception of its preposterousness, and I shall leave him to the enjoyment of a dissection of the monstrosity himself.[2] But it should be remarked that the confusion and the mutilation are of the same sort as those in the previously cited soliloquy, and that every thought and almost every phrase of the perfect speech have their representatives in the version of 1603, which it would yet be beyond even Shakespeare's mastery of thought and language to "develop" into the "To be or not to be" soliloquy as we know it. Observe that the last words of the speech, also, are identical in both versions. These words were Ophelia's cue to speak, and were written on

[1] For the full enjoyment of this astounding travesty I again suggest that the reader who has not the soliloquy well in mind should refresh his memory by reading it.

[2] I will, however, direct attention to the misapprehension of *bourne*, in "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," which was understood as *borne*; and hence the astonishing passage about being borne before an everlasting judge, from whence no passenger ever returned.

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the part of the young actor who played Polonius's daughter. Actors often ask and give each other their cues.

Confusion of this sort pervades the 1603 Hamlet to such a degree that it need not be further remarked upon with particularity. It is the characteristic trait of that version. One passage may well be cited as showing that brevity may be not only the soul of wit, but of derangement and absurdity. It is again in Hamlet's part, at the end of his reminiscence of the old play, Act II. Scene 2. The lines,

"Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their lord's murther. Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks,"

are thus represented in the first version:

"Bak'd and imparched in calagulate gore
Rifted in earth and fire, old grandsire Priam seeks."

It will be seen that the whole of the former passage is represented in this ridiculous misrepresentation of it. Here again the cue, "old grandsire Priam seeks," is identical in both versions; this remarkable similarity between which need not be further particularly remarked upon.

Hamlet's great "To be or not to be" soliloquy is also misplaced in the 1603 version. In the 1604, or perfect, version it is the prince's self-communing just before he meets Ophelia, as she is thrown in his way by her father, in pursuance of the arrangement made between him and the king: —

"*King.* How may we try it further?
Pol. You know he sometimes walks for hours together
Here in the lobby.
Queen. So he does indeed.
Pol. At such a time I 'll loose my daughter to him."

This passage, which is in both versions, refers to a future uncertain time, one of the sometimes when Hamlet walks the lobby; and in the version of 1604 and 1623 the arrangement is carried into effect in the next act and at a time which may be a day or two afterwards, or longer, as it would naturally be. But in the edition of 1603 the poor girl is let loose upon her lover immediately. That this is wrong, there is first the evidence of unfitness and the sense of rudeness of contrivance, which, however, will be admitted only by those who can feel it. Next there is the disagreement with the forward looking and uncertain time of Polonius's proposal. Finally, there is Ophelia's greeting to Hamlet on this occasion in the 1604 version: "How does your honor for *this many a day?*" — which corresponds to the indication in both versions at the arrangement for the interview. The reason of this misplacement is not far to seek. In both versions a book happens to furnish the incident of the scene which gives it what may be called its memorable local feature. Just after the future meeting between Hamlet and Ophelia is arranged the prince enters, in both versions, reading a book; and in the version of 1604 Polonius gives Ophelia a book to color her behavior just before the "To be" soliloquy. Now there was a Hamlet in one scene and a Hamlet in the other, and a book in both, and therefore this Fluellen of pirates transferred Ophelia and her book to the scene of Hamlet's book, and with them his great soliloquy. Moreover, he was thus led to confuse and mix together the two scenes in question. For in his version, 1603, we find a brief and mutilated representation of the fine scene between Hamlet and Polonius (Act II. Scene 2), in which the prince pretends to take the old courtier for a fishmonger; and in this, as in the perfect version, Polonius asks, "What do you read, my lord?" to receive the answer "Words, words," when, according to this version, Hamlet is not reading at all, but is just at the end of his long furious "Go to a nunnery" interview with Ophelia. Nevertheless, the one scene of the 1603 version and the two

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of that of 1604 are full of unmistakable marks of identity and intermingling. How this furtive person could remember and yet misplace what he remembered in this manner is forcibly illustrated by the fate of a remarkable passage in one of the Ghost's speeches in the first act (Scene 5) : —

"O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage."

This passage, which has upon it the stamp of Shakespeare's finest coinage, is transferred to the speech, toward the end of the play, in which (Act III. Scene 4) Hamlet reproaches his mother by a comparison of her present husband with her former; where the reporter's confused recollection and his miserable attempt to patch up and eke out his memories with his own language make this passage gleam like cloth of gold on raiment of rags and patches. Let the reader turn to the passage in the play, that he may read what follows with the genuine thing in his memory : —

"Why, this I mean. See here, behold this picture.
It is the portraiture of your deceased husband.
See here a face to outface man's himself,
An eye at which his foes did tremble at,
A front wherein all virtues are set down
For to adorn a king and gild his crown.
Whose heart went hand in hand even with that vow
He made to you in marriage; and he 's dead.
Murder'd, — damnably murder'd! This was your husband.
Look you now, here is your husband;
With a face like Vulcan.
A look fit for a murder and a rape;
A dull, dead hanging look, and a hell-bred eye
To affright children and amaze the world."

I need not quote more. The world, I am sure, is sufficiently amazed at this barefaced attempt to pass such stuff off as of Shakespeare's making, at any time of his life or in any state of imperfection.

Other evidence of a like sort that the first, 1603, version is the fruit of a piratical enterprise, made when the second and complete, 1604, version existed, appears in allusions in the former to incidents mention of which is to be found only in the latter. Thus, in the first version, in the first scene, just as the Ghost disappears : —

"Stay and speak. Stop it, Marcellus.
'T is here.
'T is here. [*Exit Ghost.*
'T is gone. O we do it wrong, being so majestical, to offer it the shew of violence."

But here no violence has been offered to the Ghost. There is no reason for this repentant exclamation. We find the reason of it, however, in the version of 1604, where, after "Stop it, Marcellus," these two brief speeches come before "'T is here."

"*Mar.* Shall I strike it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand."

Plainly, the former version is a mere imperfect representation of the same text which furnished the latter.

The same sort of evidence appears not only in this part of the play, where the two versions are so alike as to be almost identical, but in the very last, in which the confusion and the mutilation are flagrant. The point here is very noteworthy and of peculiar significance. In this scene (Act V. Scene 2), the king says in the perfect play : —

"The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn."

Upon the word *union* the editors of the Clarendon Press edition of this tragedy remark : —

"So the folios. The quarto of 1604 has 'unice,' which the later editions corrupted into 'onyx' variously spelt. Florio (Italian Dict.) gives, 'Union, . . . a great faire Orient pearl.'" This note is not quite so complete in its correctness as the editors of the Clarendon editions of the plays and of the Cambridge Shakespeare are wont to be. I remark here, however, no inaccuracy on their part, and even an incompleteness which is of the lightest and most trivial sort. My purpose is quite of another bearing. The fact is, however, that *unice*

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becomes *onyx* before the later editions. In the subsequent speech of Hamlet in this very scene, when he forces the king to drink the poison, —

"Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?
Follow my mother," —

the quarto of 1604 (perfect text) has neither *union* nor *unice*, but *onixe*. Now *unice* (manifestly, and also from evidence soon to be set forth) is merely a misreading of *union*. But it would be pronounced with the first syllable like *un*, *fun*, and with the *c* hard, — *un-ik*.[1] Hence by a misprint of the ear (the compositor setting up the sound he had in mind, and not the letters before his eye), *unice* (*un-ik*) became a few lines below *onyx;* and the latter, a word that needed no definition, was preserved by the later editions, until the appearance of the folio of 1623, with its authentic text printed from a stage copy, where we find, in place of *unice* and *onyx*, *union*. Now, however, is to be considered the very significant fact that in the mutilated version of 1603, *although the king's speech about drinking to Hamlet and throwing a pearl into the cup is, with others here, entirely omitted, Hamlet's speech when he administers the poison refers to the king's promise, and spells "union" correctly, just as it is spelled in the authentic folio.* The passage is as follows in the 1603 version, which begins by dragging down "Then venom to thy work" a speech or two, and mutilating it: —

"Then venom to thy venom. Die, damn'd villain.
Come! drink! Here lies *thy union;* here."

The pronoun in "*thy* union" shows Hamlet's reference to the king's promise; and the correct form of the word, exactly that of the folio, unites with this reference to show that the text of the folio and that of the mutilated quarto had an identical origin. Better evidence of this fact than is furnished by this passage, it seems to me, could not be looked for.

There is more evidence of the same class as that just brought forward, but of converse character, to show that the version of 1603 and that of 1604 represent the same manuscript. Of this I shall mention but two of several instances. In the first line of Hamlet's first soliloquy there is not only mutilation, but a very remarkable misrepresentation of one word. The line stands there literally thus: —

"O that this too much griev'd and *sallied* flesh."

Now *sallied* here, we may be sure, is not a misprint for *solid*. It could hardly be that; but it might be, and not improbably is, a misprint or a miscopy of *sullied*, — a word which is in keeping with the pirate's misapprehension and perversion of the line. But there is, moreover, the very noteworthy fact that in the "newly imprinted" edition of 1604, "enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect copy," the line, although it is very different from that of the 1603 edition in other respects, is identical as to this strange word: —

"O that this too-too *sallied* flesh would melt!"

When Shakespeare did all that wonderful enlarging, and developing, and finishing of his original sketch of 1603, it is very remarkable — is it not? — that he carefully preserved the expression and the spelling, "sallied flesh."

The other example which I shall mention is furnished by a word in Polonius's advice to Laertes. In the folio we have the well-known lines, —

"But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new hatch'd unfledged comrade."

The version of 1603 gives, —

"But do not dull the palme with entertain
Of every new unfledg'd *courage*."

Again, *courage* is no mere misprint; for in the text of 1604, manifestly printed anew, and differing much from its predecessor, we have, —

[1] See Memorandums of English Pronunciation in the Elizabethan Era, in Appendix to my edition of Shakespeare, vol. xii.

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"But do not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hacht, unfledged *courage*, beware."

Manifestly the copy for this passage was got for both these editions from the same text, in which *comrade* was so written that it looked like *courage*.

But I must bring this examination of my subject quickly to a close. I can merely mention here that the evidence of stage directions, of rhyming couplets, of words misapprehended in sound, of others miscopied, and other like circumstances all goes to support that furnished by the higher considerations to which we first gave our attention: that the texts of both the Hamlets, that of 1603 and that of 1604, represent, — the former in a mutilated, garbled, interpolated form, the latter more completely than that of any other version known to us, — the text of Shakespeare's great philosophical tragedy in its perfected form, — in the only form in which it ever was known as his. Upon these points last mentioned, and upon the interpolation of passages from the old play which preceded Shakespeare's, I must refer the reader to the introductory essay to this tragedy in my edition, published eighteen years ago, but printed and copyrighted twenty-one years ago.[1] Rather, looking forward a little, let me refer him to an edition of the two texts of this play which I intend soon to present, in a form which I hope will settle this important question by common consent forever.

Meantime, in conclusion I will say that in my comparison of the two texts I found evidence which justifies the fixing of the charge of piracy upon a single unknown man, — the actor of the very small part of Voltimand. My reason for this conclusion is this, very briefly: The two texts show such an exact correspondence of the two or three speeches of this unimportant personage, and of his cues, and of all that is uttered while he is on the stage, as cannot be accounted for, under the circumstances, except on the assumption that they came from the man who had made himself letter perfect in the speeches, and had heard what immediately preceded and followed them again and again.

This, then, is the story of the two Hamlets. Shakespeare in 1599–1600 wrote his great tragedy, founding it upon the plot of an old play known as The Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, which itself was founded on an old story told by Saxo Grammaticus. Shakespeare's play, produced in 1600, made such an impression upon gentle and simple, upon the highly educated classes as well as upon the public in general, that it was acted not only at London, but at Oxford and Cambridge, and elsewhere. There was an eager desire to read it; but, according to the custom of the day, the text was jealously guarded by its theatrical proprietors. Under these circumstances a piratical printer named James Roberts set himself to get for publication a copy of this wonderful play, which all the world was going to and talking of; and naturally applying to the minor actors in Shakespeare's company, he succeeded in corrupting the man who played Voltimand, and induced him to undertake to get a copy. He, however, was able to get only fragments, great and small. Some parts of the play he gave from memory; some he got by surreptitious examination of the stage copy and of actors' parts; and all this being still not enough, James Roberts had some of the play taken down in short-hand during the performance, which was very lamely done. Some passages were taken from the old play, which had the same plot. This mass of heterogeneous stuff, some of it just what the author wrote, but the greater part of it what no dramatist ever wrote, was pieced and patched together, and hurriedly published, to the

[1] The publication of vols. vi., vii., and viii. was delayed by the outbreak of the civil war.

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horror of William Shakespeare, and so much to the injury of the tragedy, as it was thought, that a "true and perfect copy," containing much that never at any time was heard on Shakespeare's stage, was immediately sent to the publisher, who soon issued it cured and perfect of its limbs and absolute in its members, as it had been conceived by its great creator.

Richard Grant White.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XLVII.

Miss Stackpole's other topic was very different; she gave Isabel the latest news about Mr. Bantling. He had been out in the United States the year before, and she was happy to say she had been able to show him considerable attention. She did n't know how much he had enjoyed it, but she would undertake to say it had done him good; he was n't the same man when he left that he was when he came. It had opened his eyes and shown him that England was not everything. He was very much liked over there, and thought extremely simple, — more simple than the English were commonly supposed to be. There were some people who thought him affected; she did n't know whether they meant that his simplicity was an affectation. Some of his questions were too discouraging; he thought all the chambermaids were farmers' daughters, or all the farmers' daughters were chambermaids, she could n't exactly remember which. He had n't seemed able to grasp the school system; it seemed really too much for him. On the whole he had appeared as if there were too much — as if he could only take a small part. The part he had chosen was the hotel system, and the river navigation. He seemed really fascinated with the hotels; he had a photograph of every one he had visited. But the river steamers were his principal interest; he wanted to do nothing but sail on the big boats. They had traveled together from New York to Milwaukee, stopping at the most interesting cities on the route; and whenever they started afresh he had wanted to know if they could go by the steamer. He seemed to have no idea of geography — had an impression that Baltimore was a western city, and was perpetually expecting to arrive at the Mississippi. He appeared never to have heard of any river in America but the Mississippi, and was unprepared to recognize the existence of the Hudson, though he was obliged to confess at last that it was fully equal to the Rhine. They had spent some pleasant hours in the palace-cars; he was always ordering ice-cream from the colored man. He could never get used to that idea — that you could get ice-cream in the cars. Of course you could n't, nor fans, nor candy, nor anything, in the English cars! He found the heat quite overwhelming, and she had told him that she expected it was the greatest he had ever experienced. He was now in England, hunting; "hunting round," Henrietta called it. These amusements were those of the American Indians; we had left that behind long ago, the pleasures of the chase. It seemed to be generally believed in England that we wore tomahawks and feathers; but such a costume was more in keeping with English habits. Mr. Bantling would not have time to join her in Italy, but when she should go up to Paris again he expected to come over. He wanted very much to

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see Versailles again; he was very fond of the ancient *régime*. They did n't agree about that, but that was what she liked Versailles for, that you could see the ancient régime had been swept away. There were no dukes and marquises there now; on the contrary, she remembered one day when there were five American families, all walking round. Mr. Bantling was very anxious that she should take up the subject of England again, and he thought she might get on better with it now; England had changed a good deal within two or three years. He was determined that if she went there she should go to see his sister, Lady Pensil, and that this time the invitation should come to her straight. The mystery of that other one had never been explained.

Caspar Goodwood came at last to the Palazzo Roccanera; he had written Isabel a note beforehand, to ask leave. This was promptly granted; she should be at home at six o'clock that afternoon. She spent the day wondering what he was coming for — what good he expected to get of it. He had presented himself hitherto as a person destitute of the faculty of compromise, who would take what he had asked for, or nothing. Isabel's hospitality, however, asked no questions, and she found no great difficulty in appearing happy enough to deceive him. It was her conviction, at least, that she deceived him, and made him say to himself that he had been misinformed. But she also saw, so she believed, that he was not disappointed, as some other men, she was sure, would have been; he had not come to Rome to look for an opportunity. She never found out what he had come for; he offered her no explanation; there could be none but the very simple one that he wanted to see her. In other words, he had come for his amusement. Isabel followed up this induction with a good deal of eagerness, and was delighted to have found a formula that would lay the ghost of this gentleman's ancient grievance. If he had come to Rome for his amusement, this was exactly what she wanted; for if he cared for amusement he had got over his heart-ache. If he had got over his heart-ache everything was as it should be, and her responsibilities were at an end. It was true that he took his recreation a little stiffly, but he had never been demonstrative, and Isabel had every reason to believe that he was satisfied with what he saw. Henrietta was not in his confidence, though he was in hers, and Isabel consequently received no side-light upon his state of mind. He had little conversation upon general topics; it came back to her that she had said of him once, years before, "Mr. Goodwood speaks a good deal, but he does n't talk." He spoke a good deal in Rome, but he talked, perhaps, as little as ever; considering, that is, how much there was to talk about. His arrival was not calculated to simplify her relations with her husband, for if Osmond did n't like her friends, Mr. Goodwood had no claim upon his attention save having been one of the first of them. There was nothing for her to say of him but that he was an old friend; this rather meagre synthesis exhausted the facts. She had been obliged to introduce him to Osmond; it was impossible she should not ask him to dinner, to her Thursday evenings, of which she had grown very weary, but to which her husband still held for the sake not so much of inviting people as of not inviting them. To the Thursdays Mr. Goodwood came regularly, solemnly, rather early; he appeared to regard them with a good deal of gravity. Isabel every now and then had a moment of anger; there was something so literal about him; she thought he might know that she did n't know what to do with him. But she could n't call him stupid; he was not that in the least; he was only extraordinarily honest. To be as honest as that made a man very dif-

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ferent from most people; one had to be almost equally honest with him. Isabel made this latter reflection at the very time she was flattering herself that she had persuaded him that she was the most light-hearted of women. He never threw any doubt on this point, never asked her any personal questions. He got on much better with Osmond than had seemed probable. Osmond had a great dislike to being counted upon; in such a case he had an irresistible need of disappointing you. It was in virtue of this principle that he gave himself the entertainment of taking a fancy to a perpendicular Bostonian whom he had been depended upon to treat with coldness. He asked Isabel if Mr. Goodwood also had wanted to marry her, and expressed surprise at her not having accepted him. It would have been an excellent thing, like living under a tall belfry, which would strike all the hours and make a queer vibration in the upper air. He declared he liked to talk with the great Goodwood; it was n't easy at first; you had to climb by an interminable steep staircase to the top of the tower; but when you got there you had a big view and felt a little fresh breeze. Osmond, as we know, had delightful qualities, and he gave Caspar Goodwood the benefit of them all. Isabel could see that Mr. Goodwood thought better of her husband than he had ever wished to; he had given her the impression that morning in Florence of being inaccessible to a good impression. Osmond asked him repeatedly to dinner, and Goodwood smoked a cigar with him afterwards, and even desired to be shown his collections. Osmond said to Isabel that he was very original; he was as strong as an English portmanteau. Caspar Goodwood took to riding on the Campagna, and devoted much time to this exercise; it was therefore mainly in the evening that Isabel saw him.

She bethought herself of saying to him one day that if he were willing he could render her a service. And then she added, smiling, —

"I don't know, however, what right I have to ask a service of you."

"You are the person in the world who has most right," he answered. "I have given you assurances that I have never given any one else."

The service was that he should go and see her cousin Ralph, who was ill at the Hôtel de Paris, alone, and be as kind to him as possible. Mr. Goodwood had never seen him, but he would know who the poor fellow was; if she was not mistaken, Ralph had once invited him to Gardencourt. Caspar remembered the invitation perfectly, and, though he was not supposed to be a man of imagination, had enough to put himself in the place of a poor gentleman who lay dying at a Roman inn. He called at the Hôtel de Paris, and, on being shown into the presence of the master of Gardencourt, found Miss Stackpole sitting beside his sofa. A singular change had, in fact, occurred in this lady's relations with Ralph Touchett. She had not been asked by Isabel to go and see him, but on hearing that he was too ill to come out had immediately gone of her own motion. After this she had paid him a daily visit — always under the conviction that they were great enemies. "Oh, yes, we are intimate enemies," Ralph used to say; and he accused her freely — as freely as the humor of it would allow — of coming to worry him to death. In reality they became excellent friends, and Henrietta wondered that she should never have liked him before. Ralph liked her exactly as much as he had always done; he had never doubted for a moment that she was an excellent fellow. They talked about everything, and always differed; about everything, that is, but Isabel — a topic as to which Ralph always had a thin forefinger on his lips. On the other hand, Mr. Bantling was a great resource; Ralph was

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capable of discussing Mr. Bantling with Henrietta for hours. Discussion was stimulated, of course, by their inevitable difference of view, Ralph having amused himself with taking the ground that the genial ex-guardsman was a regular Machiavelli. Caspar Goodwood could contribute nothing to such a debate; but after he had been left alone with Touchett, he found there were various other matters they could talk about. It must be admitted that the lady who had just gone out was not one of these; Caspar granted all Miss Stackpole's merits in advance, but had no further remark to make about her. Neither, after the first allusions, did the two men expatiate upon Mrs. Osmond, a theme in which Goodwood perceived as many dangers as his host. He felt very sorry for Ralph; he could n't bear to see a pleasant man so helpless. There was help in Goodwood, when once the fountain had been tapped; and he repeated several times his visit to the Hôtel de Paris. It seemed to Isabel that she had been very clever; she had disposed of the superfluous Caspar. She had given him an occupation; she had converted him into a care-taker of Ralph. She had a plan of making him travel northward with her cousin as soon as the first mild weather should allow it. Lord Warburton had brought Ralph to Rome, and Mr. Goodwood should take him away. There seemed a happy symmetry in this, and she was now intensely eager that Ralph should leave Rome. She had a constant fear that he would die there, and a horror of this event occurring at an inn, at her door, which he had so rarely entered. Ralph must sink to his last rest in his own dear house, in one of those deep, dim chambers of Gardencourt, where the dark ivy would cluster round the edges of the glimmering window. There seemed to Isabel in these days something sacred about Gardencourt; no chapter of the past was more perfectly irrecoverable. When she thought of the months she had spent there, the tears rose to her eyes. She flattered herself, as I say, upon her ingenuity, but she had need of all she could muster; for several events occurred which seemed to confront and defy her. The Countess Gemini arrived from Florence — arrived with her trunks, her dresses, her chatter, her little fibs, her frivolity, the strange memory of her lovers. Edward Rosier, who had been away somewhere, — no one, not even Pansy, knew where, — reappeared in Rome and began to write her long letters, which she never answered. Madame Merle returned from Naples and said to her with a strange smile, "What on earth did you do with Lord Warburton?" As if it were any business of hers!

XLVIII.

One day, toward the end of February, Ralph Touchett made up his mind to return to England. He had his own reasons for this decision, which he was not bound to communicate; but Henrietta Stackpole, to whom he mentioned his intention, flattered herself that she guessed them. She forbore to express them, however; she only said, after a moment, as she sat by his sofa, —

"I suppose you know that you can't go alone."

"I have no idea of doing that," Ralph answered. "I shall have people with me."

"What do you mean by 'people'? Servants, whom you pay?"

"Ah," said Ralph, jocosely, "after all, they are human beings."

"Are there any women among them?" Miss Stackpole inquired calmly.

"You speak as if I had a dozen! No, I confess I have n't a soubrette in my employment."

"Well," said Henrietta, tranquilly, "you can't go to England that way. You must have a woman's care."

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"I have had so much of yours for the past fortnight that it will last me a good while."

"You have not had enough of it yet. I guess I will go with you," said Henrietta.

"Go with me?" Ralph slowly raised himself from his sofa.

"Yes; I know you don't like me, but I will go with you all the same. It would be better for your health to lie down again."

Ralph looked at her a little; then he slowly resumed his former posture.

"I like you very much," he said in a moment.

Miss Stackpole gave one of her infrequent laughs.

"You need n't to think that by saying that you can buy me off. I will go with you, and what is more I will take care of you."

"You are a very good woman," said Ralph.

"Wait till I get you safely home before you say that. It won't be easy. But you had better go, all the same."

Before she left him, Ralph said to her, —

"Do you really mean to take care of me?"

"Well, I mean to try."

"I notify you, then, that I submit. Oh, I submit!" And it was perhaps a sign of submission that a few minutes after she had left him alone he burst into a loud fit of laughter. It seemed to him so inconsequent, such a conclusive proof of his having abdicated all functions and renounced all exercise, that he should start on a journey across Europe under the supervision of Miss Stackpole. And the great oddity was that the prospect pleased him; he was gratefully, luxuriously passive. He felt even impatient to start; and indeed he had an immense longing to see his own house again. The end of everything was at hand; it seemed to him that he could stretch out his arm and touch the goal. But he wished to die at home; it was the only wish he had left — to extend himself in the large quiet room where he had last seen his father lie, and close his eyes upon the summer dawn.

That same day Caspar Goodwood came to see him, and he informed his visitor that Miss Stackpole had taken him up and was to conduct him back to England.

"Ah then," said Caspar, "I am afraid I shall be a fifth wheel to the coach. Mrs. Osmond has made *me* promise to go with you."

"Good heavens — it 's the golden age! You are all too kind."

"The kindness on my part is to her; it 's hardly to you."

"Granting that, *she* is kind," said Ralph, smiling.

"To get people to go with you? Yes, that 's a sort of kindness," Goodwood answered, without lending himself to the joke. "For myself, however," he added, "I will go so far as to say that I would much rather travel with you and Miss Stackpole than with Miss Stackpole alone."

"And you would rather stay here than do either," said Ralph. "There is really no need of your coming. Henrietta is extraordinarily efficient."

"I am sure of that. But I have promised Mrs. Osmond."

"You can easily get her to let you off."

"She would n't let me off for the world. She wants me to look after you, but that is n't the principal thing. The principal thing is that she wants me to leave Rome."

"Ah, you see too much in it," Ralph suggested.

"I bore her," Goodwood went on; "she has nothing to say to me, so she invented that."

"Oh, then, if it 's a convenience to her, I certainly will take you with me. Though I don't see why it should be a

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convenience," Ralph added in a moment.

"Well," said Caspar Goodwood, simply, "she thinks I am watching her."

"Watching her?"

"Trying to see whether she's happy."

"That's easy to see," said Ralph. "She's the most visibly happy woman I know."

"Exactly so; I am satisfied," Goodwood answered, dryly. For all his dryness, however, he had more to say. "I have been watching her; I was an old friend, and it seemed to me I had the right. She pretends to be happy; that was what she undertook to be; and I thought I should like to see for myself what it amounts to. I have seen," he continued, in a strange voice, "and I don't want to see any more. I am now quite ready to go."

"Do you know it strikes me as about time you should?" Ralph rejoined. And this was the only conversation these gentlemen ever had about Isabel Osmond.

Henrietta made her preparations for departure, and among them she found it proper to say a few words to the Countess Gemini, who returned at Miss Stackpole's *pension* the visit which this lady had paid her in Florence.

"You were very wrong about Lord Warburton," she remarked, to the countess. "I think it is right you should know that."

"About his making love to Isabel? My poor lady, he was at her house three times a day. He has left traces of his passage!" the countess cried.

"He wished to marry your niece; that's why he came to the house."

The countess stared, and then gave an inconsiderate laugh.

"Is that the story that Isabel tells? It is n't bad, as such things go. If he wishes to marry my niece, pray why does n't he do it? Perhaps he has gone to buy the wedding ring, and will come back with it next month, after I am gone."

"No, he will not come back. Miss Osmond does n't wish to marry him."

"She is very accommodating! I knew she was fond of Isabel, but I did n't know she carried it so far."

"I don't understand you," said Henrietta, coldly, and reflecting that the countess was unpleasantly perverse. "I really must stick to my point — that Isabel never encouraged the attentions of Lord Warburton."

"My dear friend, what do you and I know about it? All we know is that my brother is capable of everything."

"I don't know what he is capable of," said Henrietta, with dignity.

"It's not her encouraging Lord Warburton that I complain of; it's her sending him away. I want particularly to see him. Do you suppose she thought I would make him faithless?" the countess continued, with audacious insistence. "However, she is only keeping him, one can feel that. The house is full of him there; he is quite in the air. Oh yes, he has left traces; I am sure I shall see him yet."

"Well," said Henrietta, after a little, with one of those inspirations which had made the fortune of her letters to the Interviewer, "perhaps he will be more successful with you than with Isabel!"

When she told her friend of the offer she had made to Ralph, Isabel replied that she could have done nothing that would have pleased her more. It had always been her faith that, at bottom, Ralph and Henrietta were made to understand each other.

"I don't care whether he understands me or not," said Henrietta. "The great thing is that he should n't die in the cars."

"He won't do that," Isabel said, shaking her head, with an extension of faith.

"He won't if I can help it. I see you want us all to go. I don't know what you want to do."

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"I want to be alone," said Isabel.

"You won't be that so long as you have got so much company at home."

"Ah, they are part of the comedy. You others are spectators."

"Do you call it a comedy, Isabel Archer?" Henrietta inquired, severely.

"The tragedy, then, if you like. You are all looking at me; it makes me uncomfortable."

Henrietta contemplated her a while.

"You are like the stricken deer, seeking the innermost shade. Oh, you do give me such a sense of helplessness!" she broke out.

"I am not at all helpless. There are many things I mean to do."

"It 's not you I am speaking of; it 's myself. It 's too much, having come on purpose, to leave you just as I find you."

"You don't do that; you leave me much refreshed," Isabel said.

"Very mild refreshment — sour lemonade! I want you to promise me something."

"I can't do that. I shall never make another promise. I made such a solemn one four years ago, and I have succeeded so ill in keeping it."

"You have had no encouragement. In this case I should give you the greatest. Leave your husband before the worst comes; that 's what I want you to promise."

"The worst? What do you call the worst?"

"Before your character gets spoiled."

"Do you mean my disposition? It won't get spoiled," Isabel answered, smiling. "I am taking very good care of it. I am extremely struck," she added, turning away, "with the off-hand way in which you speak of a woman leaving her husband. It 's easy to see you have never had one!"

"Well," said Henrietta, as if she were beginning an argument, "nothing is more common in our western cities, and it is to them, after all, that we must look in the future." Her argument, however, does not concern this history, which has too many other threads to unwind. She announced to Ralph Touchett that she was ready to leave Rome by any train that he might designate, and Ralph immediately pulled himself together for departure. Isabel went to see him at the last, and he made the same remark that Henrietta had made. It struck him that Isabel was uncommonly glad to get rid of them all.

For all answer to this she gently laid her hand on his, and said in a low tone, with a quick smile, —

"My dear Ralph!"

It was answer enough, and he was quite contented. But he went on, in the same way, jocosely, ingeniously, "I 've seen less of you than I might, but it 's better than nothing. And then, I have heard a great deal about you."

"I don't know from whom, leading the life you have done."

"From the voices of the air! Oh, from no one else; I never let other people speak of you. They always say you are 'charming,' and that 's so flat."

"I might have seen more of you, certainly," Isabel said. "But when one is married one has so much occupation."

"Fortunately, I am not married. When you come to see me in England, I shall be able to entertain you with all the freedom of a bachelor." He continued to talk as if they should certainly meet again, and succeeded in making the assumption appear almost just. He made no allusion to his term being near, to the probability that he should not outlast the summer. If he preferred it so, Isabel was willing enough; the reality was sufficiently distinct, without their erecting finger-posts in conversation. That had been well enough for the earlier time, though about this, as about his other affairs, Ralph had never been egotistic. Isabel spoke of his journey, of the stages into which he should divide it, of the precautions he should take.

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"Henrietta is my greatest precaution," Ralph said. "The conscience of that woman is sublime."

"Certainly, she will be very conscientious."

"Will be? She has been! It's only because she thinks it 's her duty that she goes with me. There 's a conception of duty for you."

"Yes, it 's a generous one," said Isabel, "and it makes me deeply ashamed. I ought to go with you, you know."

"Your husband would n't like that."

"No, he would n't like it. But I might go, all the same."

"I am startled by the boldness of your imagination. Fancy my being a cause of disagreement between a lady and her husband!"

"That 's why I don't go," said Isabel simply, but not very lucidly.

Ralph understood well enough, however. "I should think so, with all those occupations you speak of."

"It is n't that. I am afraid," said Isabel. After a pause she repeated, as if to make herself, rather than him, hear the words, "I am afraid."

Ralph could hardly tell what her tone meant; it was so strangely deliberate, apparently so void of emotion. Did she wish to do public penance for a fault of which she had not been convicted? or were her words simply an attempt at enlightened self-analysis? However this might be, Ralph could not resist so easy an opportunity. "Afraid of your husband?" he said, jocosely.

"Afraid of myself!" said Isabel, getting up. She stood there a moment, and then she added, "If I were afraid of my husband, that would be simply my duty. That is what women are expected to be."

"Ah, yes," said Ralph, laughing; "but to make up for it there is always some man awfully afraid of some woman!"

She gave no heed to this jest, but suddenly took a different turn. "With Henrietta at the head of your little band," she exclaimed abruptly, "there will be nothing left for Mr. Goodwood!"

"Ah, my dear Isabel," Ralph answered, "he 's used to that. There *is* nothing left for Mr. Goodwood!"

Isabel colored, and then she declared, quickly, that she must leave him. They stood together a moment; both her hands were in both of his. "You have been my best friend," she said.

"It was for you that I wanted — that I wanted to live. But I am of no use to you."

Then it came over her more poignantly that she should not see him again. She could not accept that; she could not part with him that way. "If you should send for me I would come," she said at last.

"Your husband won't consent to that."

"Oh yes, I can arrange it."

"I shall keep that for my last pleasure!" said Ralph.

In answer to which she simply kissed him.

It was a Thursday, and that evening Caspar Goodwood came to the Palazzo Roccanera. He was among the first to arrive, and he spent some time in conversation with Gilbert Osmond, who almost always was present when his wife received. They sat down together, and Osmond, talkative, communicative, expansive, seemed possessed with a kind of intellectual gayety. He leaned back with his legs crossed, lounging and chatting, while Goodwood, more restless, but not at all lively, shifted his position, played with his hat, made the little sofa creak beneath him. Osmond's face wore a sharp, aggressive smile; he was like a man whose perceptions had been quickened by good news. He remarked to Goodwood that he was very sorry they were to lose him; he himself should particularly miss him. He saw so few intelligent men — they were surprisingly scarce in Rome. He must be sure to

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come back; there was something very refreshing, to an inveterate Italian like himself, in talking with a genuine outsider.

"I am very fond of Rome, you know," Osmond said; "but there is nothing I like better than to meet people who have n't that superstition. The modern world is after all very fine. Now you are thoroughly modern, and yet you are not at all flimsy. So many of the moderns we see are such very poor stuff. If they are the children of the future, we are willing to die young. Of course the ancients too are often very tiresome. My wife and I like everything that is really new — not the mere pretense of it. There is nothing new, unfortunately, in ignorance and stupidity. We see plenty of that in forms that offer themselves as a revelation of progress, of light. A revelation of vulgarity! There is a certain kind of vulgarity which I believe is really new; I don't think there ever was anything like it before. Indeed, I don't find vulgarity, at all, before the present century. You see a faint menace of it here and there in the last, but to-day the air has grown so dense that delicate things are literally not recognized. Now, we have liked you" — And Osmond hesitated a moment, laying his hand gently on Goodwood's knee and smiling with a mixture of assurance and embarrassment. "I am going to say something extremely offensive and patronizing, but you must let me have the satisfaction of it. We have liked you because — because you have reconciled us a little to the future. If there are to be a certain number of people like you — *à la bonne heure!* I am talking for my wife as well as for myself, you see. She speaks for me; why should n't I speak for her? We are as united, you know, as the candlestick and the snuffers. Am I assuming too much when I say that I think I have understood from you that your occupations have been — a — commercial? There is a danger in that, you know; but it 's the way you have escaped that strikes us. Excuse me if my little compliment seems in execrable taste; fortunately my wife does n't hear me. What I mean is that you *might have been* — a — what I was mentioning just now. The whole American world was in a conspiracy to make you so. But you resisted, you have something that saved you. And yet you are so modern, so modern; the most modern man we know! We shall always be delighted to see you again."

I have said that Osmond was in good-humor, and these remarks will give ample evidence of the fact. They were infinitely more personal than he usually cared to be, and if Caspar Goodwood had attended to them more closely he might have thought that the defense of delicacy was in rather odd hands. We may believe, however, that Osmond knew very well what he was about, and that if he chose for once to be a little vulgar, he had an excellent reason for the escapade. Goodwood had only a vague sense that he was laying it on somehow; he scarcely knew where the mixture was applied. Indeed, he scarcely knew what Osmond was talking about; he wanted to be alone with Isabel, and that idea spoke louder to him than her husband's perfectly modulated voice. He watched her talking with other people, and wondered when she would be at liberty, and whether he might ask her to go into one of the other rooms. His humor was not, like Osmond's, of the best; there was an element of dull rage in his consciousness of things. Up to this time he had not disliked Osmond personally; he had only thought him very well informed and obliging, and more than he had supposed like the person whom Isabel Archer would naturally marry. Osmond had won in the open field a great advantage over him, and Goodwood had

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too strong a sense of fair play to have been moved to underrate him on that account. He had not tried positively to like him; this was a flight of sentimental benevolence of which, even in the days when he came nearest to reconciling himself to what had happened, Goodwood was quite incapable. He accepted him as a rather brilliant personage of the amateurish kind, afflicted with a redundancy of leisure which it amused him to work off in little refinements of conversation. But he only half trusted him; he could never make out why the deuce Osmond should lavish refinements of any sort upon *him*. It made him suspect that he found some private entertainment in it, and it ministered to a general impression that his successful rival had a fantastical streak in his composition. He knew indeed that Osmond could have no reason to wish him evil; he had nothing to fear from him. He had carried off a supreme advantage, and he could afford to be kind to a man who had lost everything. It was true that Goodwood at times had wished Osmond were dead, and would have liked to kill him; but Osmond had no means of knowing this, for practice had made Goodwood quite perfect in the art of appearing inaccessible to-day to any violent emotion. He cultivated this art in order to deceive himself, but it was others that he deceived first. He cultivated it, moreover, with very limited success; of which there could be no better proof than the deep, dumb irritation that reigned in his soul when he heard Osmond speak of his wife's feelings as if he were commissioned to answer for them. That was all he had an ear for in what his host said to him this evening; he was conscious that Osmond made more of a point even than usual of referring to the conjugal harmony which prevailed at the Palazzo Roccanera. He was more careful than ever to speak as if he and his wife had all things in sweet community, and it were as natural to each of them to say "we" as to say "I." In all this there was an air of intention which puzzled and angered our poor Bostonian, who could only reflect for his comfort that Mrs. Osmond's relations with her husband were none of his business. He had no proof whatever that her husband misrepresented her, and if he judged her by the surface of things was bound to believe that she liked her life. She had never given him the faintest sign of discontent. Miss Stackpole had told him that she had lost her illusions, but writing for the papers had made Miss Stackpole sensational. She was too fond of early news. Moreover, since her arrival in Rome she had been much on her guard; she had ceased to flash her lantern at him. This, indeed, it may be said for her, would have been quite against her conscience. She had now seen the reality of Isabel's situation, and it had inspired her with a just reserve. Whatever could be done to improve it, the most useful form of assistance would not be to inflame her former lovers with a sense of her wrongs. Miss Stackpole continued to take a deep interest in the state of Mr. Goodwood's feelings, but she showed it at present only by sending him choice extracts, humorous and other, from the American journals, of which she received several by every post, and which she always perused with a pair of scissors in her hand. The articles she cut out she placed in an envelope addressed to Mr. Goodwood, which she left with her own hand at his hotel. He never asked her a question about Isabel; had n't he come five thousand miles to see for himself? He was thus not in the least authorized to think Mrs. Osmond unhappy; but the very absence of authorization operated as an irritant, ministered to the angry pain with which, in spite of his theory that he had ceased to care, he now recognized that, as far as she was concerned, the future had nothing more for him. He had not even the satisfaction of knowing the

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truth; apparently, he could not even be trusted to respect her if she *were* unhappy. He was hopeless, he was helpless, he was superfluous. To this last fact she had called his attention by her ingenious plan for making him leave Rome. He had no objection whatever to doing what he could for her cousin, but it made him grind his teeth to think that of all the services she might have asked of him, this was the one she had been eager to select. There had been no danger of her choosing one that would have kept him in Rome!

To-night, what he was chiefly thinking of was that he was to leave her to-morrow, and that he had gained nothing by coming but the knowledge that he was as superfluous as ever. About herself he had gained no knowledge; she was imperturbable, impenetrable. He felt the old bitterness, which he had tried so hard to swallow, rise again in his throat, and he knew that there are disappointments which last as long as life. Osmond went on talking; Goodwood was vaguely aware that he was touching again upon his perfect intimacy with his wife. It seemed to him for a moment that Osmond had a kind of demonic imagination; it was impossible that without malice he should have selected so unusual a topic. But what did it matter, after all, whether he were demonic or not, and whether she loved him or hated him? She might hate him to the death without Goodwood's gaining by it.

"You travel, by the bye, with Touchett," Osmond said. "I suppose that means that you will move slowly."

"I don't know; I shall do just as he likes."

"You are very accommodating. We are immensely obliged to you; you must really let me say it. My wife has probably expressed to you what we feel. Touchett has been on our minds all winter; it has looked more than once as if he would never leave Rome. He ought never to have come; it's worse than an imprudence for people in that state to travel; it's a kind of indelicacy. I would n't for the world be under such an obligation to Touchett as he has been to — to my wife and me. Other people inevitably have to look after him, and every one is n't so generous as you."

"I have nothing else to do," said Caspar, dryly.

Osmond looked at him a moment, askance. "You ought to marry, and then you would have plenty to do! It is true that in that case you would n't be quite so available for deeds of mercy."

"Do you find that as a married man you are so much occupied?"

"Ah, you see, being married is in itself an occupation. It is n't always active; it's often passive; but that takes even more attention. Then my wife and I do so many things together. We read, we study, we make music, we walk, we drive, — we talk even, as when we first knew each other. I delight, to this hour, in my wife's conversation. If you are ever bored, get married. Your wife indeed may bore you, in that case; but you will never bore yourself. You will always have something to say to yourself — always have a subject of reflection."

"I am not bored," said Goodwood. "I have plenty to think about and to say to myself."

"More than to say to others!" Osmond exclaimed, with a light laugh. "Where shall you go next? I mean after you have consigned Touchett to his natural care-takers; I believe his mother is at last coming back to look after him. That little lady is superb; she neglects her duties with a finish! Perhaps you will spend the summer in England."

"I don't know; I have no plans."

"Happy man! That's a little nude, but it's very free."

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"Oh yes, I'm very free."

"Free to come back to Rome, I hope," said Osmond, as he saw a group of new visitors enter the room. "Remember that when you do come, we count upon you!"

Goodwood had meant to go away early, but the evening elapsed without his having a chance to speak to Isabel otherwise than as one of several associated interlocutors. There was something perverse in the inveteracy with which she avoided him; Goodwood's unquenchable rancor discovered an intention where there was certainly no appearance of one. There was absolutely no appearance of one. She met his eye with her sweet, hospitable smile, which seemed almost to ask that he would come and help her to entertain some of her visitors. To such suggestions, however, he only opposed a stiff impatience. He wandered about and waited; he talked to the few people he knew, who found him for the first time rather self-contradictory. This was indeed rare with Caspar Goodwood, though he often contradicted others. There was often music at the Palazzo Roccanera, and it was usually very good. Under cover of the music he managed to contain himself; but toward the end, when he saw the people beginning to go, he drew near to Isabel and asked her in a low tone if he might not speak to her in one of the other rooms, which he had just assured himself was empty.

She smiled as if she wished to oblige him, but found herself absolutely prevented. "I'm afraid it's impossible. People are saying good-night, and I must be where they can see me."

"I shall wait till they are all gone, then!"

She hesitated a moment. "Ah, that will be delightful!" she exclaimed.

And he waited, though it took a long time yet. There were several people, at the end, who seemed tethered to the carpet. The Countess Gemini, who was never herself till midnight, as she said, displayed no consciousness that the entertainment was over; she had still a little circle of gentlemen in front of the fire, who every now and then broke into an united laugh. Osmond had disappeared — he never bade good-by to people; and as the countess was extending her range, according to her custom at this period of the evening, Isabel had sent Pansy to bed. Isabel sat a little apart; she too appeared to wish that her sister-in-law would sound a lower note and let the last loiterers depart in peace.

"May I not say a word to you now?" Goodwood presently asked her.

She got up, immediately, smiling. "Certainly, we will go somewhere else, if you like."

They went together, leaving the countess with her little circle, and for a moment after they had crossed the threshold neither of them spoke. Isabel would not sit down; she stood in the middle of the room slowly fanning herself, with the same familiar grace. She seemed to be waiting for him to speak. Now that he was alone with her, all the passion that he had never stifled surged into his senses; it hummed in his eyes and made things swim around him. The bright, empty room grew dim and blurred, and through the rustling tissue he saw Isabel hover before him with gleaming eyes and parted lips. If he had seen more distinctly he would have perceived that her smile was fixed and a trifle forced, — that she was frightened at what she saw in his own face.

"I suppose you wish to bid me good-by?" she said.

"Yes — but I don't like it. I don't want to leave Rome," he answered, with almost plaintive honesty.

"I can well imagine. It is wonderfully good of you. I can't tell you how kind I think you."

For a moment more he said nothing. "With a few words like that you make me go."

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"You must come back some day," Isabel rejoined, brightly.

"Some day? You mean as long a time hence as possible."

"Oh no; I don't mean all that."

"What *do* you mean? I don't understand! But I said I would go, and I will go," Goodwood added.

"Come back whenever you like," said Isabel, with attempted lightness.

"I don't care a straw for your cousin!" Caspar broke out.

"Is that what you wished to tell me?"

"No, no; I did n't want to tell you anything; I wanted to ask you" — he paused a moment, and then — "what have you really made of your life?" he said, in a low, quick tone. He paused again, as if for an answer; but she said nothing, and he went on: "I can't understand, I can't penetrate you! What am I to believe — what do you want me to think?" Still she said nothing; she only stood looking at him, now quite without pretending to smile. "I am told you are unhappy, and if you are I should like to know it. That would be something for me. But you yourself say you are happy, and you are somehow so still, so smooth. You are completely changed. You conceal everything; I have n't really come near you."

"You come very near," Isabel said, gently, but in a tone of warning.

"And yet I don't touch you! I want to know the truth. Have you done well?"

"You ask a great deal."

"Yes — I have always asked a great deal. Of course you won't tell me. I shall never know, if you can help it. And then, it 's none of my business." He had spoken with a visible effort to control himself, to give a considerate form to an inconsiderate state of mind. But the sense that it was his last chance, that he loved her and had lost her, that she would think him a fool whatever he should say, suddenly gave him a lash and added a deep vibration to his low voice. "You are perfectly inscrutable, and that 's what makes me think you have something to hide. I say that I don't care a straw for your cousin, but I don't mean that I don't like him. I mean that it is n't because I like him that I go away with him. I would go if he were an idiot, and you should have asked me. If you should ask me, I would go to Patagonia to-morrow. Why do you want me to leave the place? You must have some reason for that; if you were as contented as you pretend you are, you would n't care. I would rather know the truth about you, even if it 's damnable, than have come here for nothing. That is n't what I came for. I thought I should n't care. I came because I wanted to assure myself that I need n't think of you any more. I have n't thought of anything else, and you are quite right to wish me to go away. But if I must go, there is no harm in my letting myself out for a single moment, is there? If you are really hurt — if *he* hurts you — nothing *I* say will hurt you. When I tell you I love you, it 's simply what I came for. I thought it was for something else; but it was for that. I should n't say it if I did n't believe I should never see you again. It 's the last time — let me pluck a single flower! I have no right to say that, I know; and you have no right to listen. But you don't listen; you never listen, you are always thinking of something else. After this I must go, of course; so I shall at least have a reason. Your asking me is no reason, not a real one. I can't judge by your husband," he went on, irrelevantly, almost incoherently, "I don't understand him; he tells me you adore each other. Why does he tell me that? What business is it of mine? When I say that to you, you look strange. But you always look strange. Yes, you have something to hide. It 's none of my business — very true. But I love you," said Caspar Goodwood.

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As he said, she looked strange. She turned her eyes to the door by which they had entered, and raised her fan as if in warning.

"You have behaved so well; don't spoil it," she said, softly.

"No one hears me. It 's wonderful what you try to put me off with. I love you as I have never loved you."

"I know it. I knew it as soon as you consented to go."

"You can't help it — of course not. You would if you could, but you can't, unfortunately. Unfortunately for me, I mean. I ask nothing — nothing, that is, that I should n't. But I do ask one sole satisfaction — that you tell me — that you tell me" —

"That I tell you what?"

"Whether I may pity you."

"Should you like that?" Isabel asked, trying to smile again.

"To pity you? Most assuredly! That at least would be doing something. I would give my life to it."

She raised her fan to her face, which it covered, all except her eyes. They rested a moment on his.

"Don't give your life to it; but give a thought to it every now and then."

And with that Isabel went back to the Countess Gemini.

XLIX.

Madame Merle had not made her appearance at the Palazzo Roccanera, on the evening of that Thursday of which I have narrated some of the incidents, and Isabel, though she observed her absence, was not surprised by it. Things had passed between them which added no stimulus to sociability, and to appreciate which we must glance a little backward. It has been mentioned that Madame Merle returned from Naples shortly after Lord Warburton had left Rome, and that on her first meeting with Isabel (whom, to do her justice, she came immediately to see) her first utterance was an inquiry as to the whereabouts of this nobleman, for whom she appeared to hold her dear friend accountable.

"Please don't talk of him," said Isabel, for answer; "we have heard so much of him of late."

Madame Merle bent her head on one side a little, protestingly, and smiled in the left corner of her mouth.

"You have heard, yes. But you must remember that I have not, in Naples. I hoped to find him here, and to be able to congratulate Pansy."

"You may congratulate Pansy still; but not on marrying Lord Warburton."

"How you say that! Don't you know I had set my heart on it?" Madame Merle asked, with a great deal of spirit, but still with the intonation of good-humor.

Isabel was discomposed, but she was determined to be good-humored, too.

"You should n't have gone to Naples, then. You should have stayed here to watch the affair."

"I had too much confidence in you. But do you think it is too late?"

"You had better ask Pansy," said Isabel.

"I shall ask her what you have said to her."

These words seemed to justify the impulse of self-defense aroused on Isabel's part by her perceiving that her visitor's attitude was a critical one. Madame Merle, as we know, had been very discreet hitherto; she had never criticised; she had been excessively afraid of intermeddling. But apparently she had only reserved herself for this occasion; for she had a dangerous quickness in her eye, and an air of irritation which even her admirable smile was not able to transmute. She had suffered a disappointment which excited Isabel's surprise — our heroine having no knowledge of her zealous interest in Pansy's marriage; and she betrayed it in a manner which quickened Mrs. Osmond's

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alarm. More clearly than ever before, Isabel heard a cold, mocking voice proceed from she knew not where, in the dim void that surrounded her, and declare that this bright, strong, definite, worldly woman, this incarnation of the practical, the personal, the immediate, was a powerful agent in her destiny. She was nearer to her than Isabel had yet discovered, and her nearness was not the charming accident that she had so long thought. The sense of accident indeed had died within her that day when she happened to be struck with the manner in which Madame Merle and her own husband sat together in private. No definite suspicion had as yet taken its place; but it was enough to make her look at this lady with a different eye to have been led to reflect that there was more intention in her past behavior than she had allowed for at the time. Ah, yes, there had been intention, there had been intention, Isabel said to herself; and she seemed to wake from a long, pernicious dream. What was it that brought it home to her that Madame Merle's intention had not been good? Nothing but the mistrust which had lately taken body, and which married itself now to the fruitful wonder produced by her visitor's challenge on behalf of poor Pansy. There was something in this challenge which at the very outset excited an answering defiance; a nameless vitality which Isabel now saw to have been absent from her friend's professions of delicacy and caution. Madame Merle had been unwilling to interfere, certainly, but only so long as there was nothing to interfere with. It will perhaps seem to the reader that Isabel went fast in casting doubt, on mere suspicion, on a sincerity proved by several years of good offices. She moved quickly, indeed, and with reason, for a strange truth was filtering into her soul. Madame Merle's interest was identical with Osmond's; that was enough.

"I think Pansy will tell you nothing that will feed your resentment," she said, in answer to her companion's last remark.

"I have no resentment. I have only a great desire to retrieve the situation. Do you think his lordship has left us forever?"

"I can't tell you; I don't understand you. It 's all over; please let it rest. Osmond has talked to me a great deal about it, and I have nothing more to say or to hear. I have no doubt," Isabel added, "that he will be very happy to discuss the subject with you."

"I know what he thinks; he came to see me last evening."

"As soon as you had arrived? Then you know all about it, and you need n't apply to me for information."

"It is n't information I want. At bottom, it 's sympathy. I had set my heart on that marriage; the idea did what so few things do — it satisfied the imagination."

"Your imagination, yes. But not that of the persons concerned."

"You mean by that, of course, that I am not concerned. Of course not directly. But when one is such an old friend, one can't help having something at stake. You forget how long I have known Pansy. You mean, of course," Madame Merle added, "that *you* are one of the persons concerned."

"No; that 's the last thing I mean. I am very weary of it all."

Madame Merle hesitated a little. "Ah yes, your work 's done."

"Take care what you say," said Isabel, very gravely.

"Oh, I take care; never perhaps more than when it appears least. Your husband judges you severely."

Isabel made for a moment no answer to this; she felt choked with bitterness. It was not the insolence of Madame Merle's informing her that Osmond had been taking her into his confidence as against his wife that struck her most; for she was not quick to believe that

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this was meant for insolence. Madame Merle was very rarely insolent, and only when it was exactly right. It was not right now, or at least it was not right yet. What touched Isabel like a drop of corrosive acid upon an open wound was the knowledge that Osmond dishonored her in his words as well as in his thoughts.

"Should you like to know how I judge him?" she asked at last.

"No, because you would never tell me. And it would be painful for me to know."

There was a pause, and for the first time since she had known her, Isabel thought Madame Merle disagreeable. She wished she would leave her.

"Remember how attractive Pansy is, and don't despair," she said abruptly, with a desire that this should close their interview.

But Madame Merle's expansive presence underwent no contraction. She only gathered her mantle about her, and with the movement scattered upon the air a faint, agreeable fragrance.

"I don't despair," she answered; "I feel encouraged. And I did n't come to scold you; I came, if possible, to learn the truth. I know you will tell it if I ask you. It 's an immense blessing with you, that one can count upon that. No, you won't believe what a comfort I take in it."

"What truth do you speak of?" Isabel asked, wondering.

"Just this: whether Lord Warburton changed his mind quite of his own movement, or because you recommended it. To please himself, I mean, or to please you. Think of the confidence I must still have in you, in spite of having lost a little of it," Madame Merle continued with a smile, "to ask such a question as that!" She sat looking at Isabel a moment, to judge of the effect of her words, and then she went on: "Now don't be heroic, don't be unreasonable, don't take offense. It seems to me I do you an honor in speaking so. I don't know another woman to whom I would do it. I have n't the least idea that any other woman would tell me the truth. And don't you see how well it is that your husband should know it? It is true that he does n't appear to have had any tact whatever in trying to extract it; he has indulged in gratuitous suppositions. But that does n't alter the fact that it would make a difference in his view of his daughter's prospects to know distinctly what really occurred. If Lord Warburton simply got tired of the poor child, that 's one thing; it 's a pity. If he gave her up to please you, it 's another. That 's a pity, too; but in a different way. Then, in the latter case, you would perhaps make an attempt to find your pleasure in a new appeal to your friend."

Madame Merle had proceeded very deliberately, watching her companion and apparently thinking she could proceed safely. As she went on, Isabel grew pale; she clasped her hands more tightly in her lap. It was not that Madame Merle had at last thought it the right time to be insolent; for this was not what was most apparent. It was a worse horror than that. "Who are you — what are you?" Isabel murmured. "What have you to do with my husband?" It was strange that, for the moment, she drew as near to him as if she had loved him.

"Ah, then, you take it heroically! I am very sorry. Don't think, however, that I shall do so."

"What have you to do with me?" Isabel went on.

Madame Merle slowly got up, stroking her muff, but not removing her eyes from Isabel's face.

"Everything!" she answered.

Isabel sat there looking up at her without rising; her face was almost a prayer to be enlightened. But the light of her visitor's eyes seemed only a darkness.

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"Oh, misery!" she murmured at last; and she fell back, covering her face with her hands. It had come over her like a high-surging wave that Mrs. Touchett was right. Madame Merle had married her! Before she uncovered her face again, this lady had left the room.

Isabel took a drive alone, that afternoon; she wished to be far away, under the sky, where she could descend from her carriage and tread upon the daisies. She had long before this taken old Rome into her confidence, for in a world of ruins the ruin of her happiness seemed a less unnatural catastrophe. She rested her weariness upon things that had crumbled for centuries and yet still were upright; she dropped her secret sadness into the silence of lonely places, where its very modern quality detached itself and grew objective, so that as she sat in a sun-warmed angle on a winter's day, or stood in a mouldy church to which no one came, she could almost smile at it and think of its smallness. Small it was, in the large Roman record, and her haunting sense of the continuity of the human lot easily carried her from the less to the greater. She had become deeply, tenderly acquainted with Rome; it interfused and moderated her passion. But she had grown to think of it chiefly as the place where people had suffered. This was what came to her in the starved churches, where the marble columns, transferred from pagan ruins, seemed to offer her a companionship in endurance, and the musty incense to be a compound of long-unanswered prayers. There was no gentler nor less consistent heretic than Isabel; the firmest of worshipers, gazing at dark altar-pictures or clustered candles, could not have felt more intimately the suggestiveness of these objects, nor have been more liable at such moments to a spiritual visitation. Pansy, as we know, was almost always her companion, and of late the Countess Gemini, balancing a pink parasol, had lent brilliancy to their equipage; but she still occasionally found herself alone when it suited her mood, and where it suited the place. On such occasions she had several resorts; the most accessible of which, perhaps, was a seat on the low parapet which edges the wide, grassy space lying before the high, cold front of St. John Lateran; where you look across the Campagna at the far-trailing outline of the Alban Mount, and at that mighty plain, between, which is still so full of all that has vanished from it. After the departure of her cousin and his companions she wandered about more than usual; she carried her sombre spirit from one familiar shrine to the other. Even when Pansy and the countess were with her, she felt the touch of a vanished world. The carriage, passing out of the walls of Rome, rolled through narrow lanes, where the wild honeysuckle had begun to tangle itself in the hedges, or waited for her in quiet places where the fields lay near, while she strolled further and further over the flower-freckled turf, or sat on a stone that had once had a use, and gazed through the veil of her personal sadness at the splendid sadness of the scene, at the dense, warm light, the far gradations and soft confusions of color, the motionless shepherds in lonely attitudes, the hills where the cloud-shadows had the lightness of a blush.

On the afternoon I began with speaking of, she had taken a resolution not to think of Madame Merle; but the resolution proved vain, and this lady's image hovered constantly before her. She asked herself, with an almost childlike horror of the supposition, whether to this intimate friend of several years the great historical epithet of *wicked* was to be applied. She knew the idea only by the Bible and other literary works; to the best of her belief she had no personal acquaintance with wickedness. She had desired a large acquaintance with human life, and in spite of her having flattered herself that she culti-

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vated it with some success, this elementary privilege had been denied her. Perhaps it was not wicked — in the historic sense — to be false; for that was what Madame Merle had been. Isabel's Aunt Lydia had made this discovery long before, and had mentioned it to her niece; but Isabel had flattered herself at this time that she had a much richer view of things, especially of the spontaneity of her own career and the nobleness of her own interpretations, than poor, stiffly-reasoning Mrs. Touchett. Madame Merle had done what she wanted; she had brought about the union of her two friends; a reflection which could not fail to make it a matter of wonder that she should have desired such an event. There were people who had the match-making passion, like the votaries of art for art; but Madame Merle, great artist as she was, was scarcely one of these. She thought too ill of marriage, too ill even of life; she had desired that marriage, but she had not desired others. She therefore had had an idea of gain, and Isabel asked herself where she had found her profit. It took her, naturally, a long time to discover, and even then her discovery was very incomplete. It came back to her that Madame Merle, though she had seemed to like her from the first of their meeting at Gardencourt, had been doubly affectionate after Mr. Touchett's death, and after learning that her young friend was a victim of the good old man's benevolence. She had found her profit not in the gross device of borrowing money from Isabel, but in the more refined idea of introducing one of her intimates to the young girl's fortune. She had naturally chosen her closest intimate, and it was already vivid enough to Isabel that Gilbert Osmond occupied this position. She found herself confronted in this manner with the conviction that the man in the world whom she had supposed to be the least sordid had married her for her money. Strange to say, it had never before occurred to her; if she had thought a good deal of harm of Osmond, she had not done him this particular injury. This was the worst she could think of, and she had been saying to herself that the worst was still to come. A man might marry a woman for her money, very well; the thing was often done. But at least he should let her know! She wondered whether, if he wanted her money, her money to-day would satisfy him. Would he take her money and let her go? Ah, if Mr. Touchett's great charity would help her to-day, it would be blessed indeed! It was not slow to occur to her that if Madame Merle had wished to do Osmond a service, his recognition of the fact must have lost its warmth. What must be his feelings to-day in regard to his too zealous benefactress, and what expression must they have found on the part of such a master of irony? It is a singular, but a characteristic, fact that before Isabel returned from her silent drive she had broken its silence by the soft exclamation, —

"Poor Madame Merle!"

Her exclamation would perhaps have been justified if on this same afternoon she had been concealed behind one of the valuable curtains of time-softened damask which dressed the interesting little salon of the lady to whom it referred; the carefully-arranged apartment to which we once paid a visit in company with the discreet Mr. Rosier. In that apartment, towards six o'clock, Gilbert Osmond was seated, and his hostess stood before him as Isabel had seen her stand on an occasion commemorated in this history with an emphasis appropriate not so much to its apparent as to its real importance.

"I don't believe you are unhappy; I believe you like it," said Madame Merle.

"Did I say I was unhappy?" Osmond asked, with a face grave enough to suggest that he might have been so.

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"No, but you don't say the contrary, as you ought in common gratitude."

"Don't talk about gratitude," Osmond returned, dryly. "And don't aggravate me," he added, in a moment.

Madame Merle slowly seated herself, with her arms folded and her white hands arranged as a support to one of them, and an ornament, as it were, to the other. She looked exquisitely calm, but impressively sad.

"On your side, don't try to frighten me," she said. "I wonder whether you know some of my thoughts."

"No more than I can help. I have quite enough of my own."

"That 's because they are so delightful."

Osmond rested his head against the back of his chair and looked at his companion for a long time, with a kind of cynical directness which seemed also partly an expression of fatigue.

"You do aggravate me," he remarked in a moment. "I am very tired."

"*Et moi, donc!*" cried Madame Merle.

"With you, it 's because you fatigue yourself. With me, it 's not my own fault."

"When I fatigue myself it 's for you. I have given you an interest; that 's a great gift."

"Do you call it an interest?" Osmond inquired, languidly.

"Certainly, since it helps you to pass your time."

"The time has never seemed longer to me than this winter."

"You have never looked better; you have never been so agreeable, so brilliant."

"Damn my brilliancy!" Osmond murmured, thoughtfully. "How little, after all, you know me!"

"If I don't know you, I know nothing," said Madame Merle, smiling. "You have the feeling of complete success."

"No, I shall not have that till I have made you stop judging me."

"I did that long ago. I speak from old knowledge. But you express yourself more, too."

Osmond hesitated a moment. "I wish you would express yourself less!"

"You wish to condemn me to silence? Remember that I have never been a chatterbox. At any rate, there are three or four things that I should like to say to you first. Your wife does n't know what to do with herself," she went on, with a change of tone.

"Excuse me; she knows perfectly. She has a line sharply marked out. She means to carry out her ideas."

"Her ideas, to-day, must be remarkable."

"Certainly they are. She has more of them than ever."

"She was unable to show me any this morning," said Madame Merle. "She seemed in a very simple, almost in a stupid, state of mind. She was completely bewildered."

"You had better say at once that she was pathetic."

"Ah no, I don't want to encourage you too much."

Osmond still had his head against the cushion behind him; the ankle of one foot rested on the other knee. So he sat for a while. "I should like to know what is the matter with you," he said, at last.

"The matter — the matter" — And here Madame Merle stopped. Then she went on, with a sudden outbreak of passion, a burst of summer thunder in a clear sky, "The matter is that I would give my right hand to be able to weep, and that I can't!"

"What good would it do you to weep?"

"It would make me feel as I felt before I knew you."

"If I have dried your tears, that 's something. But I have seen you shed them."

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"Oh, I believe you will make me cry still. I have a great hope of that. I was vile, this morning; I was horrid," said Madame Merle.

"If Isabel was in the stupid state of mind you mention, she probably did n't perceive it," Osmond answered.

"It was precisely my deviltry that stupefied her. I could n't help it; I was full of something bad. Perhaps it was something good; I don't know. You have not only dried up my tears; you have dried up my soul."

"It is not I, then, that am responsible for my wife's condition," Osmond said. "It is pleasant to think that I shall get the benefit of your influence upon her. Don't you know the soul is an immortal principle? How can it suffer alteration?"

"I don't believe at all that it 's an immortal principle. I believe it can perfectly be destroyed. That 's what has happened to mine, which was a very good one to start with; and it 's you I have to thank for it. You are very bad," Madame Merle added, gravely.

"Is this the way we are to end?" Osmond asked, with the same studied coldness.

"I don't know how we are to end. I wish I did! How do bad people end? You have made me bad."

"I don't understand you. You seem to me quite good enough," said Osmond, his conscious indifference giving an extreme effect to the words.

Madame Merle's self-possession tended on the contrary to diminish, and she was nearer losing it than on any occasion on which we have had the pleasure of meeting her. Her eye brightened, even flashed; her smile betrayed a painful effort.

"Good enough for anything that I have done with myself? I suppose that 's what you mean."

"Good enough to be always charming!" Osmond exclaimed, smiling too.

"Oh God!" his companion murmured; and, sitting there in her ripe freshness, she had recourse to the same gesture that she had provoked on Isabel's part in the morning; she bent her face and covered it with her hands.

"Are you going to weep, after all?" Osmond asked; and on her remaining motionless he went on: "Have I ever complained to you?"

She dropped her hands quickly. "No, you have taken your revenge otherwise — you have taken it on *her*."

Osmond threw back his head further; he looked awhile at the ceiling, and might have been supposed to be appealing in an informal way to the heavenly powers. "Oh, the imagination of women! It 's always vulgar at bottom. You talk of revenge like a third-rate novelist."

"Of course you have n't complained. You have enjoyed your triumph too much."

"I am rather curious to know what you call my triumph."

"You have made your wife afraid of you."

Osmond changed his position; he leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees and looking awhile at a beautiful old Persian rug at his feet. He had an air of refusing to accept any one's valuation of anything, even of time, and of preferring to abide by his own; a peculiarity which made him at moments an irritating person to converse with. "Isabel is not afraid of me, and it 's not what I wish," he said at last. "To what do you wish to provoke me when you say such things as that?"

"I have thought over all the harm you can do me," Madame Merle answered. "Your wife was afraid of me this morning, but in me it was really you she feared."

"You may have said things that were in very bad taste; I am not responsible for that. I did n't see the use of your going to see her, at all; you are capable of acting without her. I have not made

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you afraid of me, that I can see," Osmond went on; "how then should I have made her? You are at least as brave. I can't think where you have picked up such rubbish; one might suppose you knew me by this time." He got up, as he spoke, and walked to the chimney, where he stood a moment bending his eye, as if he had seen them for the first time, on the delicate specimens of rare porcelain with which it was covered. He took up a small cup and held it in his hand; then, still holding it, and leaning his arm on the mantel, he continued: "You always see too much in everything; you overdo it; you lose sight of the real. I am much simpler than you think."

"I think you are very simple." And Madame Merle kept her eye upon her cup. "I have come to that with time. I judged you, as I say, of old; but it is only since your marriage that I have understood you. I have seen better what you have been to your wife than I ever saw what you were for me. Please be very careful of that precious object."

"It already has a small crack," said Osmond, dryly, as he put it down. "If you did n't understand me before I married, it was cruelly rash of you to put me into such a box. However, I took a fancy to my box myself; I thought it would be a comfortable fit. I asked very little; I only asked that she should like me."

"That she should like you so much!"

"So much, of course; in such a case one asks the maximum. That she should adore me, if you will. Oh yes, I wanted that."

"I never adored you," said Madame Merle.

"Ah, but you pretended to!"

"It is true that you never accused me of being a comfortable fit," Madame Merle went on.

"My wife has declined — declined to do anything of the sort," said Osmond. "If you are determined to make a tragedy of that, the tragedy is hardly for her."

"The tragedy is for me!" Madame Merle exclaimed, rising, with a long, low sigh, but giving a glance at the same time at the contents of her mantel-shelf. "It appears that I am to be severely taught the disadvantages of a false position."

"You express yourself like a sentence in a copy-book. We must look for our comfort where we can find it. If my wife does n't like me, at least my child does. I shall look for compensations in Pansy. Fortunately I have n't a fault to find with her."

"Ah," said Madame Merle, softly, "if I had a child" —

Osmond hesitated a moment; and then, with a little formal air, "The children of others may be a great interest!" he announced.

"You are more like a copy-book than I. There is something, after all, that holds us together."

"Is it the idea of the harm I may do you?" Osmond asked.

"No; it 's the idea of the good I may do for you. It is that," said Madame Merle, "that made me so jealous of Isabel. I want it to be *my* work," she added, with her face, which had grown hard and bitter, relaxing into its usual social expression.

Osmond took up his hat and his umbrella, and after giving the former article two or three strokes with his coat-cuff, "On the whole, I think," he said, "you had better leave it to me."

After he had left her, Madame Merle went and lifted from the mantel-shelf the attenuated coffee-cup in which he had mentioned the existence of a crack; but she looked at it rather abstractedly. "Have I been so vile all for nothing?" she murmured to herself.

Henry James, Jr.

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RIVER DRIFTWOOD.

At the head of tide-water on the river there is a dam, and above it is a large mill-pond, where most of the people who row and sail keep their boats all summer long. I like, perhaps once a year, to cruise around the shores of this pretty sheet of water; but I am always conscious of the dam above it and the dam below it, and of being confined between certain limits. I rarely go beyond a certain point on the lower or tide river, as people call it, but I always have the feeling that I can go to Europe, if I like, or anywhere on the high seas; and when I unfasten the boat there is no dam or harbor bar, or any barrier whatever between this and all foreign ports. Far up among the hills the ocean comes, and its tide ebbs and flows.

When the tide goes out, the narrow reaches of the river become rapids, where a rushing stream fights with the ledges and loose rocks, and where one needs a good deal of skill to guide a boat down safely. Where the river is wide, at low tide one can only see the mud flats and broad stretches of green marsh grass. But when the tide is in, it is a noble and dignified stream. There are no rapids and only a slow current, where the river from among the inland mountains flows along, finding its way to the sea, which has come part way to welcome the company of springs and brooks that have answered to its call. A thousand men band themselves together, and they are one regiment; a thousand little streams flow together, and are one river; but one fancies that they do not lose themselves altogether; while the individuality of a river must come mainly from the different characters of its tributaries. The shape of its shores and the quality of the soil it passes over determine certain things about it, but the life of it is something by itself, as the life of a man is separate from the circumstances in which he is placed. There must be the first spring which overflows steadily and makes a brook, which some second spring joins, and the third, and the fourth; and at last there is a great stream, in which the later brooks seem to make little difference. I should like to find the very beginning and head-water of my river. I should be sorry if it were a pond, though somewhere in the ground underneath there would be a spring that kept the secret and was in command and under marching orders to the sea, commissioned to recruit as it went along. Here at the head of tide-water it first meets the sea, and then when the tide is in there is the presence of royalty, or at least its deputies. The river is a grand thing when it is river and sea together; but how one misses the ocean when the tide is out, for in the great place it filled the stream from the hills, after all, looks of little consequence.

The river is no longer the public highway it used to be years ago, when the few roads were rough, and railroads were not even dreamed of. The earliest chapter of its history that I know is that it was full of salmon and other fish, and was a famous fishing-ground with the Indians, who were masters of its neighboring country. To tell its whole story one would have to follow the fashion of the old Spanish writers whom Garcilasso de la Vega says he will not imitate, in the first chapter of his Commentaries of the Yncas, — that delightful composition of unconscious pathos and majestic lies. When his predecessors in the field of literature wished to write on any subject whatever, he solemnly tells us, they always began with a history of the globe. One cannot help wishing that he had not disdained to

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follow their example, and had given his theories, which would have been wildly ahead of even the fancies of his time, in general, and full of most amusing little departures from the truth when he came down to details. But the earliest history of the river can well be ignored; it is but seldom, as yet, that people really care much for anything for its own sake, until it is proved to have some connection with human-kind. We are slow to take an interest in the personality of our neighbors who are not men, or dogs, or horses, or at least some creature who can be made to understand a little of our own spoken language. Who is going to be the linguist who learns the first word of an old crow's warning to his mate, or how a little dog expresses himself when he asks a big one to come and rout his troublesome enemy? How much we shall know when the pimpernel teaches us how she makes her prophecies of the weather, and how long we shall have to go to school when people are expected to talk to the trees, and birds, and beasts, in their own language! What tune could it have been that Orpheus and Amphion played, to which the beasts listened, and even the trees and stones followed them to hear? Is it science that will give us back the gift, or shall we owe it to the successors of those friendly old saints who talked with the birds and fishes? We could have schools for them, if we once could understand them, and could educate them into being more useful to us. There would be intelligent swordfish for submarine divers, and we could send swallows to carry messages, and all the creatures that know how to burrow in the earth would bring us the treasures out of it. I should have a larger calling acquaintance than ever out-of-doors, and my neighbors down river would present me to congenial friends whom as yet I have not discovered. The gods are always drawing like toward like, and making them acquainted, if Homer may be believed, but we are apt to forget that this is true of any creatures but ourselves. It is not necessary to tame them before they can be familiar and responsive; we can meet them on their own ground, and be surprised to find how much we may have in common. Taming is only forcing them to learn some of our customs; we should be wise if we let them tame us to make use of some of theirs. They share other instincts and emotions with us beside surprise, or suspicion, or fear. They are curiously thoughtful; they act no more from unconscious instinct than we do; at least, they are called upon to decide as many questions of action or direction, and there are many emergencies of life when we are far more helpless and foolish than they. It is easy to say that other orders of living creatures exist on a much lower plane than ourselves; we know very little about it, after all. They are often gifted in some way that we are not; they may even carry some virtue of ours to a greater height than we do. But the day will come for a more truly universal suffrage than we dream of now, when the meaning of every living thing is understood, and it is given its rights and accorded its true value: for its life is from God's life, and its limits were fixed by him; its material shape is the manifestation of a thought, and to each body there is given a spirit.

The great gulls watch me float along the river, curiously, and sail in the air overhead. Who knows what they say of me when they talk together; and what are they thinking about when they fly quickly out of sight? Perhaps they know something about me that I do not know of myself yet; and so may the musk-rat, as he hurries through the water with a little green branch in his mouth which will make a salad for his supper. He watches me with his sharp eyes, and whisks into his hole in the sunny side of the island. I have a re-

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spect for him; he is a busy creature, and he lives well. You might be hospitable and ask me to supper, musk-rat! I don't know whether I should care much for you if I were another musk-rat, or you were a human being, but I shall know you again when I see you by an odd mark in the fur on the top of your head, and that is something. I suppose the captive mussels in your den are quaking now at hearing you come in. I have lost sight of you, but I shall remember where your house is. I do not think people are thankful enough who live out of the reach of beasts that would eat them. When one thinks of whole races of small creatures like the mussels which are the natural and proper food of others, it seems an awful fact and necessity of nature; perhaps, however, no more awful than our natural death appears to us. But there is something distressing about being eaten, and having one's substance minister to a superior existence! It hurts one's pride. A death that preserves and elevates our identity is much more consoling and satisfactory; but what can reconcile a bird to its future as part of the tissues of a cat, going stealthily afoot, and by nature treacherous? Who can say, however, that our death is not only a link in the chain? One thing is made the prey of another. In some way our present state ministers to the higher condition to which we are coming. The grass is made somehow from the ground, and presently that is turned into beef, and that goes to make part of a human being. We are not certain what an angel may be; but the life in us now will be necessary to the making of one by and by.

There is a wise arrangement in this merging and combining. It makes more room in the world. We must eat our fellows and be eaten to keep things within a proper limit. If all the orders of life were self-existing, and if all the springs that make up the river flowed down to the sea separately and independently, there would oe an awful confusion and chaos still; but this leads one to think of the transmigration of souls and other puzzling subjects! I shall have to end with an ignorant discourse about the globe instead of having begun with it. My river, as I said at first, leads to the sea, and from any port one can push off toward another sea of boundless speculation and curious wonderings about this world, familiar, and yet so great a mystery.

There are a thousand things to remember and to say about the river, which seems to be of little use in the half dozen miles I know best, after it has made itself of great consequence by serving to carry perhaps a dozen or twenty mills, of one kind and another. Between its dams it has a civilized and subjected look, but below the last falls, at the landing, it apparently feels itself to be its own master, and serves in no public capacity except to carry a boat now and then, and give the chance for building some weirs, as it offers some good fishing when the alewives and bass come up, with bony and muddy shad, that are about as good to eat as a rain-soaked paper of pins. I think its chief use is its beauty, and that has never been as widely appreciated as it ought to be. It is the eastern branch of the Piscataqua, which separates the States of Maine and New Hampshire; and I, being a lawless borderer, beg you to follow for a raid on the shores, not for pillaging the farms and cattle-lifting, but to see the trees and their shadows in the water: the high, steep banks where the great pines of Maine thrive, on one hand, and the gently sloping Southern New Hampshire fields fringed with willows and oaks on the other. When you catch sight of a tall lateen sail and a strange, clumsy craft that looks heavy and low in the water, you will like to know that its ancestor was copied from a Nile boat, from which a sensible old sea-captain took a lesson

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in ship-building many years ago. The sail is capitally fitted to catch the uncertain wind, which is apt to come in flaws and gusts between the high, irregular banks of the river; and the boat is called a gundalow, but sometimes spelled gondola. One sees them often on the Merrimac and on the Piscataqua and its branches, and the sight of them brings a curiously foreign element into the New England scenery; for I never see the great peaked sail coming round a point without a quick association with the East, with the Mediterranean ports or the Nile itself, with its ruins and its desert and the bright blue sky overhead; with mummies and scarabei and the shepherd kings; with the pyramids and Sphinx — that strange group, so old one shudders at the thought of it — standing clear against the horizon.

A hundred years ago the northern country was covered for the most part with heavy timber, and the chief business at Berwick was receiving this from the lumbermen, and sending it to Portsmouth to be reshipped, or direct to the West Indies, to be bartered for rum and tobacco and molasses, which might be either brought home at once, or sent to Russia, to be exchanged again for iron and sail-cloth and cordage. Not forty years ago there were still twenty gundalows sailing from the Landing wharves, while now there are but two, and long after that the packet boat went regularly every other day to Portsmouth. Until the days of the railroads, most of the freight came by water, and the packet skippers were important men. I have always wished to know something more of the history of the quaint little packet storehouse, which until within a year or two stood in the mill-yard, just below the falls. It was built of heavy timbers, as if it might some day be called upon to resist a battering-ram. The stories were very low, and the upper one projected over the water, with a beam to which was fastened a tackle and fall to hoist and lower the goods. It was a little building, but there was a great air of consequence about it. It was painted a dark red, which the weather had dulled a good deal, and it leaned to one side. Nobody knew how old it was; it was like a little old woman who belonged to a good family, now dead, save herself; and who could remember a great many valuable people and events which everybody else had forgotten. It was the last of the warehouses that used to stand on the river-banks, and I was sorry when it was pulled down. The old wharves have almost disappeared, too, though their timbers can still be seen here and there.

It sometimes takes me a whole afternoon to go two miles down river. There are many reasons why I should stop every now and then under one bank or another; to look up through the trees at the sky, or at their pictures in the water; or to let the boat lie still, until one can watch the little fish come back to their playground on the yellow sand and gravel; or to see the frogs, that splashed into the water at my approach, poke their heads out a little way to croak indignantly, or raise a loud note such as Scotch bagpipers drive out of the pipes before they start a tune. The swallows dart like bats along the surface of the water after insects, and I see a drowned white butterfly float by, and reach out for it; it looks so frail and little in the river. When the cardinal flowers are in bloom I go from place to place until I have gathered a deckload; and as I push off the boat it leaves the grass bent down, and the water-mint that was crushed sends a delicious fragrance after me, and I catch at a piece and put a leaf in my mouth, and row away lazily to get a branch of oak or maple leaves to keep the sun off my flowers. Cardinals are quick to wilt, and hang their proud heads wearily. They keep royal state in the shade, and one imagines that the other flowers and all the weeds at the water's edge take

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care to bow to them as often as the wind comes by, and pay them honor. They are like fine court ladies in their best gowns, standing on the shore. Perhaps they are sending messages down the river and across the seas, or waiting to hear some news. They make one think of Whittier's high-born Amy Wentworth and her sailor lover, for they seem like flowers from a palace garden, that are away from home masquerading and waiving ceremony, and taking the country air. They wear a color that is the sign of high ecclesiastical rank, and the temper of their minds would make them furies if they fought for church and state. They are no radicals; they are tories and aristocrats; they belong to the old nobility among flowers. It would be a pity if the rank marsh grass overran them, or if the pickerel weed should wade ashore to invade them and humble their pride. They are flowers that, after all, one should not try to put into vases together. They have, like many other flowers, too marked an individuality, and there is more pleasure to be taken from one tall and slender spire of blossoms by itself, just as it is pleasanter to be alone with a person one admires and enjoys. To crowd some flowers together you lose all delight in their shape and beauty; you only have the pleasure of the mass of color or of their perfume; and there are enough bright flowers and fragrant flowers that are only beautiful in masses. To look at some flowers huddled together and losing all their grace and charm is like trying to find companionship and sympathy by looking for a minute at a crowd of people. But there is a low trait of acquisitiveness in human nature. I pick cardinal flowers by the armful, and nothing less than a blue-and-white ginger pot full of daisies is much satisfaction.

But to most people one tree, or flower, or river is as good as another, and trees and flowers and rivers are to be found without trouble, while there are some who would never know who has lived beside my river unless it were told here. That says at once that their fame at best is provincial, except for peppery little Captain John Paul Jones, who gathered the ship's company of the Ranger from these neighboring farms. Old people, who died not many years ago, remembered him as he walked on the wharves at Portsmouth, with his sword point scratching the ground; a little wasp of a fellow, with a temper like a blaze of the gunpowder whose smoke he loved. One can imagine him scrambling up the shore here to one of the old farmhouses, as short as a boy, but as tall as a grenadier, in his pride and dignity, and marching into the best room, in all the vainglory and persuasiveness of his uniform, to make sure of a good fellow whose looks he liked, and whom he promised to send home a gallant hero, with his sea-chest full of prize-money. And afterward he would land again at one of the stately old colonial mansions that used to stand beside the river, at the Wallingford house, by Madam's Cove, or at the Hamilton house, and be received with befitting ceremony.

There were many fine houses in this region in old times, but only one still lingers, — this same Hamilton house, — which seems to me unrivaled for the beauty of its situation, and for a certain grand air which I have found it hard to match in any house I have ever seen. It is square and gray, with four great chimneys, and many dormer windows in its high-peaked roof; it stands on a point below which the river is at its widest. The rows of poplars and its terraced garden have fallen and been spoiled by time, but a company of great elms stand guard over it, and the sunset reddens its windows, and the days of the past seem to have come back, when one is near it, its whole aspect is so remote from the spirit of the present. Inside there are great halls and square rooms with carved

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wood-work, arched windows and mahogany window-seats, and fire-places that are wide enough almost for a seat in the chimney-corner. In the country about I have heard many a tradition of the way this house was kept; of the fine ladies and gentlemen, and the great dinner-parties, and the guests who used to come up the river from Portsmouth, and go home late in the moonlight evening at the turn of the tide. In those days the wharves that are fast being washed away were strong enough, and there were warehouses and storehouses and piles of timber all along the river. The builder of the house was a successful man, who made a great fortune in the lucky West India trade of his time; he was poor to begin with, but everything prospered steadily with his business interests, and one owes him a debt of gratitude for leaving so fine a house to delight our eyes.

A little way up the shore there was formerly a shipyard, and I know of four ships that were built there much less than fifty years ago. My grandfather was part owner of them, and their names, with those of other ships, have been familiar to me from my babyhood. It is amusing that the ships of a family concerned in navigation seem to belong to it and to be part of it, as if they were children who had grown up and gone wandering about the world. Long after some familiar craft has changed owners even, its fortunes are affectionately watched, and to know that a ship has been spoken at sea gives a good deal of pleasure beside the assurance that the cargo is so far on its way to market at Canton or Bombay. I remember wondering why the smooth green bank, where the dandelions were so thick in spring, should be called the shipyard by my family, and even why any one should call that corner of the town the Lower Landing, since nothing ever seemed to land, unless it were the fleets that children built from chips and shingles. It is a lovely, quiet place, and I often think of an early summer morning when I was going down river in a row-boat. The dandelions were sprinkled all over the short green grass, and high on the shore, under a great elm, were two wandering young musicians. They had evidently taken the wrong road, and discovered that this was a long lane that led only to the great house on the point and to the water's edge. They must have been entertained, for they seemed very cheerful; one played a violin, and the other danced. It was like a glimpse of sunshiny, idle Italy: the sparkling river and the blue sky, the wide green shores and the trees, and the great gray house with its two hall doors standing wide open, the lilacs in bloom, and no noise or hurry, — a quiet place, that the destroying left hand of progress had failed to touch.

One day I was in one of the upper rooms of the Hamilton house in a dormer window, and I was amused at reading the nonsense some young girl had written on the wall. The view was beautiful, and I thought she must have sat there with her work, or have watched the road or the river for some one whom she wished to see coming. There were sentimental verses, written at different times. She seemed to have made a sort of scrapbook of the bit of wall, and she had left me the date, which was very kind of her; so I knew that it was 1802, and in the summer, that she used to sit there in her favorite perch. This is one of her verses that I remember: —

"May you be blest with all that Heaven may send,
Long life, good health, much pleasure in a friend;
May you in every clime most happy be,
And when far distant often think of me."

It was very pleasant to catch this glimpse of girlhood in the old house. I wondered how she liked life as she grew older, and if the lover — if that were a lover — did think often enough of her, and come back to her at last from the distant climes. She could have

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wished him nothing better than much pleasure in a friend. I do not know the history of many members of the family; Colonel Hamilton and his consort are buried under a heavy monument in the Old Fields burying-ground, and at the end of the long epitaph is the solemn announcement that Hamilton is no more. It would be a strange sight if one of his heavily laden little ships came up the river now; but I like to think about those days, and how there might have happened to be some lumbermen from far inland, who were delighted to gossip with the sailors and carry back up into the country the stories of their voyage. When the French prisoners of war came into Portsmouth, I have heard old people say that there was a great excitement, and as the ships came in they looked like gardens, for the Frenchmen had lettuces for salads, and flowers growing in boxes that were fastened on the decks; and it was amusing to hear of these prisoners being let out on parole about the country towns, in Eliot and Newington and Kittery, and all up and down the river. Perhaps more than one of them found their way to the hospitable families in Berwick, and were entertained as became their rank and fortunes. In an old house in Eliot there is a little drawing made by one of these men, and I have an exquisite little water-color painting of a carnation, with the quaintly written request that charming Sally will sometimes think of the poor Ribère, who will never forget her. It is all that is left of what must have been a tender friendship between this gallant young Frenchman and my grandmother. I found it once among her copy-books, and letters from her girl friends, and love-letters from my grandfather which he sent home to her from sea. She was very young when the poor Ribère was so sorry to part from her, for she married at eighteen (and died at twenty-five). I knew very little about her until I found in the garret the little brass-nailed trunk that had kept her secrets for me. I am sure she often made one of the company that used to come up the river to take tea and go home by moonlight. She was a beautiful girl, and everybody was fond of her. The poor Ribère sat beside her in the boat, I have no doubt; and perhaps it was in the terraced garden with the rows of poplars round it that she picked the flower he painted, and no doubt he carried it away with him when he was set free again, and was not a prisoner of war any longer.

There was formerly a bright array of clerical gentlemen in the river towns, and it would be most amusing to collect the anecdotes which the old people of the last generation delighted to tell of them. Not to speak of the well-known Portsmouth divines, and of Dr. Stevens, of Kittery Point, there was the Reverend Mr. Litchfield, of Kittery, who was called the fisher parson, and his neighbor, Parson Chandler, who might have been called the farmer parson, for he was a celebrated tiller of the soil, and his example was a great blessing to the members of his Eliot parish. The fields there slope to the south and west, and the grass grows green sooner than anywhere else in the region, and the fruits of the earth grow and ripen quickly. He taught his neighbors to improve upon the old fashions of agriculture. An old friend of mine told me that once he was driving from Portsmouth to Berwick, in his early manhood, with Daniel Webster for company, and when they passed this clergyman's house Mr. Webster said that he should be perfectly satisfied if he could be as great a man as Parson Chandler; and judging from the stories of his wisdom and eloquence, the young lawyer's was no mean ambition. Mr. Litchfield, of Kittery, spent much of his time on week days in the apostolic business of catching fish; and he was a man of rare wit and drollery, with a sailor-like serenity and confidence in everything's coming out right at last,

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and a true mariner's readiness and intentness when there was work to be done. Once, at a conference in Portsmouth, the preacher failed to come, and some one had to furnish a sermon in his place. It fell to Mr. Litchfield's share; and old Dr. Buckminster said, when the discourse was ended, — it being extemporaneous and very eloquent, — "My friends, the fisher parson beats us all!" It is interesting to find that many of the clergymen of that day seem to have been uncommonly practical men. One fancies that they all preached the better because much of their time was spent in a way that brought them in close contact with people's every-day lives. It was no ideal human nature, studied from sermons and theological works, and classified and doomed at the recommendation of the old divines. One can believe that it was not abstract generalities of a state of sinfulness so much as particular weaknesses and short-comings that they condemned from their pulpits. Parson Litchfield could preach gallantly at some offender who stole from and lied about his lobster-pots when he took his text from Ananias and Sapphira, and Parson Chandler could be most impressive and ready with illustration when he chose the parable of the sower for the subject of his discourse. In Berwick there was a grave and solemn little man, whom all his great parish long remembered admiringly. The church where the whole town centred was at the Old Fields, and it ought to be standing yet, but I do not know that anything is left of it but a bit of paper I found one day, on which is written the names of the men who built it, and the sums of money and bundles of shingles or pieces of timber that each contributed.

I do not know why this should have been so superstitious a neighborhood, but there seems to have been a great deal of trouble from ghosts, and it was the duty of the ministers to drive them away, or to "lay" them, as they called it then. An old man told me once that the parsons made a great secret of it. They met together in a room, which nobody was allowed to enter; so whether it was a service with mysterious rites, or they only joked together, and thought it well to keep up the reverence in the rustic mind for the power of the priesthood, nobody knows to this day. There is still standing at the Landing a house that has always been said to be haunted. Its ghost was laid properly, but she seems to have risen again defiantly. It formerly stood very near the shore of the little harbor, if one may give that name to what was simply the head of navigation on the river. The family who built and owned it first all died long ago, but I never go by the house without thinking of its early history in those days, when the court end of the little town was next the river, and the old elms shaded the men who were busy with their trading and shipping, and the women who kept up a stately fashion of living in-doors, and walked proudly to and fro in the streets dressed in strange stuffs that had been brought home to them from across the seas. There was a fine set of people in the little town, and Berwick held its head very high, and thought some of the neighboring towns of little consequence that have long since outgrown it and looked down upon it in their turn. It even has given up its place as the head of the family of villages into which the original township has been divided. It is only South Berwick now; but I like to call it Berwick here, as it has a right to be called, for it was the oldest settlement, and the points of the compass should have been given to the newer centres of civilization which were its offshoots.

The oldest houses are, with one or two exceptions, by far the finest ones, and the one of which I have spoken still keeps up as well as it can the pride as well as the name of its first owner. One cannot help being interested in this man,

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who was one of the earlier physicians of the town, and also had a hand in the business that was connected with the river. I have heard that he came from Plymouth in Massachusetts, and was a minister's son; but if ever a man's heart gloried in the good things of this life it was his, and there was not a trace of Puritan asceticism in his character. His first house was the finest in town, and stood at the head of some terraces that still remain, bordered with rows of elms, and overlooked the river; but that was burnt, and afterward replaced by another, which was for some mysterious reason built at the foot of the terraces near the water. The doctor was said to be a very handsome man, and he dressed uncommonly well, delighting himself with fine broadcloth cloaks with red linings and silk facings; and his visits to his admiring patients were paid on horseback, as was the custom then, but he always rode an excellent horse, and dashed about the country in great splendor. He made an elaborate will, entailing his property in English fashion. He waited to see how much General Lord or the other rich men of the town would pay toward any subscription, and then exceeded the most generous. He even asked how much the richest man in the town was taxed, and paid of his own accord a larger sum than he; and he somehow contrived to keep up year after year this appearance of great wealth, and expected and received great deference. Though those who knew him best were sure he must be poor, the pride that went with it forbade familiarity and sympathy alike. There has always been a tradition that his first wife came to her death by foul means, and there is a dislike to the house, which seems never to be occupied for any length of time, even after all these years. The people in the neighborhood believe, as I have said, that it is haunted, and I have often heard stories of the strange cries, and the footsteps that sometimes follow you if you go up the hall stairs in the dark. The doctor himself died suddenly, though he has often been seen since in a grand brocade dressing-gown and close velvet cap. His business affairs had naturally become a good deal tangled, but no one knew how much so until after his death. For several years he had been in the habit of carrying back and forth a little padlocked box when he went to Portsmouth, which was supposed to hold money and valuable papers; but when this was brought home from the bank, and broken open, it was found to contain only blank bits of paper.

His wife, whom the old people in town still remember, must have had a hard time of it in the house on the wharf after she was left a widow; but she was still the *grande dame*, and when she went into society her old laces and silks and her fine manners made her the queen of her company. She gave no sigh of disappointment at her altered fortunes, and as long as the doctor lived, and after he died, she was as serenely magnificent and untroubled as he. The Guard could die, but it never surrendered, and the old prestige was kept up bravely. She lived alone, and might sometimes have needed many of the good things of life, for all one knows; but she was always well dressed, and kept up all possible forms of state, and was rigorous in observing all rules of etiquette. By way of doing a great favor to one of her neighbors, she allowed a stranger the use of one of her rooms for a short time, and this person used to hear a bell ring in the morning, after which Madam Hovey would move about in her room; then she would go down-stairs, breakfast being apparently announced; and so on, through the day. There was often a bell heard tinkling in the parlor; she would apologize for opening the outer door herself, and when the lodger called, the mistress of the house was always quite at liberty, and seemed to have been awaiting guests in her parlor, with a bit

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of lace to mend in her fingers, or some silk knitting, as if she occupied her leisure with such dainty trifles. It was some time before the lodger discovered, to her amazement, that there was not a servant under the roof to do my lady's bidding, but that she still kept up the old customs of the house. Poor soul! it was not all silly pretense. If I were to spend a night (which the saints forbid!) in that beloved mansion where she lived in solitary majesty for so many years, I should not expect to be the guest of the proud doctor's first companion, whose death is shrouded in mystery, who cries dismally and walks to and fro in the night, to beg for pity and help. I should look over my shoulder for the lady in the high turban, with a red India shawl around her shoulders, who stood so straight, and who used to walk up the aisle to her seat in church on Sunday as if she were a duchess. The cries and the steps behind me would be most annoying, but Madam Hovey, if she also haunts her house, would receive me elegantly. One can imagine her alone in her house at night, with the jar of the river falls and the wind rattling her windows, fearful of her future, and of the poverty and misery old age held in its shaking hands for her. But she carried a brave face in the daylight, however troubled she may have been under the stars, and she gave to the towns-people the best of lessons in behavior; for she was always gracious, and courteous, and fine in her own manners, a high-bred lady, who had been in her day a most apt scholar of the old school.

My cruises down the river rarely reach beyond High Point, or Pine Point, or the toll-bridge; but one is tempted to linger there late for the sake of the beautiful view. The salt grass is a dazzling green, if the time is early summer and the tide is partly out, and from the bridge to the Hamilton house the river is very wide. The fine old house faces you, and at its right there is a mountain, which is a marked feature in the landscape on a clear day, when it looks far away and blue in the distance. The great tops of the Hamilton elms look round and heavy against the sky, and the shores of the river are somewhat irregular, running out in points which are for the most part heavily wooded, and form backgrounds of foliage for each other. Being at different angles, the light and shade of each are distinct, and make a much finer coloring and outline than could be if the line of the shore were unbroken by so many bays and inlets. It is very pleasant to push the boat ashore in one of these coves, for in the little ravines that lead down to them there are crowds of ferns and wild flowers, and there will be just the place for a little feast at supper time. I know many a small harbor on the eastern shore, where a willow or a birch stands out in front of the dark evergreens, and at one place an oak reaches its long boughs far out over the water; and when you are once under its shade, and watch the sunset grow bright and then fade away again, or see the boats go round the point from the wide bay into the narrow reach of the river above it, and listen to the bells ringing in the village, you hate to think you must take the oars again, and go out into the twilight or the bright sunshine of the summer afternoon.

I miss very much some poplars which stood on the western shore, opposite the great house, and which were not long since cut down. They were not flourishing, but they were like a little procession of a father and mother and three or four children out for an afternoon walk, coming down through the field to the river. As you rowed up or down they stood up in bold relief against the sky, for they were on high land. I was deeply attached to them, and in the spring, when I went down river for the first time, they always were covered with the first faint green mist of their leaves, and it seemed as if they had been

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watching for me, and thinking that perhaps I might go by that afternoon.

On a spring day how the bobolinks sing, and the busy birds that live along the shores go flitting and chirping and whistling about the world! A great fish-hawk drops through the air, and you can see the glitter of the unlucky fish he has seized as he goes off again. The fields and trees have a tinge of green that they will keep only for a few days, until the leaves and grass-blades are larger and stronger; and where the land has been plowed its color is as beautiful as any color that can be found the world over, and the long shining brown furrows grow warm lying in the sun. The farmers call to each other and to their horses as they work; the fresh breeze blows from the southwest, and the frogs are cheerful, and the bobolinks grow more and more pleased with themselves every minute, and sing their tunes, which are meant to be sung slower and last longer, as if the sweet notes all came hurrying out together.

And in the summer, when the days are hot and long, there is nothing better than the glory of the moonlighted nights, when the shrill cries of the insects fill all the air, and the fireflies are everywhere, and a whiff of saltness comes up with the tide. In October the river is bright steel color and blue. The ducks rise and fly away from the coves in the early morning, and the oaks and maples dress themselves as they please, as if they were tired of wearing plain green, like everybody else, and were going to be gay and set a new fashion in the cooler weather. You no longer drift lazily with the current, but pull your boat as fast as you can, and are quick and strong with the oars. And in the winter the river looks cold and dead, the wind blows up and down between the hills, and the black pines and hemlocks stare at each other across the ice, which cracks and creaks loudly when the tide comes up and lifts it.

How many men have lived and died on its banks, but the river is always young. How many sailors have gone down to the sea along its channel, and from what strange countries have the ships come in and brought them home again up this crooked highway! A harbor, even if it is a little harbor, is a good thing, since adventurers come into it as well as go out, and the life in it grows strong, because it takes something from the world and has something to give in return. Not the sheltering shores of England, but the inhospitable low coasts of Africa and the dangerous islands of the southern seas, are left unvisited. One sees the likeness between a harborless heart and a harborless country, where no ships go and come; and since no treasure is carried away no treasure is brought in. From this inland town of mine there is no sea-faring any more, and the shipwrights' hammers are never heard now. It is only a station on the railway, and it has, after all these years, grown so little that it is hardly worth while for all the trains to stop. It is busy, and it earns its living and enjoys itself, but it seems to me that its old days were its better days. It builds cheaper houses, and is more like other places than it used to be. The people of fifty years ago had some things that were better than ours, even if they did not hear from England by telegraph, or make journeys in a day or two that used to take a week. The old elms and pines look strong yet, though once in a while one blows over or is relentlessly cut down. The willows by the river are cropped and cropped again. The river itself never grows old; though it rushes and rises high in the spring, it never dries up in the autumn; the little white sails flit over it in pleasant weather, like fluttering moths round the track of sunlight on the water; one troop of children after another steals eagerly down to its forbidden shores to play.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

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A TROPICAL SEQUENCE.

We were at "high tea," on the broad veranda, munching thin, crisp slices of toast. Where one dines at two P. M., tea and toast naturally come in with the twilight, — weak tea and well-browned, butterless toast; likewise that surprising delicacy, peculiar to the tropics, preserved carrots, for even the carrot is not without honor when it is out of its element.

We were at the water's edge: the ripples warily climbed the coral terrace below us; the sea fell bravely upon the reef with a low and soothing moan; a passion vine that half veiled the tranquil marinorama bathed its splendid blossoms in the afterglow. Thus agreeably environed, I supped with my old friend the venerable pastor of a much-vaunted mission at the antipodes.

He was rosy with the passionless flush of a temperate second youth; his thin gray locks brushed briskly upward were streaked over a shining pate. He had fervently blessed the toast, the tea, and the preserved carrots, and had recommended us singly and in groups to the tender mercies of the All Merciful, — by us, I mean the withered partner of his joys and sorrows, the three daughters in starched gingham gowns, and myself.

How restful this pastoral life, so to speak, after the tribulations of travel! Now we could talk complacently of the old days when I had found shelter under that hospitable roof, and of the changes — how few for them, how many for me! — that had occurred since my former visit; yet our table talk was as frugal as the repast, for we were never quite able to get rid of the impression that gathering about the board was a kind of solemnity, and to be observed as such. Hence the collision of cup and saucer seemed irreverent; the guilty one turned with a startled look; and as for the light laughter of the natives in the groves of the village, was it not worldly? Could I not see with half an eye that eternal vigilance was the price of the pastorate?

The white waxen bells of the floribunda swung to and fro, pouring their deadly odor upon the air; the dusk deepened rapidly; the night breeze grew moist and cool. After an embarrassing silence, we gratefully withdrew to the sitting-room, where a tall astral lamp with a depressed globe stood in solitary state upon the centre-table, and the four bare walls were suffused with a soft glow-worm light.

We conversed shyly, as if none of us felt quite at home. In my mind, I ran about in search of a topic to touch upon and fill the imminent deadly breach; I looked about me, trying to nurse my interest in this reserved circle. I saw that in years change had not visited it; nothing was added, nothing was taken away. Yes, Elizabeth was absent. "Where is Elizabeth?" I asked, trying to appear unconcerned, for I had liked her.

"Elizabeth is married," said the pastor's wife, with an apologetic inflection as if it were an unmaidenly thing for the girl to follow the example of her foster-mother.

It seemed to me wise to leave Elizabeth to her fate, especially as at that moment the youngest of the slim daughters of the house rose, at a signal from the pastor, and brought from a side table several copies of the New Testament, in large type, bound in sheep, — one for each of us.

We drew near the lofty lamp, six of us, in a solemn circle. The books were opened at a mark; my place was found for me by the eldest daughter. The pas-

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tor read a verse in a full round voice; the wife followed in her piping treble; then the daughters three took up the strain. With some embarrassment, I read in turn; my finger had been sealed to my allotted lines from the moment the reading began and I saw which way the tide set. I was careful not to repeat the error which distinguished me on my former visit: on that occasion we were reading a Psalm, and I cried *Selah!* when it came my turn. I was innocent, I was ignorant, but I was not conscious of the fact until I saw that silence, a brief silence, followed each unutterable Selah during the rest of that memorable evening.

Having finished our devotions, we sat in spasmodic converse. Sometimes, in the intervals, there was the refreshing *frou-frou* of starched gingham; sometimes a large moth, with brilliant ruby eyes and blood spots on its wings, dashed through the open window, became delirious at the white sheen of the astral globe, darted in and out in a fine frenzy, and then soared to the ceiling and fluttered noisily; all through that solemn evening the mosquito sounded his horn.

By nine P. M. I was lighted to my room, a large apartment opening on the lawn. It was quite as I had known it of yore: the huge four-posted bed with profuse folds of netting, the broad toilet-stand, the cumbersome bureau; a few books of a serious character lay on the table.

Presently I heard the gentle people ascend to the chambers above without fastening a door or window; it reminded me that I was once again in a semi-civilized community, where bolts and bars are unknown.

In a few moments all was silent. I threw open the door upon the lawn: a soft air stirred among the towering trees; the young moon was not yet set. The beauty of the night distracted me; I was unable to sleep. Slipping on my dressing-gown, I repaired to the veranda over the sea, and lighted a cigarette.

So Elizabeth was married! How often we had sat as I was sitting, and looked off upon the sea. The reef sang to my ears as of old, pluming itself with spray that looked like diamond dust in the moonlight; the oppressive perfume of the floribunda freighted the soft, cool air; the moon sank behind the sharp, black rim of the horizon; the fireflies slid to and fro among the shadows, like tiny shooting stars; "Hokoolélé," the natives call them — shooting stars! And that reminded me, Hokoolélé was the star of her tribe. When but a child her precocity awakened the sympathy of the pastor's household; she was grafted upon the family tree; reared as a daughter among the daughters of the house; clothed, fed, bred, like them. While she was still too young to realize the loss, her parents died. Then she was kept aloof from her own people, and weaned from all their ways. When I saw her, at fifteen, she was a woman, and not all the ginghams of Connecticut could spoil her sensuous beauty. Soft-eyed, low-voiced, supple, graceful, this Hokoolélé, who doffed her name when she became a Christian and was christened Elizabeth, — this wondrous girl in gingham, with her demure ways, her prim speeches, her obtrusive code of morals, — was an enigma that had charmed and puzzled me. Is it any wonder that she should have been the first flower plucked from that garden of girls?

My last cigarette was cold in my fingers; I was a little chilled, for at midnight the air blew fresh from the hills. So Elizabeth was married!

I stole back to my room and put out the candle, which was still burning.

The next day was the Sabbath. How the spirit of the Lord's day broods over the regenerated tribes of the Antipodes! The solemnity of our matutinal meal was undisturbed save by the subdued murmur of the sea. In the

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door-yard the domestic fowls stretched lazily as is their custom of a Sunday; occasionally some hen, filled with wisdom and experience, broke the monotony with the sharp *staccato* of her recitative. The villagers spoke in hushed voices as they passed the house, walking with that undulating motion which seems to quicken the air, and sweeten it with the fragrance of their inevitable floral accompaniment.

Family prayers were more impressive than common, as befitted the day; and we were clothed in white raiment when we marched in grave and dignified procession down the long walk to the front gate, and thence by the road around the corner to the square white meeting-house; this we invariably did, instead of stepping quietly through the side gate, a short cut, and allowable on a week day when there was no service.

We filled the pastoral pew, facing the aisles, and watched the natives as they quietly glided in. They were resplendent after their kind, in purple and fine linen. Those who had shoes for the most part bore them in their hands as far as the threshold, where they were put on with some effort; but they were put off again almost as soon as the worshipers were seated. They imagine a vain thing who think that the dispensable shoe is a luxury.

Through all of that long, long sermon the hornets buzzed in and out of the window; sometimes a fitful gust from the sea fluttered the broad leaves in the banana hedge, and the breeze in the dense branches of the trees without was as the sound of a sudden shower.

In the high, old-fashioned choir-loft the natives sang lustily to the accompaniment of a wheezing melodeon. How I missed the voice of Elizabeth, that superb contralto voice which used to lead the dusky choristers. Perhaps she was even then piping like the nightingales that thrill the bowers in the villas of Frascati.

I grew restless in the heat of the afternoon; I began to think that the parsonage without Elizabeth was a bore. There were old haunts to be revisited about the island, and new spots to be discovered. I would fly into the wilderness, and set up my tabernacle in the mountain solitudes, where I could at least escape the frequent reminders that depreciated the frank hospitality of the pastor and his house.

It is no very difficult task to prepare for a tramp in the tropics: your food falls like manna from the boughs above you; your drink flows at your feet; you have a veritable bed of roses; and as for shelter, it is an impertinence to dream of such a thing.

Plan I had none; a bee or a bird was pilot enough for me.

There was a formal adieu at the hospitable gate, — a ponderous and patriarchal farewell. There was a hope expressed that we might be reunited, if not in the serene but suffocating atmosphere of the mission house, then in that bright world whose mysterious geography seemed as plain as day to the old pastor.

I passed out of the village saluted by the populace; all extremes meet at the antipodes. Why should they not? I saluted them again, as cordially as if I had been able to distinguish one from another, and strode onward down the wide, white road that girdles the island close upon the sea.

My heart grew light in my bosom. I sang a song of liberty, albeit I am no singer, and am never asked to sing; but somehow I bubbled over, and made the woods ring with thanksgiving and praise. I was passing southward toward Point Venus, on the Tahitian shore. On my right, the clouds were pierced by the sharp needles of Fatahua. I had heard of the picturesque retreat of the warriors who years ago, nested like young eagles among those mighty peaks, held the vultures of France at bay; why not

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spy out this wild haunt? At the very thought my fancy turned lightly from romance to historical research.

With the single exception of the tamarind-tree planted by Captain Cook at Point Venus, there is nothing in that part of the world of more interest to the antiquarian than Fatahua. It is a toy fort hidden away up in the mountains, by a stream that makes a clear leap of a thousand feet from under the shadow of cloud-crowned cliffs, and feeds a slender river that winds through dust and heat down a fine valley to the sea.

When Pomare, the queen, was a power, instead of a puppet, this eyrie might have been an altar to some deity; then came the French siege, and the dismayed natives fled from the shore to the mountains. Once within the battlements of Fatahua, they could defy the elements; and they did, rejoicing like the immortals. Close at hand grew fruits in inexhaustible profusion; the wood was filled with game; a stream flowed within their gates; and there was shade and sunshine without limit in that little world above the clouds.

The one possible hope for the French in the siege of Tahiti was to gain by strategy that fort of Fatahua; with the enemy in the heart of this stronghold the submission of the Tahitians would naturally follow. Two natives, treacherous dogs from a neighboring island, were bribed, and at night, by sinuous paths, ascending the mountain on the unpeopled slope of it, the French infantry was led to a cliff commanding the little fort. At daybreak, while the young eagles were pluming their wings, a volley of hot shot was poured into their nest, and it was speedily deserted.

There is a blow which paralyzes the heart, and they received it then. The ill-fated Tahitians came down to the sea again, and cast their nets as of yore, but they have never regained their pride or power, and never will.

I resolved to take Fatahua alone and single-handed; this seemed to me a dramatic justice. I laid in rations for a twelve-hour siege, footed it along a road that threads Fatahua valley, passed a sugar-mill loading the air with saccharine steams, crossed acres of thriving cane, fought shy of some native huts scattered among the bread-fruit trees, and was always within sound of the little river that dashed onward to the sea in the jolliest mood imaginable.

Having wedged myself in among the hills that are locked at the foot of the mountain, I began ascending. At this point three streams ran together, as if they were in a hurry to keep an appointment at the trails turning hither, and very soon lost themselves in the dense guava jungle.

I paused, perplexed. A wandering native took me upon his shoulders and kindly bore me across the second of the three streams, and I resumed my stealthy march.

The middle stream and the middle path, beginning at the big pardonas, is the only key to Fatahua. It was a long pull, and a weary one; the native had disappeared, and with him the last hope of human aid. Again my trail led me knee-deep into the riotous torrent; with shoes and stockings in hand, I forded it, only to find that it was next to impossible to replace them, for they were moist already. My kingdom for a shoehorn!

It is but two miles to the fort from the outer edge of the jungle, — two almost perpendicular and rather spongy miles; a combination of green shadows and gushing springs with an opaque background of guava growth.

At last I climbed into the open, and paused upon the edge of a frightful chasm; on the opposite brink, sixty yards away, the little fort hung like a swallow's nest under the eaves of the cliff. The gate had fallen from its hinges, and lay rotting in the moss; the parapets were marked with vines; the

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bastion was a bed of roses; the mango and the wild lime marked the ruin of turret and tower; the green banners of the plantain crackled in the gale; and the sentinel lizards, watchful at their posts, surrendered and slipped out of view at the approach of the invader. Without bloodshed the fort was mine!

Leaning from the dismantled ramparts, I heard the hiss of the water as it plunged into the darksome pool a thousand feet below; I saw the birds' backs as they sped through space; I dropped a great golden lime into the pit, and saw it go out in the profound shadow, like a globe of fire.

What a sanctuary for a recluse! Why not roll a stone against the narrow threshold, and forswear the world?

The deserted magazine, overrun with roses, was shelter enough from the brief showers that fall almost hourly through the night and day, and even from the gales that sometimes visit that island of tranquil delights.

Meat and drink were there, and music and sleep. What rapture to be voluntarily cast forth and forgotten of men! A place wherein to nurse one's fancies, and to brood on the great work one is always going to do, but never does.

While I mused thus the heavens darkened; down came the javelins of the rain in a sharp and sudden shower. I ignominiously retreated to the magazine, and threw myself upon a mat left by some earlier hermit. It was dark and chilly within that windowless habitation; there was a suggestion of mildew and of unmistakable discomfort, despite the picturesque element which ever predominates in the tropics.

On second thought, did I care to end my days in Fatahua? Suddenly the doorway was darkened by a stalwart brave, whose noiseless step had given no warning of his approach.

On his shoulder he balanced a bamboo laden with clusters of *feïi*, the wild plantain, that grows abundantly on the heights, and which, when cooked, is indispensable to the Tahitian palate.

He paused at the threshold until his friendly greeting had been returned; then he entered with some diffidence, deposited his fruits in a corner, squatted upon the mat near me, and breathed audibly, for his burden was heavy, and the trail no primrose path. Except for the *paren* that girded his loins, my visitor was quite naked.

Long we gazed at each other with an earnest, honest gaze that ended in a smile of recognition; we had never met before, but the uncivilized and the overcivilized are brothers. He placed his hand on my shoulder and stroked me fondly. From the back of his ear he drew his tobacco pouch, and rolled a cigarette, of which we took alternate puffs in token of perpetual peace.

Presently he made a fruit offering, guavas, mangoes, limes; then a drink offering, water in a cup formed of a folded leaf; and then — we had been silent until now — he said, in hesitating English with a childish accent, "I know you; you like me; you come my house."

I nodded assent. The savage shouldered his burden, and stepped lightly down the trail, turning now and again to give me a look or a word of encouragement; at every stream he put down his load and bore me dry-shod to the other shore; when it showered, as it now did at intervals, we halted under some broad-leaved tree.

Once we sat in the moss and renewed our vow in tobacco; and thus tranquilly we came at last to a log smouldering by a stream, and our tramp was ended.

It was a large log, partially decayed; it had been fired long before, and was slowly and imperceptibly burning, like a gigantic piece of punk. At meal time it could be blown into a flame; a few dry twigs and leaves heaped against it served to warm the frugal meal. This is the national Tahitian hearth, — a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night; it puts

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the blue spurt of the lucifer match to the blush; showers cannot quench it; the gale gives it new life; it was the one luxury in the household of my host.

I was attracted by a rude shelter, close at hand, and went thither to inspect it. Imagine a screen of leaves, about six feet wide and eight feet high, slanting against the trade-wind, and supported by a couple of unbarked saplings; the gale rushed over it, the rain slid down it. The sides and front were as open as the day. Three logs hedged in a bed of fine grass-mats, which, like a carpet, filled the space from the low eaves in the trusses to the sapling supports in front; plump clean pillows were stowed in corners; an uncovered calabash contained articles of feminine apparel; a silver thimble and a bit of unfinished embroidery with a needle thrust through it lay on the mat; a hand-mirror was lodged among the beams of the roof. Evidently the bower was not unvisited of women. From the peak of the roof hung a cluster of ripe bananas; I filled my hands, and returned to the blazing log.

For the most part, my companion and I communed in silence. You may sit for hours by a savage without uttering a syllable, yet he will turn to you at intervals with an intelligent glance and an appreciative smile, as if he comprehended everything you left unsaid.

While we were thus growing in grace we were startled by a sharp cry. In a moment we discovered the cause of the alarm: a goat, standing on its hind legs, with one hoof directly pressing the support of the bower, was playing havoc with the bananas.

With the cry a woman sprang from the thicket, a babe at her breast, and seizing the destroyer by the horns she lustily dragged him away. For a few moments there was a struggle, while the child screamed with fright, but with the aid of my comrade the beast was beaten into the bush, and the woman, breathless with exertion and laughter, returned to the bower, where she nestled her babe in her arms.

I was presented in an ingenuous fashion, and seating myself on the threshold with unfeigned interest I regarded the hostess. She was scantily clad; her single garment, sleeveless, and with the fastening over the breast broken in the struggle, slipped from her well-turned shoulder; her rich locks fallen from the comb partially veiled her. Her beauty was heightened by her confusion, and she hastily sought to swathe the naked babe in the folds of her robe.

To my surprise, she addressed me in English, admirable English, which flowed from her lips as freely as if it were her native tongue. This was her husband, she said, and this her home. There was something in her voice that startled me; it seemed the echo of a forgotten song.

The babe was laid to sleep upon a pillow; the mother busied herself with cookery; the father meanwhile looking on idly.

We grew communicative; dinner *al fresco* is ever a jovial meal, — fish from the sea, feü from the mountain, bread-fruit, oranges, bananas, from the wild plantations of the valley. We broke the bread of ease, and solaced ourselves with such trivial scraps of gossip as were flung about the island from lip to lip.

The woman's conversational abilities astounded me; while the man sat in statuesque indifference, she spoke of nature and her life in nature with unaffected enthusiasm. As we grew more familiar I ventured to intrude upon her confidences, and not without startling results.

This was Hokoolélé; this was the Elizabeth whom I had known some years before, when she was in gingham and abeyance at the mission house. She had not recognized me, but this was scarcely surprising: I was fagged out; I had achieved a beard; I was weather-worn, and by no means so mirthful as when she knew me in my adolescence

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Moreover, at the pastor's house, almost the only guest house in the village, she saw many strangers, and was probably interested in but few of them; but finding that we were indeed old friends, she told me her story, which ran something like this: —

Her fate, the bronzed fellow who piloted me to her fireside, first saw her at the church, whither he had wandered out of idle curiosity, for he was not of the elect. The love of a savage is instantaneous and overwhelming. He loved; he watched her afar off for a little time, fearful of stepping into the charmed circle that surrounded her. Their eyes had met; what the lip dares not utter in secret the eyes publish to the world. He piped to her in the twilight. He wooed her with both flute and harp, — a harp strung with horsehair: it is possible with this harp to say even unutterable things.

Night after night the bronzed one came out of his lair in the hills, and woke his lady from her Christian slumbers to listen to the loves of her race.

He pictured the life she had been so early weaned from; the divine passion inflamed him; in his heart he caressed her. His beseeching songs grew more fervent, until they rose into threnes and lamentations, and then she yielded; but flute and harp were not resigned until they had sounded the last strain of the epithalamium.

The pastor wedded them, because he saw that this marriage was the least of the two evils that threatened Elizabeth.

At long intervals she revisited her early home, but she seemed to have let fall from her, like a mantle, all the influences of domestic Puritan life. She was no longer Elizabeth, but Hokoolélé, the shooting star.

"And you prefer this life," I asked, "to any other?"

"Infinitely," she replied, in a tone of earnest conviction.

A little way down the stream stood a thatched hut; thither I was conducted by the husband of Elizabeth, and for his sake and hers was most cordially welcomed by the master and his household.

The bronzed one bade me farewell, and vanished into the night; I was to resume my pilgrimage to nowhere in particular on the following morning.

I had left Elizabeth standing in the fire-light, bare-headed, bare-footed, bare armed, and with a bare shift to cover her, as gentle a savage as ever drew breath or blood; but I wondered if her wakeful eyes ever turned again to the luxury of shelter and plenty, and if the shadow of repentance plunged its airy dagger to her heart, and made horrible the long silences of the night.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

MY NEIGHBOR'S RING.

I NEVER envied his fair, fruitful lands,
His stately house, his slaves, nor anything,
In the old days; for on his too white hands
I saw and knew the Ring.

To-night there is strange news abroad, I 'm told.
The Ring, the Ring! — It is the same, ah me,
That to their lord the fishermen of old
Brought back from the deep sea!

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

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THE KATRINA SAGA.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

MURRAY'S Guide-Book, that paradoxical union of the false and the true, says of Christiania, "There is not much of interest in the town, and it may be seen in from four to five hours." The person who made that statement did not have Katrina with him, and perhaps ought therefore to be forgiven. He had not strolled with her through the market square of a morning, and among the old women, squatted low, with half a dozen flat, open baskets of fruit before them: blueberries, currants, raspberries, plums, pears, and all shades, sizes, and flavors of cherries, from the pale and tasteless yellow up to those wine-red and juicy as a grape; the very cherry, it must have been, which made Lucullus think it worth while to carry the tree in triumphal procession into Rome. Queer little wooden boxes set on four low wheels, with a short pole, by which a strong man or woman can draw them, are the distinctive feature of out-door trade in the Christiania market-places. A compacter, cheaper device for combining storage, transportation, and exhibition was never hit on. The boxes hold a great deal. They make a good counter; and when there are twenty or thirty of them together, with poles set up at the four corners, a clothes-line fastened from pole to pole and swung full of cheap stuffs of one sort and another, ready-made garments, hats, caps, bonnets, shoes, clothes-pins, wooden spoons, baskets, and boxes, — the venders sitting behind or among their wares, on firkins bottom side up, — it is a spectacle not to be despised; and when a market-place, filled with such many-colored fluttering merchandise as this, is also flanked by old clothes stalls which are like nothing except the Ghetto, or Rag Fair in London, it is indeed worth looking at. To have at one's side an alert native, of frugal mind and unsparing tongue, belonging to that class of women who can never see a low-priced article offered for sale without, for the moment, contemplating it as a possible purchase, adds incalculably to the interest of a saunter through such a market. The thrifty Katrina never lost sight of the possibility of lighting upon some bargain of value to her home housekeeping; and our rooms filled up from day to day with her acquisitions. She was absolutely without false pride in the matter of carrying odd burdens. One day she came lugging a big twisted door-mat, with, "You see dat? For de door. In Bergen I give exact double." The climax of her purchases was a fine washboard, which she brought in in her arms, and exclaimed, laughing, "What you tink the porter say to me? He ask if I am going to take in washing up here. I only give two crowns for dat," she said, eying it with the fondest exultation, and setting it in a conspicuous place, leaning against the side of the room; "it is better as I get for four in Bergen." Good little Katrina! her hands were too white and pretty to be spoiled by hard rubbing on a washboard. They were her one vanity, and it was pardonable.

"Did you ever see hand like mine?" she said one day, spreading her right hand out on the table. "Dere was two English ladies, dey say it ought to be made in warx, and send to see in Crystal Palace. See dem?" she continued, sticking her left forefinger into the four dimples which marked the spots where knuckles are in ordinary hands; "dem

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is nice." It was true. The hand was not small, but it was a model: plump, solid, dimples for knuckles, all the fingers straight and shapely; done in "warx," it would have been a beautiful thing, and her pleasure in it was just as guileless as her delight in her washboard.

As she delved deeper in her Frithiof's Saga, she discovered that she had been greatly wrong in her childish impressions of the story: "It was not as I tought," she said; "King Ring did get Ingeborg after; but he had to die, and leaved her."

When we went out to Oscar's Hall, which is a pretty country seat of the king's, on the beautiful peninsula of Ladegaardsöen, she was far more interested in the sculptured cornice which told the story of Frithiof and Ingeborg, than in any of the more splendid things, or those more suggestive of the life of the king. The rooms are showily decorated: ceilings in white with gold stars, walls paneled with velvet; gay-colored frescoes, and throne-like chairs in which "many kings and queens have sat," the old woman who kept the keys said. Everywhere were the royal shields with the crown and the lion; at the corners of the doors, at the crossings of ceiling beams, above brackets, looking-glasses, and on chair-backs.

"I tink the king get tired looking at his crown all de time," remarked Katrina, composedly. "I wonder vere dey could put in one more."

The bronze statues of some of the old kings pleased her better. She studied them carefully: Olaf and Harald Haarfager, Sverre Sigurdson and Olaf Tryggvesson; they stand leaning upon their spears, as if on guard. The face of Harald looks true to the record of him: a fair-haired, blue-eyed man, who stopped at nothing when he wanted his way, and was just as ready to fall in love with six successive women after he had labored hard twelve years for Gyda, and won her, as before.

"He is de nicest," said Katrina, lingering before his statue, and reaching up and fingering the bronze curiously. "Ain't it wonderful how dey can make such tings!" she added with a deep-drawn sigh. But when I pointed to the cornice, and said, "Katrina, I think that must be the story of the Frithiof's Saga," she bounded, and threw her head back, like a deer snuffing the wind. "Ja, ja," cried the old woman, evidently pleased that I recognized it, and then she began to pour out the tale. Is there a peasant in all Norway that does not know it, I wonder? The first medallion was of the children, Frithiof and Ingeborg, playing together. "Dere," said Katrina, "dat is vat I told you. Two trees growed in one place, nicely in the garden; one growed with de strongth of de oak, dat was Frithiof; and de rose in the green walley, dat was Ingeborg de beauty."

Very closely she scanned the medallions one after the other, criticising their fidelity to the record. When she came to the one where Frithiof is supporting King Ring on his knee, fainting, or sleeping, she exclaimed, "Dere, if he had been dat bad, he could have killed King Ring den, ven he was sleeping; but see, he have thrown his sword away;" and at last, when the sculpture represented King Ring dying, and bequeathing his beautiful queen and her children to Frithiof, she exclaimed, "Dere, dem two boys belongs to King Ring; but now Frithiof gets her. Dat is good, after all dat dem two had gone through with."

King Oscar makes very little use of this pretty country house. He comes there sometimes once or twice in the course of a summer, for a day, or part of a day, but never to sleep, the old woman said. All the rest of the time it is empty and desolate, with only this one poor old woman to keep it tidy; a good berth for her, but a pity that nobody should be taking comfort all sum-

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mer in the superb outlooks and offlooks from its windows and porch, and in the shady walks along the banks of the fjord. One of the old Norway kings, Hakon, thought the peninsula beautiful enough for a wedding morning gift to his queen, but it seems not to have been held so dear by her as it ought, for she gave it away to the monks who lived on the neighboring island of Hovedöen. Then, in the time of the Reformation, when monks had to scatter and go begging, and monastic properties were lying about loose everywhere, the Norwegian kings picked up Ladegaardsöen again, and it has been a crown property ever since.

One of the most charming of the short drives in what Katrina called "the nearance" of Christiania is to the "Grefsens Bad," a water-cure establishment only two miles away, by road, to the north, but lying so much higher up than the town that it seems to lie in another world, — as in fact it does, for, climbing there, one rises to another and so different air that he becomes another man, being born again through his lungs. It is a good pull up a stony and ill-kept road, to reach the place, but it is more than worth while, for sake of the clear look out to sea, over a delicious foreground of vivid green fields and woods.

"This is the place where all the sick peoples in Norway do come when de doctors cannot do nottings more for dem," said Katrina; "den dey comes here. Here came our last king, King Oscar, and den he did die on the dock ven he vas coming away. He had all de climb dis hill vor notting. Ven it is the time, one has to go, no matter how much money dey will pay; dere is One" . . . Here she stopped hesitating for a word . . . "You know all vat I mean: dere is One what has it all his own way, not de way we wish it shall be." This she said devoutly, and was silent for an unwonted length of time afterwards.

As we were driving down the steepest part of the hill, a man came running after us, calling so loudly to us to stop that we were alarmed, thinking something must be wrong with our carriage, or in the road. Not at all. He was a roadside merchant; not precisely a peddler, since he never went out of his own town, but a kind of aristocratic vender in a small circuit, it seemed; we saw him afterwards in other suburbs, bearing with him the same mysterious basket, and I very much fear, poor fellow, the same still more mysterious articles in it. Not even on Norwegian country roads, I think, could there be found many souls so dead to all sense of beauty as to buy the hideous and costly combinations which he insisted upon laying in my lap: a sofa-cushion, square, thick, and hard, of wine-colored velvet, with a sprawling tree and bird laid upon it in an appliqué pattern cut out of black and white velvet; a long and narrow strip of the same velvet, with the same black and white velvet foliage and poultry, was trimmed at the ends with heavy fringe, and intended for a sideboard or a bureau; a large square tablecloth to match completed the list of his extraordinary wares. It was so odd a wayside incident that it seemed to loom quite out of its normal proportions as a mere effort at traffic. He insisted on spreading the articles in my lap. He could not be persuaded to take them away. The driver turning round on his seat, and Katrina leaning over from hers, both rapt in admiration of the monstrosities, were stolidly oblivious of my indifference. The things seemed to grow bigger and bigger each moment, and more and more hideous, and it was at last only by a sudden effort of sternness, as if shaking off a spell, that I succeeded in compelling the man to lift them from my knees and fold them away in his basket. As soon as he had gone, I was seized with misgivings that I had been ungracious, and these misgivings were much

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heightened by Katrina's soliloquizing as follows: —

"He! I tink he never take dem tings away. His wife are sick; dat is de reason he is on de road instead of her. He was sure you would buy dem."

I hope they are sold. I wish I could know.

The suburbs of Christiania which lie along the road to the Grefsens Bad are ugly, dusty, and unpleasing. "I tink we go some oder way dan way we came," said Katrina. "Dere must be better way." So saying, she stopped the driver abruptly, and after some vigorous conversation he took another road.

"He ask more money to go by St. John's Hill, but I tell him you not pay any more. I can see it is not farther; I ask him if he tink I got eyes in de head," she said scornfully, waving her fat fingers towards the city which lay close at hand.

"Ah, dat is great day," she continued, "St. John's Day. Keep you dat in America? Here it is fires all round, from one hill to one hill. Dat is from de old time. I tink it is from Catolics. Dey did do so much for dem old saints, you see. I tink dat is it; but I tink dey do not just know in Norway to-day what for dey do it. It has been old custom from parents to parents."

Then I told her about Balder, and his death, and asked her if she had never seen the country people put a boat on the top of their bonfire on St. John's Eve.

"Yes, I did see dat, once, in Stavanger," she replied, "but it was old boat; no use any more. I tink dat be to save wood. It are cheapest wood dey have, old boat. Dat were not to give to any god."

"No, you are mistaken, Katrina," I said. "They have done that for hundreds of years in Norway. It is to remind them of Balder's great ship, the Hringhorn, and to commemorate his death."

"May be," she said curtly, "but I don't tink. I only see dat once; and all my life I see de fires, all round Bergen, and everywhere, and dere was no boat on dem. I don't tink."

We drove into the city through one of the smaller fruit markets, where, late as it was, the old women still lingered with their baskets of cherries, pears, and currants; they were not losing time, for they were all knitting, fast as their fingers could fly; such a thing as a Norwegian wasting time is not to be seen, I verily believe, from the North Cape to the Skager Rack, and one would think that they knit stockings enough for the whole continent of Europe; old men, old women, little girls, and even little boys, all knitting, knitting, morning, noon, and night, by roadsides, on doorsills, in market places; wherever they sit down, or stand, to rest, they knit. As our carriage stopped, down went the stockings, balls rolling, yarn tangling, on the sidewalk, and up jumped the old women, all crowding round me, smiling, each holding out a specimen of her fruit for me to taste. "Eat, lady, eat. It is good." "Eat and you will buy." "No such cherries as these in Christiania." "Taste of my plums." A chorus of imploring voices and rattling hail of *sks*. Hurried and confused talk in the Norwegian tongue as spoken by uneducated people is a bewildering racket; it hardly sounds like human voices. If the smiles did not redeem it, it would be something insupportable; but the smiles do redeem it, transfigure it, lift it up to the level of superior harmonies. Such graciousness of eye and of smiling lips triumphs over all possible discord of sound; even over the Norwegian battery of consonants.

Katrina fired back to them all; I fear she reproved them; for they subsided suddenly into silence, and left the outstretched withered palms holding the fruit to speak for themselves.

"I only tell dem you cannot buy all

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de market out. You can say vat you like," she said.

Pears and cherries, and plums too, because the old plum-woman looked poorer than the rest, I bought, and as we drove away the chorus followed us again with good wishes. "Dey are like crazy old vomans," remarked Katrina; "I never heard such noise of old vomans to once time before." A few minutes after we reached the house she disappeared suddenly, and presently returned with a little cantelope melon in her hands. Standing before me, with a curious and hesitating look on her face, she said, "Is dis vat you like?"

"Oh, yes!" I exclaimed, grateful for the sight. "I was longing for one yesterday. Where did you get it?"

"I not get it. I borrow it for you to see. I tell the man I bring it back," she replied, still with the same curious expressions of doubt flitting over her queer little face.

"Why, whose melon is it?" I exclaimed. "What did you bring it for if it were not for sale?"

"Oh, it is for selled, if you like to buy," she said; still with the hesitant expression.

"Of course I like to buy it," I said impatiently. "How much does it cost?"

"Dat is it," replied Katrina sententiously. "It is too dear to buy, I tell the man; but he said I should bring it to you, to see. I tink you vill not buy it;" still with the quizzical look on her face.

Quite out of patience, I cried, "But why don't you tell me the price of it? I should like it very much. It can't be so very dear."

"Dat it can," answered Katrina chuckling, at last letting out her suppressed laugh. "He ask six kroner for dat ting; and I tink you not buy it at such price, so I bring to make you laugh."

One dollar and sixty-two cents for a tiny cantelope! Katrina had her reward. "Oh, but I am dat glad ven I make you laugh," she said roguishly, picking up her melon, as I cried out with surprise and amusement, "I should think not. I never heard of such a price for a melon."

"So I tink," said Katrina. "I ask de man who buy dem melons, and he say plenty peoples; but I tink it is all shtories." And she ran down stairs laughing so that I heard her, all the way, two flights down to the door.

High up on the dark wooded mountain wall which lies to the north and northwest of Christiania is a spot of light color. In the early morning it is vivid green; sometimes at sunset it catches a tint of gold; but neither at morn nor at night can it ever be overlooked. It is a perpetual lure to the eye, and stimulus to the imagination. What eyrie is it that has cleared for itself this loop-hole in the solid mountain forest? Is it a clearing, or only a bit of varied wooding of a contrasting color to the rest? For several days I looked at it before I asked, and I had grown so impressed by its mystery and charm, that when I found it was a house, the summer home of a rich Christiania family, and one of the places always shown to travelers, I felt more than half-way minded not to go near it; to keep it still nothing more than a far away, changing, luring oasis of sunny gold or wistful green on the mountain side. Had it been called by any other name, my instinct to leave it unknown might have triumphed; but the words "Frogner Sæter" were almost as great a lure to the imagination as the green oasis itself. The sæter, high up on some mountain side, is the fulfilling of the Norwegian out-door life, the key-note of the Norwegian summer. The gentle kine know it as well as their mistresses who go thither with them. Three months in the upper air, in the spicy and fragrant woods — no matter if it be solitary and if the work be hard, the

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sæter life must be the best the Norwegians know — must elevate and develop them, and strengthen them for their long, sunless winters. I had looked up from the Vossevangen Valley, from Ringeriket, and from the Hardanger country to many such gleaming points of lighter green, tossed up as it were on the billowy forests. They were beyond the reach of any methods of ascent at my command; unwillingly I had accepted again and again the wisdom of the farm people, who said "the road up to the sæter was too hard for those who were not used to it." Reluctantly I had put the sæter out of my hopes, as a thing to be known only by imagination and other people's descriptions. Therefore the name of the Frogner Sæter was a lure not to be resisted; a sæter to which one might drive in a comfortable carriage over a good road could not be the ideal sæter of the wild country life, but still, it was called "sæter;" we would go; and we would take a day for the going and coming.

"Dat will be bestest," said Katrina. "I tink you like dat high place better as Christiania."

On the way we called at the office of a homœopathic physician, whose name had been given to me by a Bergen friend. He spoke no English, and for the first time Katrina's failed. I saw at once that she did not convey my meanings to him, nor his to me, with accuracy. She was out of her depth. Her mortification was droll; it reached the climax when it came to the word "dynamic." Poor little child! How should she have known that!

"I vill understand! I vill!" she exclaimed; and the good-natured doctor took pains to explain to her at some length; at the end of his explanation she turned to me triumphantly, with a nod: "Now I know very well; it is another kind of strength from the strength of a machine. It is not such strength that you can see, or you can make with your hands; but it is strength all the same," — a definition which might be commended to the careful attention of all persons in the habit or need of using the word dynamic.

It is five miles from Christiania out and up to the Frogner Sæter: first through pretty suburban streets which are more roads than streets, with picturesque wooden houses, painted in wonderful colors, — lilac, apple-green, white with orange-colored settings to doors and windows, yellow pine left its own color, oiled, and decorated with white or with maroon red; they look like the gay toy houses sold in boxes for children to play with; there is no one of them, perhaps, which one would not grow very weary of, if he had to see it every day, but the effect of the succession of them along the roadside is surprisingly gay and picturesque. Their variety of shape and the pretty little balconies of carved lattice work add much to this picturesqueness. They are all surrounded by flower gardens of a simple kind; old-fashioned flowers growing in clumps and straight borders, and every window-sill full of plants in bloom; windows all opening outward like doors; so that in a warm day, when every window-sash is thrown open, the houses have a strange look of being a-flutter. There is no expression of elegance or of the habits or standards of great wealth about these suburban houses of Christiania; but there is a very rare and charming expression of comfort and good cheer, and a childlike simplicity which dotes on flowers and has not outgrown the love of bright colors. I do not know anywhere a region where houses are so instantly and good-naturedly attractive, with a suggestion of good fellowship, and sensible, easy-going good times inside and out.

The last three miles of the road to the sæter are steadily up, and all the way through dense woods of fir and spruce, — that grand Norway spruce,

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which spreads its boughs out generously as palms, and loads down each twig so full that by their own weight of shining green the lower branches trail out along the ground, and the upper ones fold a little and slant downwards from the middle, as if avalanches of snow had just slid off on each side and bent them. Here were great beds of ferns, clusters of bluebells, and territories of linnea. In June, the mountain side must be fragrant with its flowers.

Katrina glowed with pleasure. In her colder, barrener home she had seen no such lavishness as this.

"Oh, but ven one tinks, how nature is wonderful!" she cried. "Here all dese tings grow up, demselves! noting to be done. Are dey not wort more dan in gardens? In gardens always must be put in a corn before anyting come up; and all dese nice tings come up alone, demselves."

"Oh, but see vat God has done; how much better than all vat people can; no matter vat dey make!"

Half-way up the mountain we came to a tiny house, set in a clearing barely big enough to hold the house and let a little sun in on it from above.

"Oh I wish-shed I had dat little house!" she exclaimed. "Dat house could stand in Bergen. I like to carry dat home and dem trees to it; but my husband, he would not like it. He likes Bergen house bestest."

As we drew near the top, we met carriages coming down. Evidently it was the custom to drive to the Frogner Sæter.

"I tink in dat first carriage were Chews," said Katrina, scornfully. "I do hate dem Chews. I can't bear dat kind of people."

"Why not, Katrina?" I asked. "It is not fair to hate people because of their religion."

"Oh, dat I don't know about deir religion," she replied carelessly. "I don't tink dey got much religion any how. I tink dey are kind of thieves. I saw it in New York. Ven I went into Chew shop, he say a ting are tree dollar; and I say, 'No, dat are too dear.' Den he say, 'You can have for two dollar;' and I say, 'No I cannot take;' and den he say, 'Oh, have it for one dollar and half;' and I tink all such tings are not real. I hate dem Chews. Dey are all de same in all places. Dey are chust like dat, if dey come in Norway. Very few Chews comes in Norway. Dat is one good ting."

In a small open, part clearing, part natural rocky crest of the hill, stood the sæter: great spaces of pink heather to right and left of it, a fir wood walling it on two sides; to the south and the east, a clear off look over the two bays of the Christiania Fjord, past all their islands, out to sea, and the farthest horizon; Christiania lay like an insignificant huddle of buildings in the nearer foreground; its only beauty now being in its rich surrounding of farm lands, which seemed to hold it like a rough brown pebble in an emerald setting.

The house itself fronted south. Its piazza and front windows commanded this grand view. It was of pine logs, smoothed and morticed into each other at the corners. Behind it was a hollow square of the farm buildings: sheds, barns, and the pretty white cottage of the overseer. The overseer's wife came running to meet us, and with cordial good-will took us into the house, and showed us every room. She had the pride of a retainer in the place, and when she found that none of its beauty was lost on me, she warmed and grew communicative. It will not be easy to describe the charm of this log-house; only logs inside as well as out; but the logs are Norway pine, yellow and hard and shining, taking a polish for floors and ceiling as fine as ash or maple, and making for the walls belts and stripes of gold color better than paper; all cross beams and partitions are morticed

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at the joinings, instead of crossing and lapping. This alone gives to these Norwegian houses an expression quite unlike that of ordinary log-houses. A little carved work of a simple pattern, at the cornices of the rooms and on the ceiling beams, was the only ornamentation of the house; and a great glass door, of a single pane, opening on the piazza, was the only luxurious thing about it. Everything else was simply and beautifully picturesque. Old Norwegian tapestries hung here and there on the walls, their vivid reds and blues coming out superbly on the yellow pine; curious antique corner cupboards, painted in chaotic colors of fantastic brightness; old fireplaces built out into the room, in the style of the most ancient Norwegian farm-houses; old brasses, sconces, plaques, and candlesticks; and a long dining-table, with wooden benches of hollowed planks for seats, such as are to be seen to-day in some of the old ruined baronial castles in England.

In the second-story rooms were old-fashioned bedsteads; one of carved pine, so high that it needed a step-ladder to mount it; the other built like a cupboard against the wall, and shut by two sliding doors, which on being pushed back disclosed two narrow bunks. This is the style of bed in many of the Norwegian farm-houses still. On the sliding door of the upper bunk was a small photograph of the prince imperial, and the woman told us with great pride that he had slept one night in that bed.

Up-stairs again, by narrow winding stairs, and there we found the whole floor left undivided save by the big chimney stack which came up in the middle; the gable ends of the garret opened out in two great doors like barn doors; under the eaves, the whole length of each side, was a row of bunk beds, five on each side, separated only by a board partition. This was a great common bedroom, "used for gentlemen at Christmas time," the woman said. "There had as many as fifteen or twenty gentlemen slept in that room."

At Christmas, it seems, it is the habit of the family owning this unique and charming country house to come up into the woods for a two weeks' festivity. The snow is deep. The mercury is well down near zero or below; but the road up the mountain is swept level smooth: sledges can go easier in winter than carriages can in summer; and the vast outlook over the glittering white land and shining blue sea full of ice islands must be grander than when the islands and the land are green. Pine logs in huge fireplaces can warm any room; and persons of the sort that would think of spending Christmas in a fir wood on a mountain top could make a house warm even better than pine logs could do it. Christmas at the Frogner Sæter must be a Christmas worth having.

"The house is as full as ever it can hold," said the woman, "and fifty sit down to dinner sometimes; they think nothing of driving up from Christiania and down again at midnight."

What a place for sleigh-bells to ring on a frosty night; that rocky hill crest swung out as it were in clear space of upper air, with the great Christiania Fjord stretching away beneath, an ice-bound, ice-flaked sea, white and steel black under the winter moon! I fancied the house blazing like a many-sided beacon out of the darkness of the mountain front at midnight; the bells clanging; the voices of lovers and loved chiming; and laughter and mirth ringing; I think for years to come the picture will be so vivid in my mind, that I shall find myself on many a Christmas night mentally listening to the swift bells chiming down the mountain from the Frogner Sæter.

The eastern end of the piazza is closed in by a great window, one single pane of glass like the door; so that in this corner, sheltered from the wind, but los-

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ing nothing of the view, one can sit in even cold weather. Katrina cuddled herself down like a kitten, in the sun, on the piazza steps, and looking up at me, as I sat in this sheltered corner, said approvingly, —

"Dis you like. I ask de voman if we could stay here; but she got no room: else she would like to keep us. I tink I stay here all my life: only for my husband, I go back."

Then she pulled out the Saga and read some pages of Ingeborg's Lament, convulsing me in the beginning by saying that it was "Ingeborg's Whale." It was long before I grasped that she meant "Wail."

"What you say ven it is like as if you cry, but you do not cry?" she said. "Dat is it. It stands in my dictionary, whale!" and she reiterated it with some impatience at my stupidity in not better understanding my own language. When I explained to her the vast difference between "whale" and "wail" she was convulsed in her turn. "Oh, dere are so many words in English which do have same sound and mean so different ting," she said, "I tink I never learn to speak English in dis world."

While we were sitting there, a great speckled woodpecker flew out from the depths of the wood, lighted on a fir near the house, and began racing up and down the tree, tapping the bark with his strong bill, like the strokes of a hammer.

"There is your Gertrude bird, Katrina," said I. She looked bewildered. "The woman that Christ punished," I said, "and turned her into the Gertrude bird; do you not know the old story?" No, she had never heard it. She listened with wide-open eyes while I told her the old Norwegian legend, which it was strange that I knew and she did not, how Christ and Peter, stopping one day at the door of a woman who was kneading her bread, asked her for a piece. She broke a piece for them, but as she was rolling it out, it grew under her roller till it filled her table. She laid it aside, saying it was too large, broke off another piece, rolled it out with the same result; it grew larger every moment. She laid that aside, and took a third bit, the smallest she could possibly break off; the same result; that too grew under her roller till it covered the table. Then her heart was entirely hardened, and she laid this third piece on one side, saying, "Go your ways, I cannot spare you any bread to-day." Then Christ was angry, and opened her eyes to see who he was. She fell on her knees, and implored his forgiveness, but he said, "No. You shall henceforth seek your bread from day to day, between the wood and the bark;" and he changed her into a bird, the Gertrude bird, or woodpecker. The legend runs, however, that relenting, the Lord said that when the plumage of the bird should become entirely black, her punishment should be at an end. The Gertrude bird grows darker and darker every year, and, when it is old, has no white to be seen in its plumage. When the white has all disappeared, then the Lord Christ takes it for his own, so the legend says; and no Norwegian will ever injure a Gertrude bird, because he believes it to be under God's protection, doing this penance.

"Is dat true?" asked Katrina seriously. "Dat must have been when de Lord was going about on dis earth; ven he was ghost. I never hear dat."

I tried to explain to her the idea of a fable.

"Fable," she said, "fable, — dat is to teach people to be giving ven dey got, and not send peoples away vidout notings. Dat 's what I see, many times I see. But I do not see dat de peoples dat is all for saving all dey got, gets any richer. I tink if you give all the time to dem dat is poorer, dat is de way to be richer. Dere is always some vat is poorer."

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In the cozy little sitting-room of her white cottage, the farmer's wife gave us a lunch which would not have been any shame to any lady's table, — scrambled eggs, bread, rusks, milk, and a queer sort of election cake, with raisins but no sugar. This Katrina eyed with the greed of a child; watched to see if I liked it, and exclaimed, "We only get dat once a year, at Christmas time." Seeing that I left a large piece on my plate, she finally said, "Do you tink it would be shame if I take dat home? It is too good to be leaved." With great glee, on my first word of permission, she crammed it into her omnivorous pocket, which already held a dozen or more green apples that she had persisted in picking up by the roadside, as we came.

As we drove down the mountain, the glimpses here and there, between the trees, of the fjord and islands were even more beautiful than the great panorama seen from the top. Little children ran out to open gates for us, and made their pretty Norwegian curtsies, with smiles of gratitude for a penny; we met scores of peasant women going out to their homes, bearing all sorts of burdens swung from a yoke laid across their shoulders. The thing that a Norwegian cannot contrive to swing from one side or the other of his shoulder-yoke must be very big indeed. The yokes seem equally adapted to everything, from a butter firkin to a silk handkerchief full of cabbages. Weights which would be far too heavy to carry in any other way the peasants take in this, and trot along between their swinging loads at as round a pace as if they had nothing to carry. We drove a roundabout way to our hotel, to enable Katrina to see an old teacher of hers; through street after street of monotonous stucco-walled houses, each with a big open door, a covered way leading into a court behind, and glimpses of clothes-lines, or other walls and doorways, or green yards, beyond; two thirds of the houses in Christiania are on this plan; the families live in flats, or parts of flats. Sometimes there are eight or ten brass bell-handles, one above another, on the side of one of these big doorways, each door-bell marking a family. The teacher lived in a respectable but plain house of this kind, — she and her sister; they had taught Katrina in Bergen when she was a child, and she retained a warm and grateful memory of them; one had been married, and her husband was in America, where they were both going to join him soon. Everywhere in Norway one meets people whose hearts are in America: sons, husbands, daughters, lovers. Everybody would go if it were possible; once fourteen thousand went in one year, I was told. These poor women had been working hard to support themselves by teaching and by embroidering. Katrina brought down, to exhibit to me, a dog's head embroidered in the finest possible silks, silks that made a hair stroke like a fine pen; it was a marvelously ingenious thing, but no more interesting than the "Lord's Prayer written in the circumference of two inches," or any of that class of marvels.

"Dey take dese to America," Katrina said. "Did you ever see anyting like dem dere? Dey get thirty kroner for one of dem dogs. It is chust like live dog."

After we returned, Katrina disappeared again on one of her mysterious expeditions, whose returns were usually of great interest to me. This time they brought to both of us disappointment. Coming in with a radiant face, and the usual little newspaper bundle in her hand, she cried out, "Now I got you de bestest ting yet," and held out her treasures: a pint of small berries, a little larger than whortleberries, and as black and shining as jet. "Dis is de bestest berry in all Norway," she exclaimed, whipping one into her own mouth; "see if you like."

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I incautiously took three or four at once. Not since the days of old-fashioned Dover's and James's powders have I ever tasted a more nauseous combination of flavors, than resided in those glittering black berries.

"You not like dem berries?" cried poor Katrina, in dismay at my disgust, raising her voice and its inflections at every syllable. "You not like dem berries? I never hear of nobody not liking dem berries. Dey is bestest we got! Any way, I eat dem myself," she added philosophically, and retreated crestfallen to her room, where I heard her smacking her lips over them for half an hour. I believe she ate the whole at a sitting. They must have been a variety of black currant, and exclusively intended by nature for medicinal purposes, but Katrina came out hearty and well as ever the next day, after having swallowed some twelve or sixteen ounces of them.

By way of atoning for her mishap with the berries, she ran out early the next morning and bought a little packet of odds and ends of strong-scented leaves, and dust of several kinds, and, coming up behind my chair, held it close under my nose, with —

"Ain't dat nice smell? Ain't dat better as dem berries? Oh, I tink I never stop laughing ven I am at home ven I tink how you eat dem berries. Dey are de bestest berries we got."

On my approving the scent, she seemed much pleased, and laid the little packet on my table, remarking that I could "chust smell it ven I liked." She added that in the winter time they kept it in all Norwegian houses and strewed it on the stoves when they were hot, and it "smelled beautiful." They called it "king's smoke," she said, and nobody would be without it.

It is easy to see why the Norwegians, from the king down, must need some such device as this to make tolerable the air in their stove-heated rooms in winter. It was appalling to look at their four and five storied stoves, and think how scorched the air must be by such a mass of heated iron. The average Norwegian stove is as high as the door of the room, or even higher. It is built up of sections of square-cornered hollow iron pipe, somewhat as we build card houses; back and forth, forward and back, up and across, through these hollow blocks of cast iron, goes the heated air. It takes hours to get the tower heated from bottom to top, but once it is heated there is a radiating mass of burnt iron, with which it must be terrible to be shut up. The open spaces between the cross sections must be very convenient for many purposes: to keep all sorts of things hot; and a man given to the habit of tipping back in his chair, and liking to sit with his feet higher than his head, could keep his favorite attitude and warm his feet at the same time, a thing that could n't be done with any other sort of stove.

One of my last days in Christiania was spent on the island of Hovedöen, a short half hour's row from the town. Here are the ruins of an old monastery, dating back to the first half of the twelfth century, and of priceless interest to antiquarians, who tell inch by inch, among the old grass-grown stones, just where the abbot sat, and the monks prayed, and through which arch they walked at vespers. Bits of the old carved cornices are standing everywhere, leaning up against the moss-grown walls, which look much less old for being hoary with moss. One thing they had in the monastery of Hovedöen, a well of ice-cold, sparkling water, which might have consoled them for much lack of wine; and if the limes and poplars and birches were half as beautiful in 1147 as they are now, the monks were to be envied, when a whole nunneryful of nuns took refuge on their island in the time of the first onslaught on convents. What strolls under those trees! There are

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several species of flowers growing there now which grow nowhere else in all the region about, and tradition says that these nuns planted them. The paths are edged with heather and thyme and bluebells, and that daintiest of little vetches, the golden yellow, whose blossoms were well named by the devout sisters "Mary's golden shoes." As we rowed home at sunset over the amber and silver water, Katrina sang Norwegian songs: her voice, though untrained and shrill, had sweet notes in it, and she sang with the same childlike heartiness and innocent exultation that she showed in everything else. "Old Norway" was the refrain of the song she liked most and sang best, and more than one manly Norwegian voice joined in with hers with good-will and fervor.

At the botanical gardens a Victoria regia was on the point of blooming. Day after day I had driven out there, to see it; each day confident, each day disappointed. The professor, a quaint and learned old man, simple in speech and behavior, as all great scientific men are, glided about in a linen coat, his shears hanging in a big sheath on one side his belt, his pruning knife on the other, and a big note-book in his breast pocket. His life seemed to me one of the few ideal ones I had ever seen. His house stands on a high terrace in the garden, looking southward, over the city to the fjord. It is a long, low cottage, with dormer windows sunk deep in the red-tiled roof, shaded by two great horse-chestnut trees, which are so old that clumps of grass have grown in their gnarled knots. Here he plants, and watches, and studies; triumphs over the utmost rigors of the Norway climate, and points with pride to a dozen varieties of Indian corn thriving in his grounds. Tropical plants of all climes he has cajoled or coerced into living out-of-doors all winter in Norway. One large house full of begonias was his special pride; tier after tier of the splendid velvet leaves, all shades of color in the blossoms; one could not have dreamed that the world held so many varieties of begonia. He was annoyed by his Victoria regia's tardiness. There it lay, lolling in its huge lake, — in a sultry heated air which it was almost dangerous for human lungs to breathe. Its seven huge leaves spread out in round disks on which a child could stand safe. In the middle, just out of the water, rose the mysterious red bud. It was a plant he had himself raised in one year from seed; and he felt towards it as to a child.

"I cannot promise. I did think it should have opened this morning. It has lifted itself one inch since last night," he said. "It is not my fault," he added apologetically, like a parent who cannot make a child obey. Then he showed me, by his clasped hands, how it opened; in a series of spasmodic unclosings, as if by throes, at intervals of five or six minutes; each unclosing revealing more and more of the petals, till at last, at the end of a half hour, the whole snowy blossom is unfolded: one day open, then towards night, by a similar series of throe-like movements, it closes, and the next morning, between nine and eleven, opens again in the same way, but no longer white. In the night it has changed its color. One look, one taste, one day, of life has flushed it rose-red. As the old professor told me this tale, not new, but always wonderful and solemn, his face kindled with delight and awe. No astronomer reckoning the times and colors of a recurring planet could have had a vivider sense of the beauty and grandeur of its law. The last thing I did in Christiania was to drive for the third time to see if this flower had unfolded. It had apparently made no movement for twenty-four hours.

"I tought you not see dat flower," said Katrina, who had looked with some impatience on the repeated bootless

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journeys. "I tink it is hoombug. I tink it is all shtories."

To me there was a half omen in the flower's delay. Norway also had shown me only half its beauty; I was going away wistful and unsatisfied. "You must have another Victoria next summer," I said to the quaint old professor, when I bade him good-by; and as Katrina ran swiftly off the deck of the steamer, that I might not see any tears in her eyes, bidding me farewell, I said also to her, "Next summer, Katrina. Study the Frithiof's Saga, and read me the rest of it, next summer."

I hope she will not study it so well as to improve too much in her renderings. Could any good English be so good as this?

FRITHIOF AND INGEBORG.

Two trees growed bold and silent; never before the north never seen such beauties; they growed nicely in the garden.

The one growed up with the strength of the oak: and the stem was as the handle of the spear: but the crown shaked in the wind like the top on the helmet.

But the other one growed like a rose: like a rose when the winter just is going away: but the spring what stands in its buds still in dreams childly is smiling.

The storm shall go round the world. In fight with the storm, the oak will stand: the sun in the spring will glow on the heaven. Then the rose opens its ripe lips.

So they growed in joy and play: and Frithiof was the young oak: but the rose in the green walley was named Ingeborg the Beauty.

If you seen dem two in the daylight, you would think of Freya's dwelling: where many a little pair is swinging with yellow hair, and vings like roses.

But if you saw dem in the moonlight, dancing easy around, you would tink to see an erl king pair dancing among the wreaths of the walley. How he was glad—

"Dem's the nicest vairses, I tink."

—how he was glad, how it was dear to him, when he got to write the first letter of her name, and afterwards to learn his Ingeborg, that was to Frithiof more than the king's honor.

How nicely when with the little sail, ven they vent over the surface of the water, how happy with her little white hands she is clapping ven he turns the rudder.

How far up it was hanging in the top of the tree, to the bird's nest, he found up; sure was not either the eagle's nest, when she stand pointing down below.

You could n't find a river, no matter how hard it was, without he could carry her over. It is so beautiful when the waves are roaring to be keeped fast in little white arms.

The first flower brought up in the spring, the first strawberry that gets red, the first stem that golden bended down, he happy brought his Ingeborg.

But the days of childhood goes quickly away: there stands a youth: and in a while the hope, the brave, and the fire is standing in his face. There stands a maiden, with the bosom swelling.

Very often Frithiof went out a hunting. Such a hunting would frighten many: without spear and sword the brave would fetch the bear: they were fighting breast to breast: and after the glory in an awful state, the hunter went home with what he got.

What girl would n't like to take that?

"Ven he had been fighting that way, you see, without any sword or anyting."

Then dear to the women is the fierce of a man. The strength is wort the beauty, and they will fit well for another, as well as the helm fits the brain of an hero.

But if he in the winter evening, with his soul fierce, by the fire's beam was reading of bright Walhalla, a song, a song of the gods —

"Vell, dat's the mans; vat's the vomens?"

"Goddesses?"

"Vell, dat 's it."

— a song of the gods and goddesses' joy, he was tinking, Yellow is the hair of Freya. My Ingeborg —

"Vat 's a big field called when it is all over ripe?"

"Yellow?"

"No," a shake of the head.

—is like the fields when easy waves the summer wind a golden net round all the flower bundles.

Iduna's bosom is rich, and beautiful it waves under the green satin. I know a twin satin wave in where light Alfs hid themself.

And the eyes of Frigga are blue as the heavenly whole; still often I looked at two eyes under the vault of heaven: against dem are a spring day dark to look at.

How can it be they praise Gerda's white cheeks, and the new-come snow in the north light beam?

I looked at cheeks, the snow mountain's beam ain't so beautiful in the red of the morning.

I know a heart as soft as Nanna's, if not so much spoken of.

Well praised of the skalds you, Nanna's happy Balder!

Oh, that I as you could die missed of the soft and honest maiden, your Nanna like. I should glad go down to Hell's the dark kingdom.

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But the king's daughter sat and sung a hero song, and weaved glad into the stuff all things the hero have done, the blue sea, the green walley, and rock-rifts.

There growed out in snow-white vool the shining shields of —

"Ain't there a word you say spinned?"

— spinned gold; red as the lightning flew the lances of the war, and stiff of silver was every armor.

But as she quickly is weaving and nicely, she gets the heroes Frithiof's shape, and as she comes farther into the weave, she gets red, but still she sees them with joy.

But Frithiof did cut in walley and field many an I and F in the bark of —

"He cut all round. Wherever he come, he cut them two."

— the trees. These Runes is healed with happy and joy, just like the young hearts together.

When the daylight stands in its emerald —

Here we had a long halt, Katrina insisting on saying "smaragd," and declaring that that was an English word; she had seen it often, and "it could not be pronounced in any other way;" she had seen it in Lady Montaig in Turkey: "she had loads of smaragds and all such things." Her contrition when she discovered her mistake was inimitable.

She had read this account of Lady Montagu in Turkey, in her Hundred Lessons, at school so many times, she knew it by heart, which she proceeded to prove by long quotations.

— and the king of the light with the golden hair, and the mens, is busy wandering, then they did only think one on each other.

When the night is standing in its emerald, and the mother of the sleep with dark hair and all are silent, and the stars are wandering, den they only is dreaming of each other.

Thou Earth dat fix thee [or gets new] every spring, and is braiding the flowers into your hair, the beautifullest of them, give me friendly, for a wreath to reward Frithiof.

Thou Ocean, dat in thy dark room has pearls in thousands, give me the best, the beautifullest, and the beautifullest neck I will bind them to.

Thou button on Odin's King-chair, Thou World's Eye Golden Sun, if you were mine, your shining round I would give Frithiof as shield.

Thou lantern in the All Father's Home, the moon with the pale torch, if you were mine, I would give it as an emerald for my beautiful hand-maiden.

Then Hilding said, 'Foster son,
Your love would n't be any good to you.
Different lots Norna gives out.
That maiden is daughter to King Bele.
To Odin hisself in the Star-place
Mounts her family.
You, de son of Thorstein peasant
Must give way, because like thrives best with like.'

"He have to leave because he vas poor, you see."

But Frithiof smiled. 'Very easy
My arm will win me king's race.
The king of the wood fall,
The king of the forest fall in spite of claw and howl:
His race I inherit with the Skin.'

The freeborn man would n't move,
Because the world belongs to the free.
Easy, courage can reconcile fortune,
And de Hope carries a king's crown.

Most noble is all Strength. Because Thor

"He was fader of all dem oder gods, you see."

The ancestor lives in Thrudvang,
He weighs not de burden, but de wort;

"Look now, all dese be strange words."

A mighty wooer is also the Sword.

I will fight for my young bride,
If it so were, vid de God of de Tunder;
Grow safe, grow happy, my white lily,
Our covenant are fast as the Norna's will.

This is her translation of the last stanzas of the account of Ingeborg's marriage to Frithiof: —

In come Ingeborg in hermine sack, and bright jewels, followed of a crowd of maids like de stars wid de moon. Wid de tears in de beautiful eyes she fall to her brother's heart; but he lead the dear sister up to Frithiof's noble breast; and over the God's altar she reach-ched her hand to de childhood's friend, to her heart's beloved.

A few days before I left Christiania, Katrina had come shyly up to my table, one evening, and tossed down on it a paper, saying, —

"Dere is anoder. Dis one is for you."

On looking at it, I found it contained four stanzas of Norwegian verse, in which my name occurred often. No persuasions I could bring to bear on her would induce her to translate it. She only laughed, said she could not, and that some of my Norwegian friends must read it to me. She read it aloud

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in the Norwegian, and to my ignorant ear the lines had a rhythmical and musical sound. She herself was pleased with it. "It is nice song, dat song," she said; but turn it into English for me she would not. Each day, however, she asked if I had had it translated, and finding on the last day that I had not, she darted into her room, shut the door, and in the course of two hours came out, saying, "I got it part done; but dey tell you better as I tell you."

The truth was, the tribute was so flattering, she preferred it should come to me second hand. She shrank from saying directly, in open speech, all that it had pleased her affectionate heart to say in the verses. Three of the stanzas I give exactly as she wrote them. The rest is a secret between Katrina and me.

THANKS.

THE duty command me to honor
You, who with me
Were that kind I set her beside
My parents. Like a sunbeamed picture
For my look, you painted stands.

My wishes here translated
With you to Colorado go.

Happy days! oh, happy memories
Be with me on the life's way.
Let me still after a while find or meet
You energisk. I would n't forget.
God, be thou a true guide
For her over the big ocean;
Keep away from her all torments
That she happy may reach her home.

Take my thanks and my farewell
As remembrance along with you home,
Though a stranger I am placed
And as servant for you,
The heaven's best reward I pray down
For all you did to me.
Good luck and honor
Be with you till you die.

The last verse seems to me to sound far better in Norwegian than in English, and is it not more fitting to end the Katrina Saga in a few of her words, in her own tongue?

"Modtag Takken og Farvellet
Som Erindring med dem hjem,
Sjönt som Fremmed jeg er stillet
Og som Tjener kun for dem.
Himlen's rige Lön nedbeder
Jeg for Lidet og for Stort,
Mrs. Jackson, Held og Hæder
Følge dem til Döden's Port."

H. H.

IS GOD GOOD?

A TENDENCY to ask irreverent questions is no sign of strength. It is wholesome for us, in this day of facile defiance and hard acceptance, to remember this. In an age which fails in deference, it is a healthful thing to do, to summon our spiritual instincts to order. The bust of young Augustus in the shop window wears a lung protector; Clytie serves to advertise the "Boston battery;" and positivist writers go out of their way to address Jehovah by the familiar pronoun "you." We have not passed the period when skepticism is more apt than not to be regarded as a proof of superior intelligence, but we have reached the stage at which no intelligent mind can thus regard it, without severe and honest study of its own motives. It is a lesson as old as Aristotle that philosophy is not the art of doubting, but the art of doubting well.

While the inclination to irreverence, let us repeat, is no indication of mental robustness, the courage to question accepted doctrine may be not only a proof of devoutness, but the condition of the profoundest submission to truth.

This recognition of the inherent right of every man to have the reasons for what he believes, and to shake his destiny by the shoulders till he gets such reasons, is postulated to-day, in educated thought.

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It is hardly necessary to say that it will not be the presumptuous object of this paper to try to settle in half a dozen magazine pages that problem which is now the acknowledged centre of philosophical divergence: Given the universe, to find a Creator. "It takes me forty lectures," said a professional metaphysician, "to prove the personality of God." Such things must be. God is none the worse for it, or man, either, perhaps. The pulse will go throbbing; the blood will have its bound, through the cut flesh its escape. But even for the terrible protest of the wound there is the reply of the ligature; and behind the beat and heat and fever the magnificent action of the hidden heart goes on to save the mutilated life. We do not make a gloomy prognosis of the case, but, meanwhile, prefer to surrender ourselves to the profound and sublime argument of hope. We desire to be understood as intelligently contented to observe that design does not exist without a designer; that moral nature implies moral government; that moral government means a moral governor; that human conscience bespeaks a greater than human regulator; that aspiration involves an ideal, purity a model, the child a father, man God. We desire to be ranked among those simple souls who believe that this world never got where it is without somebody to put it here. In short, we find it, of the two difficulties, so much harder to explain the nature of things without God than with him that we decline at present to perceive that he is no longer needed in our affairs. Just before the American civil war, a new religion, it is said, arose among the negro slaves, founded upon the theory that God was dead. Much of our haste to dispense with him can boast no sounder premises. "I am a priest," said Victor Hugo's Cimourdain; "no matter, I believe in God." "God has gone out of date," said Danton. "I believe in God," said Cimourdain, unmoved.

So much being understood, we may proceed to remind ourselves that the mere fact of having a God is of slight value to us unless we know what kind of a God he is.

The benevolence of the Creator, it is safe to assert, was never so thoughtfully questioned by such numbers of human beings as it is to-day. Openly or tacitly, this is done on every side of us. Falsely or fairly, many types of mind spring easily to this attitude. In hope or in despair, the awful query works out its fixed reply, and life freezes or melts to the mould of it. We should remember that this is so. The piercing cry of the people in Richter's Dream reëchoes about us: "*O Christ! Are we all orphans?*" Spiritual tragedies are enacting among us, to which none but an unimaginative, unobservant, or untender eye can be blind. Spiritual forms and forces which our fathers knew not, pursue us like unlaid ghosts. They start in the glamour of the drawing-room; they skulk behind the study chair; they hold the Prayer Book with trembling fingers; they kneel with the worshiper; they cry in the hymn; they stare above our bridals; they look at us in the eyes of our children; they regard us in the last recognition of our dying; they huddle over our graves. To ignore them gives them a fatal fertility; to foster them is death; to feel out a true course among them is a "strait and narrow way." He who does this with intelligence and candor has to the respect of the unbeliever a right as clear as the right of the chemist to be followed in the results of his experiment. He who does this with humility and prayer has to the confidence of untroubled believers a right as clear as the ecstasy of an aged saint at the communion table.

There is no reason, in the nature of things, why a man should not question the benevolence of God. This may be done as honestly (I do not say as intelligently), and it may be done as honor-

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ably, as to question the good-nature of the Czar, or the poetic rank of Milton, or the disposition of any other being superior to the questioner.

God is an unknown force. He is expressed to us through facts. It is our right to interpret the nature of that force through these facts. It is our duty to exercise this right in a manner worthy of a right so solemn, of facts so grave, of a force so vast.

Human impressions are of a singularly limited reliability, but if there is one which can be said to be trustworthy, it is that people know when they suffer. In the infinitely complicated system of pain and pleasure that governs this world we find, I premise, the emphatic predominance of pain. Did we not remember that there have been great teachers who deny (as there are those who admit) this, and that they have found important and noble disciples, we might presume that none but a shallow or selfish nature could fail to be aware of this predominance.

There are two ways of viewing such a system. It is natural to be chiefly struck with the sadness of it. It is possible to be chiefly moved by the error in it. It is thought by many people — the world contains no better — that the latter is the natural, as it should be the habitual, avenue by which an upright intelligence ought to approach the facts of life. This I profoundly doubt. It seems to me rather that it is mainly by its perception of pain that a limited or created nature can constitute itself the appraiser of blame; and that precisely in proportion to the purity of a soul must the misery of a sight appeal in advance of the guilt of it. "I want," said the villain, in a thoughtful story, to the unsuccessful clergyman, who was opening his Testament upon him, — "I want to talk with a man whose first impulses are always warm towards the worst of men. Your best thoughts seem to be your second thoughts." "Do you know what keeps the gin palaces open?" cried the pure and consecrated Robertson, "Misery! The miserable go there to forget."

I should wish, however, to add that I believe so thoroughly in the reality of what we call sin, that I shall have nothing to say of it here as a disconnected fact in the human economy, but, in speaking of the miseries of life, shall class it, first and finally, as the greatest human misery that I know anything about.

There will be readers of a paper like this to whom it will seem that the uncandidness of unnecessary gloom pervades it, and that the distresses of life, upon which it is always possible to look from at least two sides, are presented with unfair emphasis. Be it said, once for all, that the writer is not unaware of the absence from this discussion of certain genial aspects of the world's mystery, nor of the slightness with which others are brought forward. It is my intention, at this time, to leave the task of urging these aspects to other hands. We are perhaps all of us more familiar with their force than with that of argument wrested from the reluctance of fate. Let it be ours, just now, to see what can be said for human life upon its darkest side. Let us look, for once, at the divine, as we often do at the human problem, and, taking things at their worst, see what our chances are. We do this, in the one case, for good cheer's sake. For good cheer's sake I ask to be trusted in saying we may do it in the other, too.

Further, I urge, especially, that we owe it to our faith to make it less easy than it is for shrewd atheists to say, "*Those who believe in a God of love must close their eyes to the phenomena of life, or garble the universe to suit their theory.*"

It not being the object of this article to furnish a full index, or even a concordance, to the miseries of mankind, I have selected only three avenues, from which, with merciful brevity, to approach our problem.

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Let us review for a moment our impressions of the Creator, as received through the manifestations of natural law.

Nature is orderly, wise, beautiful, mysterious, terrible, remorseless, cruel. Surrender yourself to her awful moods. Test her at her tenderest. Try her at her strongest. Shall we bask in her midsummer sun? It is a fire from which we must guard ourselves as if from the very glory of an offended God. Would we have the iron of her snows in our blood? It is at our peril that they do not pierce our hearts. If the eternal resurrection of her spring does not pour freshets on our homes and mildew on our seeds, we kneel to thank her. If the red flags of her autumn wave no signals of disease or death about our firesides, we draw our held breath for another cycle of her seasons, and trust her still. She bestows the harvest at the chances of the famine. She gives her shine on condition of her storm. She blazons with beauty the heavens in which the bolt lurks to strike us down. She stimulates our courage by her seas. She forms our fortitude by her deserts. She creates our nations by her mountains. The avalanche, the shipwreck, and the sirocco are the cost. Behind every blessing she hides its penalty. Beneath every faculty of mind and body she secures its denial. Every bestowal is a danger. Acceptance measures bereavement. Possession is the gauge of loss.

"Life," says a "scientific" historian, "is one long tragedy; creation is one great crime."

The holder of happier faiths must at least confess that the mass of evidence, in the great trial of Nature before the bar of man, is voluminous and stern. Forever the temperament and the type will select for itself, and certain points in the case will intensify the *præjudicia* with which each of us comes to the hearing. There are some minds for which the gentlest caprice of the accused can never blot the memory of sternly isolated facts in her history. There are nicely poised perceptions to which the dark corners of her past are always unveiled. There are tenderly balanced sympathies for which no personal immunity from infliction can muffle the wail of recorded anguish. It is probably through a small, finely varied, and strictly characteristic collection of illustrations that each of us practically views a subject like this. Is Nature merciful? It may be natural for you to give the historic answer, — to turn to ages when the world existed only for the propagation of monstrous animal growths, that breed, attack, rend each other, die, and give place to the next phase of apparently purposeless suffering. You recall primitive man, who dwelt in caves, like cubs; who was without intelligible speech or human sympathy, or the decency of any wild beast known to the observation of science. Or you think of the highly developed savage, whose language resembled the hissing of serpents; or of him, still ascending in the type, who fed upon the quivering flesh of live elephants, cultivated what is known as tribal marriage, and buried his dead with awful laughter; or of him whose war-phrase, being interpreted, signifies, "Let us go and eat that nation." Or you point to cities that confide in a crater, and in an hour are seething into lava, like the inorganic rock; or to those waste places where famine has preceded the traveler, and where the starved corpses of entirely vanished communities offer him their gaunt hospitality.

Is Nature merciful? It may be that your impulse gives the poetic answer. You turn the query over to the tiger in the jungles, the death within the fruit, the venom in the thicket, the poison in the flower, the wreck beneath the sea, the plague upon the air. To many readers and lovers of Frederick Robertson his awful illustration of the ichneumon fly will stand apart in their minds, and

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reply for them with the convincing vividness by which single images fasten themselves upon a sensitive absorption of truth too painful to be endured in full.

The celebrated arraignment of the "great mother" by Stuart Mill will be well remembered: —

"Nature impales men, breaks them as if on the wheel, casts them to be devoured by wild beasts, burns them to death, crushes them with stones like the first Christian martyrs, starves them with hunger, freezes them with cold, poisons them by the quick or slow venom of her exhalations, and has hundreds of other hideous deaths in reserve, such as the ingenious cruelty of a Nabis or a Domitian never surpassed. All this Nature does with the most supercilious disregard both of mercy and of justice, emptying her shafts upon the best and noblest indifferently with the meanest and the worst; . . . often as the direct consequences of the noblest acts, and it might almost be imagined as a punishment for them."

Is Nature merciful? It may be easy for you to proffer the judicial reply. You remember her immense and kindly recuperative force: that the grass grows over her extinct volcano, that the harvest follows the furrow of her freshet, that the agitation of her oceans creates her temperature, that gorgeous beauty crowns the terrors of her tropics, that the snow protects the seed, that time restores the ruin of her cyclones, that flowers seek her graves, that death itself preserves her from the disintegration of her superfluous life. You recall the exquisite system of development by which she is manifested to human knowledge; you observe that ages of animal pleasure and pain went to the preparation of the globe for the habitation of rudimentary races, that in their turn peopled the earth and perished from it to make way for men who could master it, who also yielded to others who had the mastery of them, who have themselves vanished before our blossoming civilization, as ours shall vanish before the symmetry of the future form. You have been taught by faith, as you are taught over again today by science, that the world is steadily becoming a better place to live in; that the sum of its happiness absolutely increases; and that the "sacrifice consumed," the cost at which the glory of the future shall be reached, has been what we are accustomed to call "worth while."

Nevertheless, is Nature merciful? Let us be just to her; but for myself, whenever I hear those three words, three things present themselves to my imagination, — the pant of a hunted hare, the look in the eye of a lost dog, and the heart of a woman towards a man who would betray her.

Is Nature merciful? The intellect of a child can accuse her. Goethe at an infant age did as much. The subtlety of a seer cannot defend her. Wordsworth would have done it, if any man could. The abyss of her harshness is deeper than Rydal Lake.

Take, again, — it is not an abrupt transition, — our views of the Great Designer as affected by the relation of the sexes. This is a subject upon which words must be few, but impressions deep. It is a commonplace to say that nothing contributes so far to either the happiness or the misery of the race as this sole incident in its development.

From the Abyssinian bride sold by her husband for a weapon, an ornament, a dinner, to the last victim of a *mariage de convenance* in civilized life, what a sealed and awful book! From the heart of Dante, of Abelard, of Vittoria Colonna, to the blush of the little lass betrothed in a country lane last week, what a range of capacity for what is called joy! I scarcely hesitate before saying that the attraction between man and woman cannot be presumed to have added to the delight, in proportion as it has intensified the denial, of existence.

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We may be quite willing to intrust this assertion to the happiest lover in the world, provided his happiness be of that sensitive sort which does not shut out the apprehension of other people's deprivation. Since, were he not the most sensitive, he could not be the happiest; and were he the most sensitive, he would be the most sympathetic. It would be almost enough, in this connection, to suggest the inherent vagrancy of the affectional instinct in man, and the historic constancy of woman. What ingenuity could surpass that involved in this one exquisite invention of actual or possible anguish?

It would be almost enough to take one absolute look at the heart of an honorable man who, in an hour of beautiful delusion, has wedded an insincere woman.

It would be almost enough to shut the eyes before the conflicts of a pure heart, to which the supreme attraction occurs, when every law of God or man has welded it to the claim of the less.

It would be almost enough to look into the face of a drunkard's wife.

It would be more than enough to hear the cry of the deserted girl, who leaped to a death more merciful at its worst than life at its best to her.

It would be unjust not to recall the heavy pressure of happiness against the scale of the question, involved in pure betrothals, bridal hours, assured domestic content, the experience of tried and calm affections, the bliss of young parents, the rejuvenation of age in its offspring, and the repose of those for whom the prayer of Tobit has been answered: "Mercifully grant that we may grow aged together."

But it would be illogical not to observe the intricate *insecurity* of the happiest hour that history could be shown to have given to the most fortunate affections of the race. It would be almost enough to watch the countenance of the radiant young mother, who, her children leaning about her, at her fireside, hears suddenly grating upon their laughter the discordant sound of a croupy cough.

It would be almost enough to stand with the father of motherless babes by the first gash life has ever cut in the church-yard turf for him.

It would be almost enough to avert the face from a meeting between pure parents and a ruined son.

It would be almost enough to remember the mystery of womanhood, so "heavily weighted, in the race of life," as a great scientist of our day expresses it, by maternity.

It would be almost enough to follow the red feet of war to the obscure life of one widowed girl.

It would be enough to watch the process of descent by which a betrothal ever reaches a divorce.

Look once more at our impressions of their First Cause as received from the sufferings of the lower classes of society. These are "facts" before which the wisest, the tenderest, the healthiest, the most joyous, and the most devout among us may well wish for the wings of the seraphim in the sacred story; of whom it is said that "with twain they covered their faces, and with twain they covered their feet, and with twain they did fly."

A miniature bust of Michael Angelo's Slave stands as a paper-weight upon the MS. which this pen is tracing. The pose of the mutilated head, the droop of the swollen eyelids, the quiver of the pitiful mouth, the protest of the thoughtful brow, present themselves, so many mute arguments, appealing to be used. The bit of plaster is an unanswered accusation. It bewails the mystery of human captivity, of which the enslaving of man by man was the rudest form, as the ministrations of one portion of the race to-day to the leisure of the other is the most lenient. From the first captive mother condemned to murder her own child, to the last poor wretch who sold

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her soul to buy bread for her family; from the slave at the galley-oar, in the seraglio, under the lash, facing the blood-hound, on the auction-block; to the factory-girl with the "cotton-cough," the miner in the fire-damp, the poisoned "hand" in the lead-works, or the child of four years rolling cigars for a passionate or drunken overseer, — there is a range of sheer human *fear*, which it is not easy to contemplate either with or without an explanation of its existence.

From the filthy shiverers who shared the straw of the feudal hovel with their donkey or their goat, to the Irish laborer evicted at midwinter from the home of his life-time; from the temperate and diligent American family found to have lived for three months on bread and water, to the all too real "little Joe" of Dickens, or the "abused child" in any of our Christian cities, habituated to sufferings which it would blot this page to repeat; from the poor woman who told Octavia Hill that she chose her deadly cellar because "it lay between ninepence and the sun" to the six hundred and twenty-three descendants of an ignorant girl, now famous and infamous to social science as "Pauper Margaret;" from the great causes of the English corn-law resistance, or the Reign of Terror, to the Nihilist passion fermenting beneath the Winter Palace, or the New York tenement house (sinister forerunner of revolution!), where four families occupy one room, and wherein, by mathematical estimate, there belongs to each living being under the roof a space on the floor's surface measuring eight feet by four, — there is a margin for simple human *endurance*, upon which it is not agreeable, either with or without its obverse relief, to dwell.

On this obverse, it were uncandid not to remember, are pale and pleasant compensations to benignant thought. Beyond a certain point, deprivation unquestionably dulls susceptibility, denial teaches endurance, obscurity preserves from responsibility, the transient pleasure is more emphatic, the finer foreboding perhaps less acute, aspiration cools into acceptance, and ignorance stratifies into repose.

It is not a grateful task to remind people how unfortunate they are. One who seems to undertake it must expect to be accused of pessimism (chiefly by those persons who do not accurately know what a pessimist is), and of "morbidness," — a word which apparently has been made to cover whatever form of viewing fact differs from one's own. "Of course," said a great writer of his own sad, honest look at life, — "of course it is exaggerated to those who feel feebly." "Let no man counsel me," said Sophocles, "but who has felt sorrow like mine." Nevertheless, it must be repeated that no consistent philosophy, no trained imagination, no instructed memory, no sensitive sympathy, and no intelligent religious trust can deny this to be a state of manifold, mysterious, and unmeasured suffering. It is a doctrine no newer than Plato that all our pleasure consists in an escape from pain.

The very failure of the pen in a space so small, before a subject so enormous, writes deeper and darker than its fluency could mark. The very sinking of the heart before a strain so tense upon its nerve; the very impulse which leads two kinds of people, the dull and the fortunate, — or, we might add a third, the cold, — into their clamor about the beauty and happiness of the world, itself accentuates the great onrolling sound of the truth, like the voices of children on the shore, which increase while they defy the roar of the breaker.

It will be remembered that we have touched with a reticent and sparing finger upon what might be called three key-notes in the great discords of life: the cruelty of nature, the mystery of sex, and the misery of the poor. It will be seen that these present but a portion of the lost harmonies around

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which the chords of human suffering clash. It will be observed that of the great facts of heredity we have said nothing at all; that to the immense influence of physical disease on happiness we have scarcely alluded; that we have passed by all those finer phases of our question which have led metaphysicians to maintain that life is a continual vacillation between displeasure and *ennui*; that we have omitted the acute historical illustrations of human woe; that we have avoided the whole train of thought suggested by institutions of charity, penalty, and mental healing; that we have not dwelt upon the obstinate argument of suicide; that we have not considered the terrible phenomena of remorse; that we have not brooded upon the pitiless and inexorable sentence of death which has gone out against every breathing creature on the earth. It will be acknowledged that we have spared ourselves in the task of "looking the worst in the face."

The most irrecoverable "blue" in philosophy could not venture to overlook the sum of the world's enjoyment, if only for the mathematical reason that a given amount of it represents so much less weight than the same amount of misery. The color of Italian lakes, the scents of blush roses, — who could forget? — are ever with us. The radiance of lovers' eyes and the laughter of children we may not miss. The comforts of ease and the vagaries of wealth are present to us, and though the invalid poor die for lack of beef tea, it is a fixed fact that a velvet suit for a doll can be purchased to-day for fifteen dollars. But it should not be forgotten that, so far as we are able judicially to estimate questions affecting our emotions, pain "goes farther," as our idiom has it, in this world than pleasure. This the great inductive philosopher, experience, teaches, at least to the more sensitive of the species, early in life.

Up to a certain degree, pain passes over the suffering cells of the brain without disintegrating them; but there comes a limit, as clear to the individual consciousness as it is difficult to make over to that of another, beyond which the best that fate could offer could not atone for the worst she has inflicted. Wise men may dispute this nice point to the world's end. It would be possible to select one bereaved mother, who might call them all as scholars to her feet. A great sufferer *knows* that he can set single hours of his life against the accumulated happiness of its years. He *knows* that the one, considered in its cold, intellectual character as a fact of consciousness, outweighs the other, sinking as far below it as the sod is from the stars. This knowledge is no more to be taken from him than his soul. He would go to the bar of God with it.

There is yet another thing, which the gayest optimist of us all would do well, in a discussion like this, to bear in mind. The charm of nature, the glory of love, and the pride of life are facts of which a Creator, presumably not kindly inclined towards his creatures, would be presumptively sure to avail himself. He would not be a very shrewd Deity who, with malevolent intentions, should create a world of ugliness, hate, and unmitigated deprivation.

Such a God would be too wise to construct a system of unrelieved woe. He would exultantly deepen pain by a background of pleasure. He would fiendishly emphasize loss by experience of possession. He would create hope as a foil against despair. The color of the lily, the kiss of a child, the delirium of love, it might be his horrible ingenuity to hold as what artists call "values" against the tornado, and the tooth of famine and the grave.

Conceptions like these, almost enough to congest imagination, *might* be true, though not in the same measure, of the moral nature of man. It is conceivable that up to a certain extent, at least,

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good impulses might have been created for evil ends. There is a large border-land of moral conflict, wherein our worst assaults seem to come on the wings of angels of light. It is conceivable that a maleficent God would bestow upon us aspiration to create in us remorse, and allow us to strive for purity that he might the more exquisitely gloat over our surrender to guilt.

It is not easy for a reverent mind to glance into this pit, even to heighten by contrast the dazzle of the ether up to which the devout heart looks.

But it seems to me that if there is any being of whom we need to know the worst that *could* be said, our Creator is that Being. A faith that will not bear for once firmly to regard the blackest possibilities of our destiny, does not deserve their brightest.

For the reasons given, as well as for those which must be omitted from a fragment of this kind, the reader will follow me in saying that the miseries and mysteries of human life being what they are, and our conceptions of the Creator being, as they must be, drawn to so large an extent through misery and mystery, the simple *fact* of the faith of mankind in his fair intentions is in and of itself as powerful a proof of his goodwill as we are likely to obtain, — a far more powerful one than all the limp religious impulse that could be wrung out of a system in which ease and pleasure predominated. It does not seem to me that we are in the habit of giving to this aspect of the question anything like the dignity or the force which, as an argument, it deserves.

I do not refer to what is known as the intuitive argument for God, which lies quite behind us in the discussion. Let us call this rather the argument of acquired trust. It would seem to be the consequence of experience rather than its prelude. The child, in the first blow from a father's hand, perceives nothing but an evidence of cruelty. Youth, hot-headed and high-hearted, upon the first important occasion when its wishes are crossed, flashes out its protest against Providence. Maturity only builds up confidence, and old age alone knows peace.

We find it to be the law of divine denial that it not only does not obliterate, it creates, the phenomenon of human belief. The final test of love is trust under apparent desertion. This absolute trial it has been God's mysterious purpose to impose upon man. Man has stood the test. Deep as he wades in the tide of error, wide as he gropes in the gloom of doubt, low as he sinks in the mud of sin, nevertheless, man has stood the test.

There are lives of which we say, in the unconscious bitterness of common speech, that they are "pursued by Providence." The religious resignation of such lives partakes of the nature of miracle. Our wildest outcry against fate goes down before the patience of the deaf-mute or the cheerfulness of the blind, or the trust of an invalid, buried alive for forty years in a "mattress grave," in the tenderness of the Power that fixed him there.

When life selects a sensitive and silent and untaught woman, whose whole being beyond its affectional side is rudimentary, of whom we should say that it were a severity to expect her to breast a snow-storm alone, — when fate selects such a woman, and bruises her stroke by stroke, leaving her widowed, leaving her childless, dragging her through the extremes of poverty, adding sickness, inventing friendlessness, threatening insanity, and denying death, and we find her peacefully and affectionately on her knees before a Being whom she never saw, whom she never heard, whom she never touched, but to whom alone she can attribute the inquisition of her life, — let us get upon our own, beside her; there is no higher place that our nicest logic is fit for, before the *argument* of such a fact as she.

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Life presents too many illustrations of this miracle of human trust for us to be able to set them aside as exceptions. They form a serried rank, advancing upon our doubts like the armed angels whom the prophet saw in the golden air. It is not to our purpose now to dwell upon the extent to which Christianity has cultivated this trust.[1] It is enough at present that, from whatever origin and by whatever support, it exists. The fact that *one* sane mind, under the extremity of fate, developed the *habit* of joyous confidence known to the higher forms of religious culture were something before which a doubter with a fine eye must ponder long.

It would seem that the fact that life abounds, has always abounded, with this confidence, rises, as I have said, to the region of the supernatural. It is less human than divine. It assures us of the divine in our Maker by the divine in ourselves. It is the fire of heaven — Prometheus never knew it — given at last to man.

What merely human friendship (I ask it reverently) could stand the strain which God has seen fit to put upon our friendship for himself?

What human affection *increases* under the infliction by its object of unexplained and lifelong pain?

True, we know instances in which our little loves for one another seem to have survived every attack upon them, — that of the wife for a brutal husband, that of a mother for a heartless child; but such is not the law of our natures.

Faith requires faith. Tenderness demands the tender. Truth claims the true; and ought to claim it, and will. Even in the rarest forms of self-abnegation known to human fondness, repeated signs of coldness or unkindness wear out *trust*. Trust is the last and highest manifestation of the divine. Even our conceivable malignant Deity would pause before the creation of a state of character in which *trust* — trust in purity, trust in beauty, trust in love, trust in himself as the essence of these holy things — had become the all-pervading and the all-powerful element; immediate as the light, and strong as the wind, and tender as tears, and firm as the eternal rock. He would have created a character mightier than himself. He would have created his own God. The hells, whether of time or eternity, could work no death upon such a character. It would pass out of them like the three men in the old story from the furnace of living fire.

The ultimate religious tenderness of man towards God is a thing too high, too pure, too reasonable, to have sprung from any source less than himself. It must not be forgotten that this trust involves a state of feeling in man which puts the fact that he has hurt God to the front of his consciousness that God has hurt him. Even supposing it to be true that mere human longing for happiness, in itself considered, should not philosophically offer the promise of satisfaction, it is not rational that the panting human thirst for *holiness*, implied in the whole scheme by which the confidence of mankind in the mercy of its Creator has been developed, should be the offshoot of anything other than a God who deserved it.

Is it not conceivable that the creation of precisely such a type of character as this exact kind of trust signifies were worth the cost at which it has been built up?

Is it not altogether possible that the rounded development of such a character demands a far more straightforward look at the painful facts of life than we are taught to give them by that pseudo-philosophy which substitutes superficial cheerfulness for searching truthfulness? We are not asked to writhe ourselves into the belief that this is a happy world.

[1] It will be remembered that this discussion has nothing to do with the bearings of what is called revealed truth upon our case.

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We are asked peacefully to admit that it was not meant to be a happy one. We are not lured, like girls, to love our Creator because he treats us indulgently. We are expected, like soldiers, to love him, although he treats us sternly. We are required to discover the characteristics of a loving and faithful parent in the appearance of a severe and mysterious ruler.

> It is the human task
> To find the father's smile
> Behind the monarch's mask.

Regarded carefully, this is a fine tribute of respect to the race.

It must not be forgotten that the entire scientific basis of human trust in the Creator is one of belief in a life to succeed this.

This is as much as to say that pain is more formative than pleasure of spiritual character, and of faith which is the distinct resultant of such character.

On the whole, for most of us this is practically true. They are rare people who can bear great good-fortune. Sustained happiness, as our phrase goes, spoils us; only the select natures sweeten, strengthen, and mature under it. There seems to be a law, not unlike certain analogies in nature, by which the human plant requires a winter.

Philosophically, too, it is easy to see that pain rather than joy leads to that *desire* for another life which might underlie the capacity for one. "A soul sodden with pleasures" does not soar. A continuance of limited happiness is no spur towards the attainment of the unlimited. All social history proves this. Man unstung by deprivation saunters through his little possibility. The ascetic conqueror succumbs to the luxurious vices of the conquered. He who lives under a bread-fruit tree invents no grain-elevators. Very near the surface lies at least one sound reason why the race finds itself in what Kant called a "never-ceasing pain." This opens close upon all the ancient and great discussions clustering about the value of force and activity. It is enough for our purposes to say that it is natural to accept pleasure; it is natural to escape pain. If this world had been made for the many what it is for the few, given to the deprived as it is to the fortunate; if life for any of us had been what its ideals are, what but a miracle could have given us a compelling interest in a world beyond? In short, if we had been provided with the materials of content, where should we have found the materials of aspiration?

Modern science has itself unwittingly invented one of the best of testimonies to the benevolence, if not the beneficence, of the Creator, in acknowledging the compulsion which it has found laid upon itself of evolving human happiness out of human suffering. *Somewhere*, keen eyes have perceived, a keen intellect must meet this demand. *Somehow*, it must be done. Whatever this globe was put here for, it was not for failure. Whatever the unit was made for, the race was not made for hopelessness. However black the past, however blind the present, a bright future is a philosophical necessity.

The individual, we are told, withers and dies. The type roots and renews. The blood-red pages of history, closed, sealed, and forgotten, give way to the fair hieroglyphs of prophecy, cold, golden, and calm. Let us be content to suffer, that our posterity may enjoy. Let us be satisfied with our dulled capacity, our imperfect faculty, our little knowledge, our lost ideal, our pitiful hope, our puny achievement, since they who come after us shall grow like grass from our decay. Let us endure, enjoy, strive, sing, bleed, smile, and go to our graves gratefully. Over our dumb and witless ashes a select and proud race, with the beauty of pagan gods, shall walk haughtily, and with the scorn of the gods shall remember us as we remember the savage, whose war-shouts

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assisted in developing the fine, human larynx, to contribute to the modulations in the voice of Malibran.

It is significant that temperaments easily appeased by the best that unbelieving science has to offer, have been compelled to devise what, for want of a better term, we may call a humane purpose in the creation of this world. Clumsily as they have succeeded, it is not we who should overlook the fact that they have tried. It is memorable that they have been forced to tender even this pitiful substitute for personal immortality; nay, they have added the "invention of immortality," whatever that may mean, to the list of attractions held out to the disciples of their meagre faith. It is important that even so awkward a contrivance is presented to us in place of the perfect mechanism of eternal hope. Natural selection has not yet eliminated the quiver from the human lip, which makes it hard to frame the imaginary answer that Strauss makes to Frederick the Great: "Pardon, sire, but I have no desire to go to heaven at all."

A God, indeed, as Hamilton has finely said, is to us only of practical importance inasmuch as he is the condition of our immortality.

Human trust, we observed, in divine mercy is postulated on belief in a life to come. This is also to say that the disadvantages of this life are so many arguments for the evolution from it of another; properly presented, an unassailable position, which this is no place to elaborate.

The mourner smiles, because she looks forward to comfort. The sufferer endures, because he expects relief. The imperfectly happy yearns for the maturity of joy. The guilty hopes, because he anticipates purity. Each confides in a Being who is both able and willing to bestow these sequels on pleasure, pain, and sin.

It is the aim of the believer to cultivate this confidence as the most important fact of his life. It is more real to him than his sorrow; it is more near to him than his remorse. Familiarity cannot wrest it from him. Unlooked-for anguish cannot shock it out of him. The hurling of temptation upon temptation cannot weaken it in him. Death cannot bury it with him. Eternity shall justify it for him.

Is God good? If this sublime trust, itself a marvel only less than himself, be the fond and fatal delusion of a pitiful ignorance, a phantasm of the emotions, a movement of the blood, a secretion of the brain, *no*. *No*, if the bravest delights this earth can muster are all that men can confidently call their own. *No*, if the sum of our misery is the sum of our days. *No*, if the tale of earth's error is "the end of the song."

If joy has no permanence, if anguish no comfort, if sin no cure, no, and a thousand times no!

If aspiration has no perfect blossom, if power no mellow fruit, if hope no sound justification; if denial never becomes delight; if despair never turns to ecstasy; if love knows no resurrection, and purity no assured vitality, and faith no throne, no, — to the last breath, *no!*

Is there Love at the heart of the world? Is there law in this Love? Is there joy in this law? *Yes*, if the blighted seed of our experience be sown to the blessed harvest of another. Yes, if time be a cipher to which eternity gives the key. Yes, if the virile hope of a life without an end be the measure of the mystery of the splendor of the truth. Yes, if he who permitted this world has promised the other. Yes, at the strain of extremity, in the blackness of darkness, to the last outcry of endurance and the last throb of belief, — *yes!*

O you who have given us a counterfeit of human hope, who have stuffed an effigy of human happiness, who have composed a parody on human dignity, we suffer you, without fear, to set these

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against the gold, the heart-beat, and the song! What is the best your first can offer, beside the least our lowest can command? What has the king, the priest, or the prophet of your dreary creed to look to, compared with the promise open to the obscurest human soul that knows itself a deathless thing? "A cripple in the right way," Bacon has reminded us, "may beat a racer in the wrong." A believing pauper would be insane to change places with him who may be your "advanced" Herbert Spencer of two thousand years to come, though that highly-developed being were to be all that you expect, if he is to cease where you anticipate. A slave with a heaven were happier than Shakespeare without.

We suffer you, without disturbance, to explain to us how the physiology of the future is to extend the realm of matter, till it is coextensive with knowledge, with feeling, and with action; to tell us of the prospect of that heavenly commune, "in which men will reserve for themselves not even a hope, not even the shadow of a joy," — in which "all is at an end for the speck of flesh and blood with the little spark of instinct which it calls mind;" to call our attention to the growth of the "great unit," man, the sacrifice of generation for generation, of the species for the type, of the fraction for the whole.

One hour's hope of the believer's Paradise is worth it all.

It is a well-mannered comfort that you offer us, like the smile of a woman in evening dress on a man who has an appointment with the surgeon. We recognize your courtesy, but we choose the warm clasp of a living human hand.

Your cold voices have a hollow echo. They sound afar off, to us, and thin. Their clamor faints about our imperious human need. Who would exchange even the *delusion* of eternal life for the apotheosis of death?

If to expectance we add assurance, how can we pause for your bleak interruption?

Hope is not proof, but it is argument. Conviction is not demonstration, but it is enlightenment. "He had learned," it is said of Goethe, "that faith goes farther than knowledge."

How naturally the compass swings on its pivot to the pole! How joyously the heart which has cultivated the spiritual faculty of faith turns, from the obstacles thrust between the love of God and the love of man, to the region where these two elemental facts of the universe become one mighty current!

Astronomy tells us of systems lighted by colored suns, — green, sapphire, and ruby. From the lurid airs of such a crimson world we seem to ourselves to return to the peace and the power of absolute and homelike light.

"The love of God," said Ecclesiasticus, in a profound moment, "passeth all things for illumination." We recall, with a stir at the heart which transforms the severe philosophical language, what a great thinker has told us of "the absurdity of the passions and the littleness of all that is not God." We can understand Spinoza, of whom it is said that he was "intoxicated with God." The whole being bounds like the cripple at the Gate Beautiful, whom the apostle healed. Our eternal liberty draws its value from the prospect of acquaintance with him who is behind our mutilated life. Here is the secret of the high reticence of knowledge, never to be conquered, always to be sought. Here is the essence of all the solemn ideals of love, never overtaken, never possessed, forever to be won. Here is the source of the white waters of purity, an eternal thirst for which demands, deserves, and shall receive an eternal supply.

If everlasting hope be the possibility and the promise to the race, *anything* that the maker of an ephemeral system chooses to insert in it cannot philosoph-

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ically be made a ground of complaint. "There can no evil befall a good man either in life or death," said Socrates, going to the root of the matter. "If I believed as you do," cried a doubter, looking at me with the uncomforted eyes of her class, "*nothing* would daunt me!"

She was right, if only as a matter of pure algebra. "Omit eternity in your estimate of area," urged a mathematician, "and your conclusion is wrong." No equation can be constructed out of this and the eternal life. Limited pain cannot be set against illimitable happiness, nor transient stain against permanent purity. If heaven follows earth, man is dumb before God.

How gentle thought grows in the climate of hope! Seen in the atmosphere of trust, the countenance of life is changed. Re-read in the light of love, the story of the world flashes into an illuminated text.

The imagination learns to stir reticently about the details of the dreariest fate. The sympathy yearns more and more peacefully towards the woe which it cannot forget or relieve. The heart surrenders to mystery, and cultivates content. We wrest the habit of cheer from the teeth of denial. We educate the impulse of happiness, and fling challenges to grief. We dwell upon the little joys of life. We count the forgotten ease. We seek the "hid treasure." We remember the temperaments that grief passes by upon the other side, the lives which acute temptation shuns, memories that naturally do not absorb the unpleasant, hearts that are easily light. We recall the grave delights of a consciously forming character, the strength and fineness of the military quality that conflict only cultivates, the stern beauty of endurance, the high glow of self-sacrifice, the peace and power of prayer, the grandeur of hardly acquired holiness. We find ourselves unable to think of these things apart from their embryonic character. We remember that they develop deathless forces. We remember that they go to constitute undying spirits. Pain viewed in the loftiness of its purpose does not seem to be the worst thing in the world. Idealized by heaven, earth stands transfigured. Life becomes a privilege, glorious in proportion as it is a test of trust-capacity and enduring-power. That mysterious quality which in its physical form physicians call *vitality*, and for which they cherish an almost religious respect, has a spiritual counterpart, which we learn to recognize as the proudest possession that a man can own. All that he hath though he give for it, he will not count the cost. It is like one of those Chinese crystals, rounded by attrition with grains of sand, of which we are told that it takes the life-time of one workman to make a perfect specimen.

An eye-witness of a peculiarly heart-rending shipwreck once stood depicting to a circle of friends, with vitriolic vividness, the struggles of men who clung, in an icy sea, on a midwinter day, five hours and a half to a glazed rock, at which the surf was tearing like the teeth of hate. A listener, lifting the half-melancholy, half-scornful look of one who has weighed life and found it wanting, interrupted, "Fools to cling! Fools to cling!" "No!" flashed another, turning upon him with a movement which I know not how to describe as other than radiant; it was like the sweep of light on darkness. "No; while there was hope of life, PHILOSOPHERS *to cling!*"

Fools, then, or philosophers, — we are content to leave the choice of terms to the great heart and sound sense of humanity, — we cling to the sane, strong, *reasonable* hope of everlasting life.

The wave will have its roar. The breaker will overwhelm the sinking face. The hands may slip, bleed, freeze; *but they will cling.*

It is human to cling; it is divine to

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cling; it is instinct; it is reason; it is the blind brute motion of nature; it is the last fine finish of knowledge.

If there *is* a rock, though all but sunk beneath the surf, a drowning hand will find it. Before the argument of life the negation of death sweeps on and seethes away, like a thwarted wave.

Upon this rock, at the ebb of the tide, in the calm of the day, we leave the exigencies of fate. To it we bring the worst of dread, the dreariest of doubt, the climax of pain, the fever of sin. To it we take the promise of our imperfect joys, the blight of our unripe content, the recoil of our rebuffed aspiration, the disturbance of our broken repose. From it we regard the unknown Author of mystery with the high beat of trustful hearts. Earth is a student in what the great Frenchwoman called "the science of God." Life is like the Tamil grammar, which reached the ideal of scholarship in its solemn preface: "To God, the eternal, almighty Jehovah and author of speech, be glory forever and ever."

It is hardly possible to close a paper like this without reminding ourselves once again, quite clearly, that with the remarkable conformations of the Christian Scriptures towards our subject, it has not been our purpose to deal. But it can scarcely be overlooked that to believers in revealed truth it is difficult to perfect the separation of thought which we have selected.

There is a powerful protest of the heart, which in asking, "Does my friend love me?" insensibly slides into "What will he do for me?" or even into "What *has* he done for me?" Man, in his extremity, exerts his solemn right to carry this appeal of his nature reverently up. What will God do for him? Everlasting life leans down to answer. What *has* God done for him? A Carpenter from Nazareth can reply.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

PLACE DE LA BASTILLE, PARIS.

How dear the sky has been above this place!
Small treasures of this sky that we see here
Seen weak through prison-bars from year to year;
Eyed with a painful prayer upon God's grace
To save, and tears that stayed along the face
Lifted at sunset. Yea, how passing dear,
Those nights when through the bars a wind left clear
The heaven, and moonlight soothed the limpid space!

So was it, till one night the secret kept
Safe in low vault and stealthy corridor
Was blown abroad on gospel-tongues of flame.
O ways of God, mysterious evermore!
How many on this spot have cursed and wept
That all might stand here now and own thy Name.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

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DEAN STANLEY.

When Dean Stanley, on the 18th of July, was drawing near his death, he asked that his brother-in-law and life-long friend, Dr. Vaughan, might preach his funeral sermon in Westminster Abbey, "because," said he, "he has known me longest." He chose the friend who had known him all his life to speak of him. There was nothing in all that life which he would have concealed; and he knew that it was only as that life was treated as a whole, and its continual characteristics surveyed in their development from boyhood to the mature age in which he then lay dying, that he could be fitly understood.

This which is true of all men was specially true of Dean Stanley. When he came to America, in 1878, he was wholly taken by surprise by the welcome with which he was received. His friends themselves were unprepared for any such enthusiastic interest in one who was known only as a writer of books and as an ecclesiastic of a foreign establishment. Men and women of all classes seemed to greet him as if he were their friend. It must have meant that in his books there was that power, which not many books possess, of making those who read them know their author as a man, — of making his personal life and character real and vivid to them. Therefore, they thronged the churches where he preached, and even the streets in which he walked, not merely to hear his words, but to see him.

And there can be no doubt as to what was the personal impression which men had of him. Ten years ago a wise writer in the Contemporary Review said, "If we were to attempt a description of Dean Stanley's characteristics, we should name first, and chief of all, his intense love for the light." That word describes the passion of his life. The insatiable curiosity, the eagerness to acquire and to impart intelligent conceptions, accompanied by an absolute moral clearness, a wonderful single-mindedness, and a sympathy and fairness which never failed, — these, which are the elements in which light lives and grows, were what we all delighted to discover in him while he lived, and what we delight to remember now that he is gone. His living and learning and working was like the shining of a star. "It is no task for stars to shine," and so with him all that he did seemed easy, as if it were but the natural and spontaneous utterance of what he was, the effortless radiance of a nature which was made to gather and to utter light. Intelligence shone in the refined alertness of his face, — which, by the way, has never found such good representation as in some of the photographs that were taken in America. His style had a crystal clearness, which showed his thought distinctly. His very walk was quick and eager, as if he must find what he sought. It is no wonder that many men have instantly applied to him Matthew Arnold's famous phrase, "sweetness and light." And the Spectator could use of him an expression which would be ridiculous if it were used of almost any other public man, and declare that his death "leaves the public with the sense of having lost something rare and sweet."

In due time there must come a Life of Stanley, which, if it be worthily written, will be one of the richest records of the best life of our century, and one of the most attractive pictures of a human life in any time. His large associations and continual activity and ceaseless correspondence must have left most precious materials for such a book. If there were only another Stanley left to write it! Let us here recall its simplest outline.

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He was born, as he used to love to recall, in 1815, the year of Waterloo, and received his name of Arthur from the great duke of whose renown all England then was full. His father was the brave and clear-sighted Bishop of Norwich, who stood with Whately in the House of Lords when one of the first petitions was presented on the subject of subscription, who was the friend of Arnold and asked him to preach his consecration sermon, and whose life his son has written with a son's affection and the admiration of a kindred soul. To his mother Arthur Stanley dedicated his Jewish Church, in recollection of "her firm faith, calm wisdom, and tender sympathy;" and of her too he has written delightfully in the same volume that portrays his father's life. When he was fourteen years old, in 1829, he went to Rugby, and was one of the first pupils of his father's friend. His Life of Dr. Arnold, which is perhaps the best biography of our time, is the truest record of what Rugby was to him. There is one passage in it which, as we read it, still lets us see the boy sitting beneath that pulpit in the Rugby chapel, with his eyes fixed upon the teacher, and gathering into his open heart "an image of high principle and feeling," which found in him a true mirror and was never blotted out. In 1834, when he was nineteen years old, Stanley went to Oxford, and there spent four years in the midst of the intense religious excitement of those days. He went forth from his student life laden with the honors and prizes of the university. Then he became a Fellow and tutor. Later he was made the secretary of the Oxford University Commission. In 1845 he was chosen to be select preacher to the university. Five years later he became a canon of Canterbury Cathedral, and in 1852 he made the journey to the East, the record of which is in the glowing pages of his Sinai and Palestine. In 1853 he was appointed Regius professor of ecclesiastical history at Oxford, and to his labors in that chair we owe the Lectures on the Jewish Church and the Lectures on the Eastern Church, which have opened the doors of the Old Testament and of the early church to hosts of readers. In 1862 he went to Palestine again with the Prince of Wales, and the Sermons in the East recount the lessons of that journey. In 1863 he was made Dean of Westminster, and began to wear that title by which he will always be best known, — the title which he loved above all others.

It was a bright and happy life. And it was constantly productive. Besides the books already named, there were published in 1847 the Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age; in 1855, the Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians; in the same year the Historical Memorials of Canterbury; in 1867 the Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey; in 1870, the Essays on Church and State, which has been well described as "the epic of the Thirty Years' War in the Church of England;" and, in 1877, Lectures on the Church of Scotland, which, as Bishop Ewing wrote, "show a marvelous acquaintance with Scotch facts and their bearings." And last of all there was his most interesting volume on Christian Institutions, which was hardly issued when he died. These marked the great current of his life and study. And around them, no less characteristic and full of his character and spirit, like spray flung up by the impetuous and eager stream, there gathered a cloud of lectures, sermons, reviews, and articles of every kind, bearing perpetual witness to the activity of his mind, the wide range of his learning, and the quickness of his sympathy with life.

And now, what were his characteristics as they were indicated in this life and work? First of all, as we have said, there was the love of light. No man ever loved more to look facts in the face, and to know the exact and certain

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truth. "Let us be firmly persuaded," he wrote, "that error is most easily eradicated by establishing truth, and darkness most permanently displaced by diffusing light." There is no clearer illustration of this love of light than in his eager and impassioned insistence that the revision of the translation of the Bible should have the help of all the best scholarship of England, in whatever creed or church it might be found. His speech in Convocation, when it was proposed to reject the help of a Unitarian which had already been invited, is a fine utterance at once of intelligent judgment and of chivalrous courtesy and justice. And it is interesting to see always who are the men whom he loves most, the men of whom he speaks with the most spontaneous affection. Always they are the men of light. It is "the clear-headed and intrepid Zwingli" who, he says, "anticipated the necessary conclusion of the whole matter" of the efficacy of the eucharistic rite. It is the liberal theologians of the seventeenth century to whom he always turns back for the best patterns of religious thought in England. We of America may well love to remember how he treasured the friendship of one of our own men of light, whose loss we are still freshly mourning. "Dear Dr. Washburn!" he wrote this spring, "How well I remember preaching in that great Calvary, and my visit to him in the latter days of my stay in New York! He was of 'that small transfigured band whom the world cannot tame,' — the band of Falkland, Leighton, Whichcote, Arnold, Maurice. Peace be with him!"

Again, there is the specialness of the method of all Dean Stanley's work, the way in which he approached all truth through history. It has often been said of him that he was no metaphysician, and that he had no turn for abstract thought. Nobody saw this, and nobody has said it, more clearly than himself. When he was asked to write an introduction to Bunsen's God in History, he replied, "I hesitated, among other reasons, because it relates so largely to philosophical and abstract questions, on which I do not feel myself competent to enter." Truth has many doors, and he would enter it through that to which his feet most naturally turned. This recognition of the specialness, or, if we please, the limitation, of his power had much to do with the effectiveness, and also with the perennial freshness, of his life. On the steamer at New York, when he was leaving America, he was asked whether he was not weary with his most laborious journey. But he answered, "No! I have declined to see anything in which I was not interested. Kind friends have asked me to go to see factories, and many other interesting things for which I did not care; but I have confined myself to things which I did care for, and so I am not tired." So it was all his life. He worked as he was made to work and as he loved to work, and so the last page that he wrote was as fresh and unwearied as the first. He is everywhere and always the historian. If he wants to define a doctrine, he traces its history. If he makes a page glow like a picture with some description of natural scenery, it is always as the theatre of human action, or as a metaphor of human life, that he describes it. Of pure love for nature for its own sake he shows but little. In his volume of Addresses in America there are three beautiful pictures from nature, but it is noticeable that in each case the picture is drawn with reference to human life. He described Niagara; but it was because he saw in its mist and majesty an image of the future of American destiny. He told of a maple and an oak which he saw growing together from the same stem on the beautiful shores of Lake George; but it was because there seemed to him to be in them a likeness of the unbroken union of the brilliant, fiery maple of America and the gnarled and twisted

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oak of England. He pictured the effects of sunrise on the Alps; but it was the rise of true and rational religion among men that he wanted his hearers to see in his majestic words. Everywhere his eye is upon man. He is always the historian, because in the simplest and most literal sense he is always the philanthropist, the lover of man.

And it is not only men, but man, that he loves; nay, it is mainly man. He loves men for the sake of man, for their contribution to and their share in humanity. Therefore it was that he could care most earnestly for men in whose special arts and occupations he personally had no share or interest. To him they were all part of the great human drama, full of divine meanings. He could preach in the Abbey of the greatness of a great naturalist, although he was no student of natural science; or of a great musician, though he had no taste for music; or of a great novelist, although he could not read his novels. Sometimes his eulogies have seemed to some men to be indiscriminately lavished, but we must have the sight, which he never lost, of the endless human procession, ever moving on; each faithful human being, famous or insignificant, bearing his gift, great or small, intelligible or unintelligible to his brethren, yet all accepted, and laid up in the vast temple of the divine purpose, to which they move, in which they slowly disappear. We must have this sight, before we can understand or judge his judgments of his fellowmen.

One rejoices to think how full of poetry the world must have been to him. A walk in London or Jerusalem must have been crowded with memory, and fear, and hope, and love. The unexpressed, half-conscious joy of life to one who carries such a mind and eye must be something of which the multitude of us know nothing.

And while we grant its specialness, while we see the need of other methods for the entire mastery of truth, let us acknowledge the greatness and beauty of the historic method, of which Dean Stanley gave such a noteworthy example. In the turmoil of *a priori* reasoning, in the hurly-burly of men's speculations about what ought to be, let us welcome the enthusiastic student of what is and of what has been. The gospel in the ages must always be part of the same revelation with the gospel in the Bible and the gospel in the heart. We cannot afford to lose the softening and richening of opinions by the historic sense. The ecclesiastical historian and the systematic theologian must go hand in hand. "The word of the Lord which was given in the Council of Nicæa," says Athanasius, "abideth forever," but the personal History of the Council, which Dean Stanley has so wonderfully told, is part of the word of God which comes from that memorable assemblage to all the generations.

The catholicity and charity for which Dean Stanley's name has become almost a synonym is worthy of being carefully studied, in order that its full greatness may be known. Some men's toleration of those who differ from them is mere good-nature and indifference. Other men's toleration is the mere application of a theory, and is quite consistent with strong personal dislikes. In the Dean of Westminster the catholicity which so impressed the world and drew the hearts of all good men to him was the issue of a lofty conception of the church of Christ, combined with that instinctive love for man of which we have been speaking; and heart and mind were perfectly united in it. Therefore the public and the private life were in completest harmony. It is well known with what a generous hospitality the doors of the deanery stood wide open. Older men tell how, in older days, the Stanley rooms at Oxford were eagerly thronged with all who had any desire to seek the light which filled them; but what we

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know best, and what will always be remembered by multitudes as they pass in sight of the little dark door, hidden away where yet so many pilgrims found it, under the cloister arch as you pass through to the Jerusalem Chamber, is the open welcome which at the deanery in Stanley's time was always waiting for whoever brought anything of love for truth or interest in noble things.

"I love all who love truth, if poor or rich,
In what they have won of truth possessively!"

That was the spirit of the place, and evidently before such a spirit no enmity could stand. Dean Stanley was a strange instance of a man who was dreaded and disliked in hundreds of rectories and homes in England, for the ideas which he held, or was supposed to hold, but who had not a personal enemy in all the world. When he was made Dean of Westminster Christopher Wordsworth, who was one of the canons of the Abbey, publicly protested against the appointment. When he died, the same Christopher Wordsworth, now Bishop of Lincoln, bating nothing of his disapproval of the Dean's opinions, bore most affectionate testimony in Convocation to the richness and nobleness of Stanley's character.

All this means something. It means that Stanley had the power of going himself, and of compelling the men who dealt with him to go, down to those deeper regions of life and thought where men of different opinions may find themselves in a true sympathy. Therefore his catholicity was real. Men did not meet at the deanery in an armed truce, but in a deeper brotherhood. When Stanley went and lectured to the Scotch Presbyterians, or to the American Methodists or Baptists, it was a real thing. He carried to all of them the truth on which their truths rested. He taught the Scotch out of Chalmers, and the Methodists out of Wesley, and the Congregationalists out of Dr. Robinson. "As certain also of your own poets have said," he seemed to be always repeating, as if in the highest and truest and most poetic utterance of each man's faith he rejoiced to find the essence of the common faith of all. In one of the last articles which he wrote there is an estimate of Newman, Pusey, and Keble which, without in the least losing the clear discrimination of their opinions, is wonderfully full of appreciative honor for the men; and hardly any page in all his writings glows with more generous enthusiasm than that, in the same article, in which he records the opposition of the Liberal party in the Church of England against the attempt to put down the Tractarians in 1844. The volume of Essays on Church and State is a book which every religious student ought to read, for it contains his threefold plea for liberty, — liberty for the Evangelical, the Rationalist, and the Ritualist; a liberty for which he pleads in the name of that large conception of the church of Christ which would be mangled if any one of these representatives of the three great perpetual types of religious life were persecuted or expelled.

It is evident that a catholicity as positive as this could not rest in mere sentiment. There was always an enthusiastic chivalry waiting, sleeping on its arms, and ready to spring up at the slightest cry of oppression or unfairness, and utter itself in word and deed. How we shall miss his voice! Whenever meanness or bigotry lifted its head we knew that we should hear from Stanley. When the atmosphere grew heavy we looked for the lightning of his speech. In 1866, Convocation undertook to denounce Bishop Colenso for his theological writings, and to confirm his deposition. As one reads the speech of Stanley, one can see him on his feet in the midst of the bishop's enemies. The small figure, great with indignation, seems to dilate before us. He takes possession of our sympathies, as his words

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took possession then of the real heart of England. He says in the plainest language how absolutely his method of studying the Bible differs from Colenso's. He emphasizes his plea by a disclaimer of personal association. But he pleads for free speech and for light. "The Bishop of Natal gives us more than he can ever take from us by the testimony which is thus rendered to all the world that the power of thought and speech is still left to us, even in the highest ranks of our hierarchy. This is worth a hundred mistakes that he may have made about the author of the Pentateuch." He tells Convocation that among living prelates and clergymen of the Church of England there are hundreds and thousands who hold the same principles as Bishop Colenso, "against whom you have not proposed and dare not propose to institute proceedings." Among these he describes himself. Then he cries out, "At least, deal out the same measure to me that you deal to him; at least judge for all a righteous judgment. Deal out the same measure to those who are well befriended and who are present as to those who are unbefriended and absent."

It would be hard to find a truer chivalry than that. It would be hard to say what nobler use could possibly be made of privilege and power and prosperity than thus to hold them like a shield over the oppressed and helpless. Something of the same chivalry appears in his continual assertion of the worth of goodness outside the visible church and the formal associations of religion. He, living deep in those associations, and loving them with all his heart, is watchful and jealous lest any wrong should be done to that larger working of the Spirit of God which no organization can express. So he pleads for the sacredness of secular life. So he even becomes the champion of a depreciated age of history, and in the article which I have already quoted chivalrously stands up for the despised and dishonored eighteenth century.

There is a chivalry in prayer. There is a kind of prayer in which the man who prays seems to value the privilege of his spiritual life mostly because of the hope which it gives him for the darkest and most hopeless of God's children. Such a prayer as this is one which the Dean of Westminster wrote very lately for one of the days of the church year for which the Liturgy provides no collect: —

"O Eternal Spirit, through whom in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted before Him, enlighten our hearts, that we may know and perceive in all nations and kindreds of people whatsoever there is in any of them of true and honest, just and pure, lovely and of good report, through the Word which lighteth every man, Jesus Christ our Lord."

It is certain that the religious life and teaching of Dean Stanley have given immense support to Christian faith in England. In Convocation, just after he died, the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke of him thus: "There are, in a great community like ours, a vast number of persons who are not members of our own or of any other church, and there are persons whose temptations are altogether in the direction of skepticism; and my own impression is that the works of the late Dean of Westminster have confirmed in the Christian faith a vast number of such persons." That is a noble record in such days as these. To discriminate the essence of Christianity from its accidents; to show the world that many of the attacks on Christian faith are aimed at what men may well be in doubt about, and yet be Christians; to lead the soul behind the disputes whose battle-ground is the letter, into the sanctuary of the spirit; to bid the personal loyalty to a divine Master stand forth from the tumult of doctrinal discussion as the one vital power of the Christian life, —

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this is a work for the defender of the faith which is full of inspiration, and makes multitudes of men his debtors. Stanley's last volume, his Christian Institutions, does this with wonderful clearness and power. What Christian faith and worship really are stand forth in that book in most calm and majestic simplicity. As we read it, it is as if we heard the quiet word spoken which breaks the spell of ecclesiasticism, and the imprisoned truth or principle wakes and stands upon its feet and looks us in the eye. The flush of life comes back into the hard face of dead ceremonies, and their soul reveals itself. Bubbles of venerable superstition seem to burst before our eyes; and we feel sure anew, with fresh delight and hope, that not fantastical complexity, but the simplicity of naturalness, is the real temple in which we are to look for truth. The great Christian faith of the future will honor the life-long teacher of such rational Christianity as that high among the servants and saviours of the religion of Christ in England in these days of doubt, high among the faithful souls who, in the midst of perplexity and disbelief, refused to despair of the church of Christ.

Nor was it for mere concession that the religion of the Dean was noteworthy. His whole work was constructive. He was the most conservative of radicals. In 1863, when he bade farewell to Oxford that he might go to Westminster, these were his last words to the young men of the university: "Be as free, be as liberal, be as courageous, as you will, but be religious, *because* you are liberal; be devout, *because* you are free; be pure, *because* you are bold; cast away the works of darkness, *because* you are the children of light; be humble and considerate and forbearing, *because* you are charged with hopes as grand as were ever committed to the rising generation of any church or of any country." Any man who talks about him as if the essence of his life and work were destructive has yet to learn what destruction and construction mean, — has yet to master that great truth which Stanley himself thus nobly states: "We sometimes think that it is the transitory alone which changes; the eternal stands still. Rather, the transitory stands still, fades, and falls to pieces; the eternal continues by changing its form in accordance with the movement of advancing ages."

It would be hard to name any man in these days who has given clearer proof of a true love for the Bible than Dean Stanley. On a quiet summer Sunday evening, as you sat in the thronged Abbey, in that mingling of the daylight from without and the church's lamps within which seemed to fill the venerable place with a sacred and yet most familiar beauty, and saw by and by, as the service advanced, that small live figure move, during the music of the chant, to the old lectern, and read the chapter from the Old Testament; as you heard the eager voice lose all its consciousness of time and place as it passed on into the pathos of the story; as, at last, there rang through the great arches the wail of the great Hebrew monarch, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" — as thus, for the instant, the Dean thrilled himself and filled the trembling souls of those who heard him with the passion of the king, you felt yourself in the presence of a love and reverence for the Book of God which was deep and true just in proportion as it was free from superstition and full of intelligence. "And oh, to think," says Canon Farrar, "that we shall never hear him read again, with such ringing exultation, the Song of Deborah!" And when we hear the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol tell how, in the Revision Committee, the Dean would often plead for the preservation of an "innocent archaism" in

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the English text, we catch a glimpse of his love for the familiar words of the old New Testament which appeals to the hearts of multitudes of English Christians.

The first and indispensable condition of the Bible's power is that the Bible should be alive. A dead book, like a dead man, slays no dragons. And to how many readers Dean Stanley's works have made the Bible live! How many eyes, fastened upon his pages, have seen gradually issuing through the thin substance of the half-mythical Moses or David, in whom they once tried to believe, a real Moses or David, — as real to them as Moses was to Miriam, or David was to Joab, — and have found, perhaps to their surprise, that it was in those real human lives, in men and women troubled, tormented, loving, hating, sinning, repenting, yet all doing something to make possible the days of the Son of man which were to come, — that it was in such human lives as these that the true revelation of God to man in the Old Testament was contained. How many a reader of Stanley has felt the truth of these words of the Dean himself: "Can any one doubt that the characters of David and Paul are better appreciated, more truly loved, by a man like Ewald, who appreciates them with a profound insight into their language, their thoughts, their customs, their history, than by a scholastic divine from whom the atmosphere in which the king and the apostle moved was almost entirely shut out?" It would be little if the work of Stanley had simply clothed the Bible for many readers with a fascinating interest. It is surely a debt for which the Christian world is grateful that he has called forth for multitudes its sacredness and power, and made it for them the Book of Life.

Nor can there be any doubt that, in this vividness and sacredness which filled the life of the Bible and all human life for him, there lay the true secret of that prevailing silence in his writings with regard to the things on which theologians ordinarily dwell most, which has so frequently been observed and questioned. The miracle of life to him was everywhere. So truly was the hand of God apparent in the building of the nations, in the guiding of the stream of history, and especially in the education of character and in the moral progress of the world, that in these great phenomena he found the truest signs of his religion; and the extraordinary manifestations of divine power, while they always wakened in him an awe peculiar to their own mysteriousness, while they were dwelt upon in the silence which often marks the deepest reverence, were never made the chief objects of his study, nor the supports on which his faith relied. "Let us recognize," he said, "that the preternatural is not the supernatural, and that, whether the preternatural is present or absent, the true supernatural may and will remain unshaken." "Not by outward acts, or institutions, or signs of power, but by being what He was, has the history of Jesus Christ retained its hold on mankind." The life of Christ was a life "sacred and divine, because it was supremely, superhumanly, and transcendently *good*." When he went to Patmos, and wrote that account of the island which will always make the vision of the Apocalypse more vivid and intelligible to any one who reads it, it was still the vision-seer more than the vision on which his mind was dwelling, and he closes his account by saying, "We understand the Apocalypse better for having been at Patmos. But we can understand the Gospel and Epistles of St. John as well in England as in Patmos, or in Ephesus, or even in his own native Palestine." Surely a faith like this, to which all ground is holy and all days are the days of Christ, and man lifted to moral nobleness and purity by God is the great miracle, is better than a faith which only looks afar off, and

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finds the world of men around it and the present day in which it lives barren and destitute of God.

It is hard for us Americans to enter fully into an understanding of that idea of the national church, of religion as a true function of the Christian state, which Stanley learned from his great teacher Dr. Arnold, and which pervaded all his thinking all his life. But when he comes himself to state the spiritual meaning of his idea, he takes us into his sympathy at once. "The connection of the church with the state is," he says, "merely another form of that great Christian principle, — that cardinal doctrine of the Reformation, which is at the same time truly catholic and truly apostolical, — that Christian life and Christian theology thrive the most vigorously not by separation and isolation and secrecy, but by intercommunion with the domestic and social relations of man, — in the world, though not of it." There is no low Erastianism in that high interpretation. And we always must remember that Arnold, deeply as Stanley honored him, was not the only influence that had shaped his thought. The profounder and more spiritual philosophy of Frederick Maurice was freely felt and owned. It is really the church-and-state theory of Arnold, inspired and glorified by Maurice's doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the ongoing of the redemptive life of man in Christ, and both of them made clear and familiar by his own historic sympathy and never failing love for man, that one feels at the heart of Stanley's hope for his country and for the world.

No one who heard it will ever forget the benediction which Dean Stanley uttered at the close of the service at which he preached in Trinity Church in Boston, on the 22d of September, 1878. He had been but a few days in America. It was the first time that he had looked an American congregation in the face. The church was crowded with men and women, of whom he only knew that to him they represented the New World. He was for the moment the representative of English Christianity. And as he spoke the solemn words, it was not a clergyman dismissing a congregation: it was the Old World blessing the New; it was England blessing America. The voice trembled, while it grew rich and deep, and took every man's heart into the great conception of the act that filled itself. The next morning he met a gathering of clergymen at breakfast, and as they separated, the room for an instant growing quiet and sacred, he said, "I will bid you farewell with the benediction which I pronounced yesterday in Trinity Church, and which it is my habit to pronounce on all the more important occasions in the Abbey." And then again came the same words, with the same calm solemnity. When he stood where now he himself lies buried, and had watched the dear remains of his wife — to lose whom from his sight was agony to him — committed to the ground, he lifted up himself at the close of the service, and with a clear voice uttered this same benediction. And once again, for the last time, when he lay waiting for the end in the deanery, Canon Farrar tells us how, after he had received the communion, the voice of the dying Dean was heard feebly blessing his friends, and blessing the world that he was leaving, with the same benediction, which meant so much to him. Wherever he went, whatever he did, he carried a benediction with him.

The personal charm of Dean Stanley, in public and in private, was something which everybody felt who came into the slightest association with him. Indeed, it seems, as we have intimated, to have been felt even by those who never saw him, and who knew him only through his books and by the public record of his life. It was the charm of simple truthfulness, of perfect manliness, of a true sympathy with all forms of

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healthy human action, and of a perpetual picturesqueness, which was enhanced by the interesting positions which he held, but was independent of them, and had its real being in his personality itself. If he had been the humblest country parson instead of being Dean of Westminster, he would have carried about the same charm in his smaller world. It was associated with his physical frame, his small stature, his keen eye, his rapid movement, his expressive voice. The very absence of bodily vigor made the spiritual presence more distinct. And the perfect unity of the outer and the inner, the public and the private life, at once precluded any chance of disappointment in those who, having been attracted by his work, came by and by to know him personally, and at the same time gave to those whose only knowledge of him was from his writings and his public services the right to feel that they did really know him as he was.

His preaching was the natural expression of his nature and his mind. It was full of sympathy and of historical imagination. Apart from the beautiful simplicity of his style, and the richness of illustrative allusion, the charm of his sermons was very apt to lie in a certain way which he had of treating the events of the day as parts of the history of the world, and making his hearers feel that they and what they were doing belonged as truly to the history of their race, and shared as truly in the care and government of God, as David and his wars, or Socrates and his teachings. As his lectures made all times live with the familiarity of our own day, so his sermons made our own day, with its petty interests, grow sacred and inspired by its identification with the great principles of all the ages. With the procession of heroism, and faith, and bravery, and holiness, always marching before his eyes, he summoned his congregation in the Abbey or in the village church to join the host. And it was his power of historical imagination that made them for an instant see the procession which he saw, and long to join it at his summons.

Such a life as we have tried to describe, a life so full of faith and hope and charity, could not but be a very happy life. All his friends know — indeed, all the world which has watched him knows — how that life has been changed since his wife died in 1876. Lady Augusta Stanley — of whom her husband wrote upon her grave that she was "for thirty years the devoted servant of Queen Victoria and the Queen's mother and children, for twelve years the unwearied friend of the people of Westminster and the inseparable partner of her husband's toils and hopes, uniting many hearts from many lands, and drawing all to things above" — left the home to which her life had given such brilliancy and sweetness very desolate and empty when she died. And yet, with all his most pathetic sorrow, there was a richness in his memory and thought of her after her death that was not destitute of happiness. "I shall be there when he takes people round the Abbey. I shall be associated with all his works." So she had said when speaking of her grave. And some fulfillment of her hope, some constant sense of spiritual company, gave a peculiar beauty to the last years of the servant of God, as he still lingered till his work was done.

The feeling of Dean Stanley towards Westminster Abbey and his treatment of the duties and privileges which belonged to him as the head of that venerable sanctuary have been full of poetry and beauty. They have made the last seventeen years of his life a poem by themselves. Westminster Abbey represented to him the religious life of England; and in its abundant suggestiveness he found illustrations of all his best hopes and ideas of humanity and of the church. More and more his whole

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life centred there. In 1865, before the Society of Antiquaries, pleading for the restoration of certain neglected parts of the great building, he said, imitating the line of Terence, "Decanus Westmonasteriensis sum; nihil Westmonasteriense a ne alienum puto."

To walk through the Abbey with the Dean was like walking through antiquity with Plutarch; only it was a Christian Plutarch, and a Plutarch full of the ideas and aspirations of the nineteenth century, as well as the memory of all other centuries, with whom you walked. Now he stopped by the tomb of Edward the Confessor, in the centre of the Abbey, and told of "his innocent faith and sympathy with the people," which give the childish and eccentric monarch such a lasting charm. Now he paused before the often-mutilated monument of André, and had a kind word both for the ill-fated victim and the great captain who reluctantly condemned him. Now, in the centre of the nave, he would let no one pass the grave of Livingstone without reverence. Now, in the poets' corner, he stood beneath the quaint memorial of "rare Ben Jonson," and told the fantastic stories of his burial and of the strange inscription. Then, in Henry VII.'s chapel, he would point to the Duke of Buckinghamshire's monument, and recount how a too scrupulous dean had made the famous inscription heathen, because he could not have it made Christian in just the words he wished, and so, "rather than tolerate suspected heresy, admitted the absolute negation of Christianity." A moment he would linger by the spot where Cromwell's body lay for three years, till the silly rage of the Restoration dragged it away. And just beyond that grave, in the chapel where the Duke of Montpensier, the younger brother of Louis Philippe, king of the French, lies buried, there is the stone beneath which he now sleeps himself, and which for years he never approached without a change in the step which any one walking by his side could feel at once.

The anxiety of the Dean of Westminster that all the people of England, as far as possible, should know the Abbey; the intense interest with which he led companies of workingmen and workingwomen through its aisles and chapels; the responsibility which he felt for the execution of his office as the guardian of its dignity and the judge of who should be admitted to its courts for worship or for burial, — all these show in how lofty a way he loved it. It was no toy for him to play with. It was no museum of bricabrac antiquity. Nor was it a pedestal for him to stand on, nor a frame to set off the picture of his life. It was the image of the sacredness of history and of God's ways in England, which he was set to keep, as the high priests of the Jews were set to keep the Books of the Kings and of the Chronicles. When he was willing that the monument of the French Imperial Prince should be received into the great assembly, it was not a certificate of the prince's greatness nor an indorsement of imperialist ideas which was intended. It was simply that the death of one who might be called the last of the Bonapartes in the service of England seemed to the Dean a picturesque event, worthy to be written on the stone tablet of history which was in his keeping. When he refused the use of the Abbey for an official meeting of the Lambeth Conference in 1867, it was because he could not see in that assemblage a fair, impartial utterance of English Christianity. When he invited Max Müller to lecture in the Abbey upon Christian missions, it was his testimony to the truth that the laity really are the English church, and that by lay intelligence and thoughtfulness, as well as by the special methods of knowledge which are open to the clergy, the questions of religion must be approached and answered. "So long as Westminster Abbey maintains its hold

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on the affections or respect of the English church and nation, so long will it remain a standing proof that there is in the truest feelings of human nature and in the highest aspirations of religion something deeper and wider than the partial judgments of the day and the technical distinctions of sects, — even than the just, though it may for the moment be misplaced, indignation against the errors and sins of our brethren." In words like these we have the true key to his treatment of the great national trust, which he never mentioned without a most impressive seriousness.

It is interesting to see, in his delightful work upon the Abbey, what are some of the incidents in the history of the great church which seem to give him peculiar pleasure. He commemorates the fact that "William Caxton, who first introduced into Great Britain the art of printing, exercised that art, A. D. 1477 or earlier, in the Abbey of Westminster." Again, he recollects with pleasure that the injunction under Edward VI., which commanded the sale of the brass lecterns and copper gilt candlesticks and angels "as monuments of idolatry," was coupled with a direction that the proceeds should be devoted "to the library and the buying of books." Both of these satisfactions are characteristic of the light-lover. While he records the execrations which the gigantic and obtrusive monument of James Watt has provoked from architectural enthusiasts, yet he himself is reconciled to it by remembering "what this vast figure represents, — what class of interests before unknown, what revolutions in the whole frame-work of society, equal to any that the Abbey walls have yet commemorated." When he was installed as Dean, the passage in the service which most startled his ear as the oracle and augury of his new work was that in which it is prayed that the new-comer may be enabled to do his best "for the *enlargement* of God's church." On December 21, 1869, the consecration to the see of Exeter of "the worthy successor of Arnold at Rugby, Dr. Temple, who, after an opposition similar to that which no doubt would have met his predecessor's elevation, entered on his episcopal duties with a burst of popular enthusiasm such as has hardly fallen to the lot of any English prelate since the Reformation," is joyously recorded by his sympathizing friend. Everywhere there was that same broad satisfaction in the highest uses to which his great charge could be put which was uttered in almost the last articulate words which were taken down unaltered from his failing speech, — words in which he passed most naturally from the thought of his own personal life to the thought of the Abbey in which he had lived. "The end has come," he said, "in the way in which I most desired it should come. I could not have controlled it better. After preaching one of my sermons on the Beatitudes, I had a most violent fit of sickness, took to my bed, and said immediately that I wished to die at Westminster. I am perfectly happy, perfectly satisfied; I have no misgivings." And again, a little later on, "So far as I knew what the duties of this office are supposed to be, in spite of every incompetence, I yet humbly trust that I have sustained before the mind of the nation the extraordinary value of the Abbey as a religious, liberal, and national institution."

However men have questioned other burials in the Abbey, there is no doubt about his right to be buried there. He has given the venerable structure a deeper meaning, and therefore a deeper sacredness, to countless minds. His use of the building of many centuries for the best purposes of this latest century in which he lived is a true picture of how he tried to make the unchanging church of Christ a real and living servant of this modern time, with its changed needs and thoughts.

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The short and hurried visit of Dean Stanley to the United States in 1878 will be long remembered here. It is not too much to say that more than any Englishman of distinction who has visited this country he entered into sympathetic understanding of its life. He came as an historian and as an Englishman. When he stood upon the hill at Plymouth, and took in with wonderful distinctness the whole scene of the landing of the Pilgrims; when he made his pilgrimage to Channing's grave; when he stood upon the spot of André's execution, and conceived the beautiful inscription which he afterwards wrote out for the monument to be erected there, always he was the historian and the Englishman, loving to trace in the first settlement of the country, and in the struggle for independence, and in the growth of liberal and humane Christian thought the tokens in the New World of that same trusty human character which he at once shared and honored in the mother country. But always, besides being the historian and the Englishman, he was also the prophet and the man; ready and glad to recognize that, for the state and for the church and for the race, God had appointed a work here in America which could be done only here, and so honoring our country not simply as the issue of great histories in the past, not simply as the echo on new shores of a life which he respected and loved at home, but as the minister of unknown works for God and man in the great future, as containing the promise and potency of sorts of life in the days to come which she alone could furnish. The sketch of America which he wrote in a magazine article on his return was very remarkable for its observation and thoughtful insight. More than ever, since that visit, the deanery and the Abbey have been open to Americans. And in all the last services in which he took part there, from the day of the murderous assault upon President Garfield, prayers were offered in the Abbey, by the Dean's direction, that the life of the American President might be spared to his nation and the world.

As we close this rapid survey of Dean Stanley's life, can there be any doubt what are the lessons which he would wish to have it teach? Must not the first certainly be this: that Christ is the Lord of human history, and that in his gospel and his church, ever more broadly and spiritually conceived, lies the true hope of human progress and the true field of human work? And is not the second this: that human existence is full of crowded interest, and that simplicity, integrity, the love of truth, and high, unselfish aims must make for any man in whom they meet a rich and happy life?

These lessons will be taught by many lives in many languages before the end shall come; but for many years yet to come there will be men who will find not the least persuasive and impressive teachings of them in Dean Stanley's life. The heavens will still be bright with stars, and younger men will never miss the radiance which they never saw. But for those who once watched for his light there will always be a spot of special darkness in the heavens, where a star of special beauty went out when he died.

Phillips Brooks.

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SOME RECENT NOVELS.

RALPH VERNON,[1] after breaking his engagement because his prospective father-in-law refuses to consent to the children of the marriage being brought up Roman Catholics, retires to a very earthly paradise, in convenient nearness to Monte Carlo, to search for his "lost self." A reckless abandonment to the distinctly sensuous charms of Southern scenery and climate, together with the solicitations of Burgundy *al fresco* in quaint old goblets, much distracts him from the pursuit; still, the reader suspects that his failure to get on the track of his evanished personality is mainly due to its having no existence outside of his own rather heated fancy. At Monte Carlo, one afternoon, in company with some friends who are engaged in the pursuit of the pleasures there offered, he further relaxes his anxious mind by attentions to a Venus with a red fan, a charmer of the description abundant at these resorts. Her he soon deserts, however, for a goddess of a different style, the beautiful and high-bred Miss Walters, who appears to him a very Diana. She turns out to be the occupant of a delightful residence next his own, and in the course of a homeward drive with her their sympathetic and confidential discourse on the subjects of love and friendship results in a rapid ripening of acquaintance. That evening he resumes the search for his lost self by praying or confessing himself on paper, in a rather hysteric fashion and at great length, to a God in whom he seems to find extreme difficulty in believing. At the end of a day or two his relations with Miss Cynthia Walters have assumed a decidedly intimate character, after a morning meeting at the foot of her garden, whither she has strayed in an elegant dishabille of a blue satin dressing gown and a fur-lined mantle. She carries a small Bible, in which she has been reading about "my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled," which names Vernon is not slow in applying to his beautiful friend; the interview ends with a kiss less platonic than Vernon, on second thoughts, would have had it. The romance proceeds according to this beginning, with alternations of sentimental love-making which is but a spurious imitation of real love, and of "religious" speculation and conversation which are only the indulgence of a "dreamy spiritual voluptuousness," — to use words of the author's own, which quite accurately describe the substance of these pages. Miss Walters speedily makes it known to Vernon that she bears a gnawing sorrow at her heart, which at length she confesses to be remorse. She reveals herself a sinner, fallen as low as woman can fall, but one who is willing to be drawn out of the mire, provided Vernon will undertake her salvation by giving her the entire devotion of his heart. He thinks of doing so, but finds two souls, his own and hers, too much to look after at a time. An ascetic Catholic, with whom Vernon occasionally communes, tells him that the "denials of his intellect have gone far to paralyze the affirmations of the affections;" but the reason of his failure to accomplish his own or Miss Walters's regeneration appears to be rather that he is a poor creature whose affections have nothing particular to affirm. A short season of religious love-making is usually followed by a period of repentance and self-contempt, during which he revolves all sides of the question, and contemplates the expediency of "having her for him-

[1] *A Romance of the Nineteenth Century.* By W. H. MALLOCK. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

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self," if he cannot "win her for God." Miss Walters herself is decidedly hopeless over her case. To Vernon's protestations of his belief in her innate purity she replies that, though she thinks she was naturally white-souled, she is, unfortunately, at present as depraved as a woman can well be; his exhortations to belief in God she answers by posing him with questions as to his own creed, remarking by the way, however, that she occasionally supplicates that mythical saint, St. Mary Magdalene; and she declines the attempt to live decently without the support of Vernon's devotion. But Vernon plays priest and lover with equal incapacity. He relieves his wretched mind in spasmodic soliloquies, but manages to sustain nature during this trying time by *recherché* repasts, — pâtés, champertin, etc., — to which he invites those friends of his who but for a trifle less of coarseness might have stepped out of one of the worst of Ouida's novels. We say a trifle less of coarseness, but, indeed, there occurs on page 57 a bit of dialogue that must needs make Ouida tremble for her laurels. Clearly, Mr. Mallock has dipped his pen in that lady's inkstand, and shown her that she no longer monopolizes her peculiar kind of vulgarity. The book ends with the death of Vernon, shot by the man he madly assails as the original tempter of Miss Walters's virtue. He is buried with the leaves of his "confessions" placed upon his breast, and Miss Walters, dying of heart disease, is interred near him, with the inscription on her tombstone, *Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God*, — an application which, considering that this erring woman has given no sign whatever of genuine penitence, is to the sense of the average non-sentimental person shocking.

Mr. Mallock's book is an extraordinary one, as this brief account of the story as it runs sufficiently indicates. Those readers whom it does not demoralize will find it simply and literally disgusting. It is hard to conceive why it was written. If the author had wished to play into the hands of his adversaries, the scientific atheists whom he has heretofore fought with so much ability, he could not have served them more effectually than by sending forth this volume. After such miserable stuff, it would, by contrast, be positively refreshing to read Frederic Harrison or Kingdon Clifford: the life-thoughts of the free-thinkers, however hard and cold and blank, would appear as at least a wholesome and manly alternative to this sickly, lamp-lit, perfumed, sentimental, sensual emotionalism. Those who read the Dialogue on Human Happiness are not wholly unprepared for the appearance of this Romance: the latter is but an expansion of the former, but what might have seemed to possess small significance if it had remained a mere hint or sketch cannot so well be overlooked now that it calls attention to itself as a finished work. Yet if the book were not Mr. Mallock's, if it were not the production of a writer who, in exposing the futility of some of the modern atheistic objections to Christian belief, has displayed much clearness of insight and keenness of argument, the book would not be worth even a passing notice. The weakness of his reasoning whenever he has attempted to set forth anything like a positive doctrine does not detract from the value of his work in maintaining the negative of his opponent's position. But it is difficult to believe that an author can ever have proved himself capable of sound sense and acute thinking who is now content to offer the public a volume full of such wretched matter as the Romance of the Nineteenth Century contains.

A Gentleman of Leisure [1] is a good title for a novel, especially for one to be read in the dog-days. The book

[1] *A Gentleman of Leisure.* By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

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is a sort of showman's account of that curious and changing panorama, New York society, or, more correctly, a description illustrated by pictures, like the lectures of some travelers. The author has very ingeniously chosen his illustrations from a series of festivities or entertainments exhibiting the manners, customs, and in some degree the morals, of the different circles which make up the polite social system, — circles which are not concentric, though many of them touch or intersect. We are introduced to these in company with the hero, Mr. Clinton Wainwright, who is *visiting his native country as a stranger*. He has lived for twenty years in England, where his mother made a second marriage, and he has been through school, university, and society in that country. After this long absence he comes to New York to take possession of an inheritance, not intending to remain in America above three months, and expecting "to be a little amused and a great deal bored by the trip." His notions about the modes of life as well as of other matters in New York are hazy: he expects, for instance, to find his rich countrymen dining at two P. M. Of course a succession of surprises await him, none of which could have been keener than the first, when, on going to dine with his banker, Mr. Bodenstein, at seven o'clock, "one butler opened the door for him, another removed his wraps." As in England at those "patrician fire-sides where he had been received without a single fastidious murmur," he could never have seen more than one such dignitary in occupation, this must have taken the edge off the effect even of "the arras of crimson velvet."

The dinner at the Bodensteins' was followed not long afterwards by a ball at the same house. Mr. Bodenstein is a German Jew, of unattractive appearance, who, with the aid of an influential foreign capitalist, has contrived to make the biggest fortune, marry the prettiest, richest, best born and bred young lady of her season, have the handsomest house and most elegant entertainments, and keep the best company in New York. There is likewise a kettledrum in the over-furnished drawing-room of Mrs. Townsend Spring, the handsome wife of a flashy, tipsy stock-broker, a rich man one day, a bankrupt the next, or *vice versa*, — vicissitudes which do not affect his speculations or his wife's expenditure. There is a ball at the Grosvenors' dull, cold, aristocratic family mansion, which everybody is anxious *to attend; there is another at* Mrs. Doughty's, to which an acquaintance of the hostess's can take an acquaintance of his own without invitation or permission, and where the gentlemen wear embroidered shirts and silk or satin neck-ties. There is a reception at Mrs. Lucretia Bateson Bangs's, the mistress of the house being a lady who writes woman with a capital W, and whose guests are all geniuses; and there is a little dinner at the Metropolitan Club. It is at this resort, frequented chiefly by Anglomaniacs, that some characteristics of New York society are revealed, and that Wainwright comes to a better understanding of himself and of one class of his compatriots. These young gentlemen wear clothes made only in London, affect English airs, and express themselves with the accent of Belgravia after the following fashion: —

"I saw Binghamton firing away at you, and I knew that no fellow had a chance to talk while he was doing that sort of thing. But he 's confoundedly clever, is Binghamton. Upon my word, now, he knows a fearful lot. By the way, did you bring any traps over with you? I suppose not, eh? I 've just had a jolly drag sent across. It 's going to beat anything in the coaching club, I fancy. We 've a coaching club here, you know. Nothing so swell as yours, of course."

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This is peculiarly disgusting to Mr. Wainwright, who, in spite of having passed his life in England and with English people "who belonged distinctly to the aristocracy," is still so good an American that he says, "Your sister seems to have considerable male society about her," and uses many phrases not to be acquired at Oxford.

His English education, however, while it had not corrupted his speech, had left him in complete ignorance of his native country, which "began by amazing him, and ended by interesting him sharply. He was not sure yet [this was at an early stage] whether he liked it or not." One cause of complaint was the over-civilization of some forms of life in New York. He found fault with the Bodensteins' ball for being too magnificent, for "smelling of royalty, of imperialism, of anything that is not republican," and preached a little sermon on this text then and there. But he is enchanted with the beauty, grace, and charm of the women whom he meets in every circle to which he is introduced, and he soon finds himself strongly attracted by Miss Ruth Cheever. She is the sister of the fast and foolish Mrs. Townsend Spring, but her superiority to the latter is no secret to the reticent, sensitive, dignified girl. On her first meeting with Wainwright, at her sister's house, which has been her home since her mother's death, two years before, she tells him that she has come from "a simple Massachusetts town, not far from Boston, — just near enough to be civilized;" hence her high principles, her fine manners, her modulated voice, "full of silvery refinement." She also tells him that she dislikes her present home, and begs him to go away, as her sister "is in one of her unpleasant moods" that evening. Before they have seen each other half a dozen times Ruth takes Wainwright further into her confidence, and tells him more of her sister's ill-temper, extravagance, and worldliness, of her brother-in-law's bad habits and dishonest practices, and of her own unhappiness at her sister's determination to force her into a mercenary marriage.

The thin thread of story is spun from the varying fortunes of the Townsend Springs, and the sole incident of any importance concerns Mrs. Spring, Mr. Wainwright, and a dress-maker. This is cleverly devised, but it does not seem to strike Mrs. Spring, her husband, the hero, the heroine, the dress-maker, or the author that Wainwright's generosity was horribly compromising to Mrs. Spring's reputation. The introduction of the gold room on Black Friday is excellent, and if better handled might have been extremely powerful. The truth is that throughout the book one more often sees what the author means to do than sees him do it. The description of Townsend Spring is good: "treating life like a roulette board; smoking it up sensuously like a quick-consumed cigar; drinking it down, day after day, like a series of fiery potions; missing all its fine flavors in his greedy, voluptuous haste to gain them; and cutting, as he stumbled through his precarious career, a figure little less than socially ribald." But the man himself produces no such distinct impression. Neither do Gausevoort, Binghamton, Mrs. Vanderhoff, nor Mrs. Spring, although the last is more life-like than the rest. We see the mark, but we see that Mr. Fawcett does not hit it; to measure how far he misses it, one need but compare the club talk in one of Trollope's novels, The Duke's Children, for instance, with that in the Gentleman of Leisure. The insipidity and improbability of all the conversations are more noticeable from the cleverness with which the manner of a single person is hit off, Gansevoort and Mrs. Vanderhoff, in particular; it is like mimicry.

The hero and heroine, as is often the case, are the poorest figures. Ruth's

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asserted delicacy and decision are contradicted by her every word and action. Wainwright's inconsistencies are still more puzzling: why, since he was brought up like an Englishman, is he so little like them? If it is because of his being an American, why is he so little like us? He is true to the description given of him at first, as mildly satirical; his ironical remarks are often quoted, and they are so very mild that the author always feels obliged to call the sarcastic intention to the reader's notice. But Wainwright is really a fine fellow: he resolves to give up the girl he loves, and who he believes loves him, because the connection with the Springs is one of those things from which every self-respecting man must protect himself; but when Townsend makes a lucky stroke on 'change and gets out of trouble, and Ruth openly breaks with her sister, he does not hesitate for a moment to ask her to be his wife. He is so delighted with what he has seen of his native country, the Bodensteins, Gansevoorts, Bangses, and board of brokers, that he determines to give up Europe, to live in America forever, and to run for Congress.

This is another instance of the international novel, the view of America seen through eyes not alien, yet adjusted to a focus and perspective different from our own. The author intimates this distinctly, and the oppositeness of its aim and intent from those of some other stories of similar construction; yet not only is the main idea, the position of the hero, borrowed, but there are peculiarities of expression betraying an influence which Mr. Fawcett would no doubt repudiate. One cannot mistake the model of such sentences as these: "He had been from the hour of his landing an admirable subject for impressions;" "'Because I must have taxed you so by asking you to do me that little favor,' Mrs. Vanderhoff returned, it deepening her handsome smile." This is not the best style of English or American writing, but it is better than many passages in the book, the meaning of which is difficult to arrive at, such as, "His hotel was situated . . . amid that region of residences which lack the gallant thrift of others lying beyond them, yet wear a time-touched gravity rare in a city so roughly subversive of all memorial charm. He observed this trait of variation as he walked along." "He had not yet discovered that the advertising impulse, in our special form of civilization, may sometimes reach hysterical points of assertiveness." It may be this difficulty in defining his impressions which causes Mr. Fawcett's pictures of New York society, although sufficiently like what they represent, to convey an idea that the artist is unfamiliar with his subject, or that he is inexact in his treatment of it. This short-coming is chiefly to be observed in minor details; there are no slips so unlucky as speaking of English people being "*down* from the country" in London. But when a book deals exclusively with details, even slight inaccuracies in minutiæ impeach its authority. Some New Yorkers will probably take advantage of them to assert that the picture is drawn by an outsider; the fact will remain, nevertheless, that to an outsider it has a strong air of resemblance.

Baby Rue [1] is another American story, but as far removed from the preceding as the east is from the west. It is what the French call a *pièce de tendance*, and the tendency may be known from the following extracts: "The vacillation of the government in its Indian affairs was then, [1842–45] as now, the curse of the savage as well as the frontiersman." "The Anglo-Saxon found the red man of North America hospitable, honest, brave, generous, and sober; if after three centuries of Christian contact and example he is wily,

[1] *Baby Rue.* (No Name Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

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treacherous, cruel, a thief, and a drunkard, whose is the fault? To prove it is not altogether his, we will go on with this history." If a novel may be permitted to have a moral purpose, this is surely a noble one; but the writer should have the burning words, the lips touched with the coal of prophetic fire, by which the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin kindled a flame of righteous wrath throughout the civilized world. No statement can be too precise, no expressions too strong, to carry home a national sin to the national conscience. Unfortunately, the book before us is ill-planned and worse executed. There are long historical accounts of our broken treaties, perfidious captures, and unjust wars. This is matter which overfreights a story disastrously. The Indian is treated in the romantic manner, and that has never been successful except in the hands of Campbell and Cooper. How faithful the portraits of Coacooche, Lo-loch-to-hoo-la, and Alaya-chayra may be, only one who has some personal knowledge of Indian character can judge; but anybody may be permitted to doubt that chiefs on the war-path stop to discuss their private injuries and the wrongs of their people in figurative language with white soldiers and scouts. There are occasional vigor, and strength of style, and there is abundant incident, but it is generally overstrained; we are constantly on the border of the marvelous, sometimes over it. Perhaps it is unfair to consider the book as a novel, but a tale, a story, it professes to be, and it does not fulfill the implied conditions. There is no plot; it is a rambling narrative, sustained by the episode of the theft of a white child by an Indian chief, and her final restoration to her parents. The pursuit is so involved with the previous history of some of the characters, with the external and internal policy and wars of several tribes, with the motives and mistakes of United States officers, with varieties of life on the plains, with the rudimentary love affairs of some of the personages, that it is doubtful whether one reader in a hundred will keep the thread clear; it is not only intricate, it is entangled. This confusion and an inevitable want of sympathy with the stolen child are the great defects of the book, for they lessen the interest of the most important portion. Baby Rue, who is not three years old when the story ends, besides being an infant prodigy in the way of intelligence and philological acquirement (as her language is intelligible to Indians of different tribes), is one of those strong-willed children now so numerous in this country as to be no longer remarkable. Her mother, a lady of will too, has given up trying to manage her. She is undaunted by a fight in which all her playmates and protectors are killed, and this demeanor wins the heart of a savage warrior, who saves and steals her, — the only white who escapes alive. She immediately becomes his tyrant, and that of a hostile tribe to whose care he confides her. Naturally, after her recovery, she was entirely spoiled by her parents, so it is to be feared that Baby Rue came to no good. The child lacks individuality, and so do the grown people, of every class and color; there is not even a well-marked type except Pike, the frontiersman, and Bob Stearns, the soldier, and few persons will share the weakness for the "winsomely dear drunkard," which we think betrays the author's sex.

The descriptions of scenery and adventure on the plains are often very real and spirited. There are expressions and images which make the flesh creep with their weird power and picturesqueness, like the surprise of a camp at daybreak, and the bewilderment of the teamsters and herdsmen at the stampede of their horses by the invisible Indians, as they lay along the off-side of their own ponies, shooting from under their bellies: "An occasional arrow struck

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and stung to death some hapless herder, as he gazed in astonishment at the strange spectacle of his own horses driven by riderless steeds that swept by him in the dim light." Contrasted with this, and with condensed and forcible sentences like the first one quoted, there is so much religiosity and poor "fine writing" that we almost doubt whether the book is the work of but one person. There is a remarkable apostrophe to readers at the end of a love scene which closes chapter xxvii.: "Ah, madame! ah, monsieur! not for them, not for them, need even the angels fear! Where purity and honesty meet, love may come; but — the serpent lies dead at their feet." This is followed by some pages of beautiful description, and a concise, terse account of the removal of a body of Seminoles from their reservation to the Sierras. Amid the rudest encounters and the fiercest scenes the profanity of both officers and soldiers is frequently apologized for, once in particular with delightful punctiliousness: "'Here come Beall and Leczinsky,' says Colonel Kearny, 'riding as though all hell had broken loose.'" To which there is a *foot-note*: "Paradise Lost, Book IV., line 918." It is impossible to decide whether the author wishes to clear her (or him) self or Colonel Kearny from the blame of such an expression.

In fine, for a piece of special pleading, the fiction hampers the argument, and for a tale of adventure it lacks completeness, compactness, continuity, and many other necessary qualities, and there are too many diatribes and digressions. It is the more to be regretted as there is material for an interesting, even an exciting, short story, which might have served the writer's good purpose better than the present volume can ever do.

On taking up Friends[1] after either of the above books, one glides instantly into deeper, smoother water. The tone of thought and way of writing are so peculiarly the author's that nobody who has already read one of her books has any excuse for feeling impatient with this. As usual, it is a prolonged analysis of a psychical condition and situation, ordinary enough in its external aspect. It is simply the story of a beautiful, tender, true-hearted young woman, who loses a husband whom she loves with her whole nature, and who, after a long widowhood, marries his most intimate friend, a life-long acquaintance of her own, too, who is brought near her in her bereavement by being her trustee. The conclusion is foreseen from the first chapter, when Nordhall brings Reliance the news of her husband's sudden death; the interest of the book is in the way in which the end is reached. It is a study of "the patient renewals of life, the slow gathering of wasted forces, the gradual restoration of landmarks and symptoms of content, the gravely rebuilt fire-sides, by which forever ears must listen for the footsteps of the flood." These are traced with much delicacy in the woman's case, and the growth and development of love with much truth to nature in the man's, granting Nordhall to be a natural man. From the moment when he thinks that to be the comforter of a dead friend's widow is the most thankless position in the world, and wishes "honestly enough that John were there to do his own consoling," until the last sentence, — "It was heaven on earth at least to him. If to her it was earth after heaven, what cared he?" — the sequence of emotions and events is perfectly logical. There is no plot or action; there are instead merely successive phases of feeling as various and infallible as the phenomena of stars or tides. The mutual sentiments with which the pair set out are simple enough, — pity and the manly desire to protect on one side, gratitude and dependence on the other; only the

[1] *Friends: A Duet.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

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common although unequal grief which brings them together quickens the man's sensibility toward the woman, while it deadens hers towards him. At first she is indifferent to him; then gradually come trust, thankfulness, the sense of support, the desire for companionship, the habit of intimacy, ending in necessity. On his part there is the simple process of falling in love with a lovely woman, complicated by the knowledge that her heart is in her husband's grave, and that she will accord no other man any affection except friendship, with rigidly defined and immutable boundaries. The birth of self-consciousness, the growth of constraint, the chill of gossip, the erection of constancy into an idol, with their separate results on the mutual relation; the reactions, revulsions, fresh starts, new departures, are all carefully noted and registered. Miss Phelps understands these subjects: she knows to a throb when and how the blooming of the lilacs, the cutting of the hay, the dropping of the nuts, the crackling of the frost, will work upon the sense of "the days that are no more." But if Miss Phelps wishes to prove that friendship between a man and a woman is impossible where love is possible, she has made an error in choosing as her heroine a woman who, her beauty apart, was not made to inspire friendship, and a hero who was incapable of friendship for a woman. Very few men indeed are capable of it; the majority of men take no interest in a woman with whom they are not or have not been in love. A good many women, although a minority no doubt, are capable of being the devoted friend of one man while in love with another, or even without being in love at all. But Reliance and Nordhall both belong to the majority. If her husband had lived, the friendship would never have existed; she would never have had a man friend, nor he a woman friend. It is hard to believe that such was Miss Phelps's meaning, but whether it were this or the opposite she has not chosen good examples to make it plain. Reliance has not the fibre of friendship. She has no women friends. The only person of her own sex with whom she has any intimacy is the shallow and shadowy Myrtle. She is a perfect sample of a large class of women, a being who can love but one person at a time, and that a man.

The characters are attractive, however, and sympathetic: the woman is very natural, the man very noble; the predominating quality in her is sweetness, in him loyalty. There is something very fine in his determination not to rob her of her comfort and her friend by being her lover. "I will never love her!" he says to himself, after much temptation. "I will befriend her — for her sake." That he fails is Miss Phelps's fault for putting him in such a position. In speaking of the characters, only the Friends of the duet are meant; the half dozen others who people the background are not viable, although old Madam Strong, Reliance's mother-in-law, is a good outline, sharply touched up here and there. The descriptions of the outer world, with its patent inner meaning, are as vivid as ever, and as usual one cannot but feel that they are sometimes strained beyond their real significance. The garden is pretty, with its hollyhocks, "rose and gold and silver white," but one grows so tired of the wine-colored one which is taller than the rest that one wishes to cut its head off; it is exasperating to see it come into flower again next year. Both those who admire Miss Phelps's style and those who do not will find the familiar sources of like and dislike in plenty. In the dialogue the principal force of what is said is given by italicizing, or repeating words already spoken, as if to convey to the mental ear the uttered emphasis. Miss Phelps should recollect that the use of italics has been called an insult to the reader's understanding. It

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would be better, on the whole, even for the admirers, if there were fewer sentences like this: "The hall was dark. But the light of the lily was on her;" and more like this: "The fine air spurred her on" (an errand of charity) "like the approval of a friend."

Accustomed as most of us are to meet Russians and their notions and customs in M. Tourguéneff's books, there is always something unsatisfactory in finding the same topics touched by a less sure and delicate hand. The Nihilist Princess is a very interesting book,[1] one of the rare books which the reader is loath to lay down unfinished; but the interest lies entirely in the story, nor is it easy to say how much of it is due merely to the subject. Nihilism is so terrible and tremendous a fact in these days, its name possesses the imagination so powerfully, that with such a basis a novel of any talent can hardly fail of its effect. The one in question follows the movements of Nihilism in Russia during the year 1878; Vera Zassoulitch, General Trepoff, General Menzentzoff, and the late Czar are brought in. The action rushes on without pause or slackening; imaginary personages and events keep pace with actual ones side by side. The book might be called an historical novel of present times. No detail is wanting which belongs to the progress and manifestations of Nihilism as far as can be known, — and everything is known about it; it is an open secret, which is why it is so well kept and so baffling to discovery. The sympathy of the army, the apathy of the clergy, the influence of Poland, the relations with Switzerland, the secret press, the official correspondence, the participation of the nobles, are all made use of by M. Gagneur. The infection, the frenzy, is so wide-spread that the wonder is who is left on the other side. It calls to mind the saying that there are more mad than sane people in the world, and that the reason they do not have it all their way is because they cannot act in concert. There must be radical divergence of aspiration and aim among this nation of conspirators that the country is not in their hands. The temper of M. Gagneur's personages affords a clew to their want of success. The heroine, Princess Wanda Kryloff, is a spoiled, self-willed, passionate young creature, more likely to go wrong than right, with the national love of mystery and a turn of her own for mock heroics. Her generous impulses incline her towards the oppressed, but need of excitement has its share in her first steps. Later, hatred of and opposition to her father (the only well-drawn character in the book), affection and pity for her mother, a hopeless passion for a man she cannot marry, combine to drive her on in the path she has chosen, until the descent towards doom is so rapid that she cannot stop or draw back. One of the principal male characters, Prince Litzanoff, has some of the same incentives and temptations: the needs of a nature which has exhausted the usual sources of excitement without expending the fire of youth, personal animosity, a hopeless love. Michael Federoff, whom the translator thinks meant for Hartmann, but who is a loftier sort of man, has been a serf, and has wrongs which St. Stephen himself could hardly have forgiven. And so on through the whole list. The only disinterested conspirator is Raymond Chabert, a real philanthropist, a true knight, a willing marytr, and he is a Frenchman. It may be remarked in passing that the only absolute villain is Count Stackelberg, a gentleman of German extraction.

There is no fine delineation of character; the leading personages are marked solely by their parts. It is like a breathless melodrama, in which the boards are crowded with actors chiefly distinguished by their costumes, and in which

[1] *A Nihilist Princess.* From the French of M. L. Gagneur. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

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the scenery, the stage business, the tableaux, the spectacle, serve instead of the play. It is a prolonged crisis, but the curtain does not fall at the right moment, when the crisis is over. The audience is engrossed, however, because it is the overwhelming public tragedy of our own day. The translation is so good that, except in the longer conversations, when one is conscious of the easy French dialogue stiffening in the process of transmutation, the reader seldom remembers that the book was not written in English.

Would that as much could be said for the beautiful little Norwegian tale, Synnöve Solbakken.[1] That it is not spoiled by the translation is the strongest proof of its charm. The meaning is often obscured and the flow of the recital obstructed by the impossibility which the translator finds either of rendering the original clearly, or of shaking himself free from the letter of the text, and of giving its substance and spirit. Besides which, vulgarisms, such as "right down" for below or beneath, "clear down" for the whole way down, "back of" for behind, are not infrequent. It is astonishing, since Professor Anderson can write very well when left to himself, as one may see by the interesting sketch of Björnson which precedes the story.

The taste for and interest in Scandinavian literature and legend have been of gradual growth with us, slow at first, of late more rapid. Thirty years ago Howitt's Literature of Northern Europe, the German version of the Niebelungen Lied, Miss Martineau's Feats on the Fiord, and some of Fouqué's stories, Sintram, Thiodolf the Icelander, and Aslauga's Knight, were nearly all that was within reach of readers not prepared for research. The traditions, the lore, the poetry, the inhabitants, the customs, the scenery, of that ancient land, which was the first stage in the migration of our early progenitors, were less known to most well-informed people than the history of the Egyptian dynasties. It would be curious to trace the causes which have made their study a favorite pastime. Perhaps the enthusiasm excited by Ole Bull and Jenny Lind created a desire to know something of the countries whence they came, bringing their strange native melodies. About the same time Miss Bremer and her novels became known to us. Then Hans Andersen won the hearts of hundreds of thousands of children and parents, telling about the stork, and the Neckan, and Kronburg. From those days to these, when Prior's and Morris's translations have made the Norse epic as accessible as the Iliad, our acquaintance with Scandinavia has been growing wider and closer. The fjords and fjelds, the sæters and forces, of Sweden and Norway are drawing many travelers away from the glaciers and passes of Switzerland. Multitudes who will never gaze on the midnight sun got a realizing glimpse of the life that goes on beneath it at the Centennial Exhibition. Stories of unfamiliar races told by one of themselves have peculiar zest and freshness, and Synnöve Solbakken is a purely Norwegian story. It is a new tale told in a new way; there is not a familiar or hackneyed personage or incident from beginning to end. It is an uncommon proof of power in so young a man — the author was but twenty-five when it was written, in 1857 — to lay hold on the scenes and figures under his hand, and write his first novel about them, with a keen recognition of their characteristics, instead of seeking his subject and background in less known fields. The result in this case is that, while the men and women are unmistakably true to life, they have the charm for us of complete novelty, and a distinctive

[1] *Synnöve Solbakken.* By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. Translated from the Norse by RASMUS B. ANDERSON. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

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coloring and atmosphere of their own. Their existence has a simplicity and serenity which diffuse a summer-like Sabbath calm over the tale, in spite of occasional fighting matches and drunken bouts and outbursts of blind Berserker fury. It has the ingenuousness, humor, and sentiment of a homely German story, without the alternate mawkishness and matter-of-fact which damage all German romance except a few creations of pure fancy, like Undine. The characters are drawn in a clear outline, like Retzch's etchings, but with reality and consistency; the silent, sunny maiden Synnöve is a new and lovely type of heroine, and contrasts lucently with the darker and more turbulent form of her lover. The suggestive beauty of certain passages, such as the description of the peasants' Sunday and its influence on their mind and habits, will be likely to send readers to try to master them in the original.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

READING one of Anthony Trollope's novels the other day, — he has written about eight hundred; this one was called Ayala's Angel, — I was struck by two facts: first, that the English novelist has almost inexhaustible material to work with; and secondly, that the American novelist has nearly none at all, if he confine himself to his own country and period. There is nothing definite in American society for the dramatist to get hold of. It is all but impossible for an American author to make his high-bred heroine commit a *mésalliance*, unless he marries her to her father's coachman, or to a railroad conductor, or to a policeman. Even this will not properly thrill the reader, for the conductor may possibly become president of the road, or the policeman may run for mayor, and get elected, or the coachman may turn up a millionaire through dabbling in Bell Telephone stock. If any of those things happen, the line which separated the reluctant father-in-law and the impecunious son-in-law instantly disappears. It is not so in English society. A man or a woman who marries outside of his or her sphere does something really dramatic and permanently wretched. The difficulties which environ two lovers of different rank in life furnish the novelist with endless situations. The daughter of an earl falls in love with a son of a plain country gentleman, and there 's a farce, or a comedy, or a tragedy ready made, with parks and practicable castles, and fashionable sea-side resorts with real water, for scenery. We have the scenery, to be sure, dropping the castles, but we have n't the *dramatis personæ*. A well-educated, gentlemanly young American, with a fair success in his profession or business, — let the business be something in the way of banking, — is a match for any American girl, whatever her surroundings. An English girl may wed just such an admirable person, and in so doing commit a dreadful *faux pas*. The conditions of life in the Old World, the sharply drawn social distinctions, and all the rest of it, give the English story-teller an immense advantage over his American cousin. Where are our cathedral towns, with all that vast ecclesiastical machinery which turns out pompous bishops by the dozen and sentimental curates by the gross? Where are our penniless younger sons and opulent elder brothers? Where is our standing army to get red-breasted lovers from?

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Where are our picturesque marriage settlements and the old family notary, with all that sort of thing, don't you know? The English romancer has at his disposal a hundred types of men and women unknown among us. Such a person, for example, as Mr. Frank Houston, in Ayala's Angel, — a young fellow worth sixteen thousand pounds, who considers himself too poor to marry the girl of his heart, — is impossible in America. I suppose there are ten thousand of him in London alone. No wonder our novelists have to take their young women and their young men abroad in order to find background and opportunities for them! The heroes and heroines of American fiction run across now as regularly every summer as any other class of fortunate beings.

— The translation of Martial's epitaph on Erotion, printed some time ago in the Contributors' Club, has tempted me to send you the following paraphrase from Moschus: —

THE DEAD SINGER.

Who now will sing, as in the days of old,
O thrice-regretted singer of the fold?
Ay, who will sing, now that thy lips are cold,
  Now that thy hands have dropped the voiceless flute?

Who to his lips dare press the hollow reeds
Warm with thy breath? Still wandering Echo feeds
On thy dear songs, as through the land she speeds,
  So soon to tell the people thou art mute.

Nay, thou, where happy sounds and sunshine bless
The souls of men, and days pass numberless,
Hymnest a song of long forgetfulness:
  How runs thy song? What are the words it saith?

Wouldst thou return? Nay, nay, it should not be!
Yet could I draw thy sweet soul after me,
As Orpheus did his dear Eurydice,
  Even I might pipe before the god of death.

— The life of the Rev. Robert Hawker, late vicar of Morwenstow, Cornwall, curiously illustrates a subject recently treated in The Atlantic, the mischievousness of the Middle Age mind; and as his biography is, I believe, little known, it will interest readers to learn something of this odd relic of antique days, born by chance in the nineteenth century. His father, a poor clergyman, sent him, when a boy, to live with his grandfather, also a respected divine. The latter, being himself a man of humor, for a long time showed a sympathetic indulgence for the boy's tormenting pranks, played upon everybody in the parish. The old gentleman had two devoted feminine admirers in his flock, who, as he once told them, seemed to expect to get to heaven by clinging tightly to his coat-tails. Robert had no patience with the absurdities of the two devotees, and set himself to plague them so effectually that at last he fairly drove them out of the parish. His incensed grandfather banished him from the house. On his return home his sorrowing father informed him that he must now give up all expectation of going to college, as he had not the means to support him there. The dismayed Robert rushed, hatless, out of the house, and ran, almost without stopping, some fifteen miles to a place where dwelt four maiden sisters whom he knew well. He burst in upon them, and abruptly offered himself to the youngest one, Miss Charlotte. The maiden of forty accepted the youth of twenty, and, strange to say, the marriage turned out a happy one. She accompanied her husband to Oxford, where they continued to live upon her little income until his course was finished. She was a woman of sense and humor, who adapted herself admirably to her eccentric husband.

In the Cornwall parish to which Robert Hawker soon went, he lived for the remainder of his life. The stories told of his oddities would hardly be believed were they vouched for by a less credible authority than his biographer, the Rev. Baring-Gould. The most outrageous of his practical jokes would scarcely have succeeded with any but Cornwall folk, who are said to be more primitive in mind and manners, more superstitious and credulous, than those of any other

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part of England; and in this respect pastor and flock were suited to each other, for Robert Hawker believed firmly in the influence of the "evil eye" and the danger of stepping within a "fairy ring." Soon after he came to the place the fancy took him to play merman. Clothed in an oil-skin jacket, and with long tresses of sea-weed fastened upon his head, he betook himself to a perch upon a rock at a convenient distance from shore. The villagers were soon drawn thither by the wild song proceeding from the rock above the waves. Seeing the vaguely-defined strange shape out there, illumined by curious intermittent flashes (produced by catching and reflecting the moon's rays from a hand-mirror), and hearing its weird chant, the people knew it could be nothing but a merman. For two or three nights successively the sport was kept up, persons arriving from a distance to gaze upon the mysterious apparition, till the Rev. Robert's voice got hoarse with overmuch singing and the joker tired of his own fun, which he suddenly ended by a plunge from his rock. He was a tender-hearted man, and extremely fond of animals; instead of a dog, a favorite black pig ran beside his horse, and even accompanied him upon parochial visits. He petted jackdaws and cats; of the latter he at one time owned nine, and went into his chancel on Sundays attended by the whole company. He repeated the prayers with his hand resting affectionately on the head of one or another of them, and it is said that the creatures behaved with propriety. One of them committed some misdemeanor at last, whereupon the troop was summarily dismissed from service. In spite of this strange want of clerical dignity, Mr. Hawker retained his place and his credit, was a worthy and beloved pastor and sensible preacher. He was a clever talker, with a satirical turn; a specimen, in short, of wit to madness nearly allied. He was also a poet, and wrote some astonishingly good Cornish ballads.

— If translations are in order in the Club, will you let me send you a bit of Gautier?

THE GHOST OF THE ROSE.

AFTER THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

Now let thine eyelids unclose,
While faint dreams hover and fall;
I am the ghost of the rose
That graced thee to-night at the ball.
With the dew of the evening impearled,
I bent to thy fingers so soft;
But I flouted and mocked the gay world,
In the dance, as I nodded aloft.

Now, O sweet cause of my death,
I dance all night by thy bed;
Light, light on the draught of thy breath,
Over the pillow I 'm led.
But fear not: blest was my doom,
No prayer for my peace need be said;
My soul is this light perfume,
From gardens of Paradise fled.

For a death so happy as mine,
What rose would not part with its bloom?
And more than the roses might pine
To offer their lives on my tomb.
On the marble where I repose
This legend was carved with a kiss:
Here, here lieth a rose:
Kings envied its dying bliss.

LE SPECTRE DE LA ROSE.

Soulève ta paupière close
Qu'effleure un songe virginal;
Je suis le spectre d'une rose
Que tu portais hier au bal.
Tu me pris encore emperlée
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,
Et parmi la fête étoilée
Tu me promenas tout le soir.

O toi qui de ma mort fus cause,
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,
Toute la nuit mon spectre rose
A ton chevet viendra danser.
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame
Ni messe ni *De profundis;*
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,
Et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie:
Pour avoir un trépas si beau,
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie,
Car j'ai ta gorge pour tombeau,
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose
Un poëte avec un baiser
Ecrivit: Ci-git une rose
Que tous les rois vont jalouser.

— Time was when a new story by Mr. William Black was hailed with de-

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light and read with satisfaction. Who does not retain a tender memory of the Daughter of Heth and the Princess of Thule? The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton carried us with pleasant companions through beautiful scenery, and from our hearts we thanked the writer who thus set us face to face with nature. If once in a while an uneasy suspicion crossed our minds that it was nature in her "company clothes," we put the thought aside as hypercritical, and were still grateful. Now comes Mr. Black's latest work, Sunrise. (There may be two or three later than the latest, for they come with bewildering rapidity.) The name is promising, suggestive of dewy freshness and the songs of birds. But straightway we are introduced to a band of socialists, — reformers, they call themselves, — whose instruments of reform are pistols and daggers. These interesting characters disport themselves, of all places, in London! An English gentleman becomes a member of this society, influenced partly by his zeal for liberty and partly by his love for the heroine of the story, who is the daughter of the ruling spirit of the association. Such is the obliquity of the moral vision of the new member that he feels bound to fulfill his promise of obedience, even when he is required to become an assassin, to murder in cold blood a man of whom he personally knows nothing. This distorted sense of right and wrong is visible throughout, and what makes the story more unpleasant is the impression of *theatricalness* which it leaves. Midnight meetings of conspirators, mysterious entrances to dark passages, a fiendish scheme by which an enemy of the people and an undesirable son-in-law may both be gotten out of the way, — all these lurid incidents seem more appropriate to the blood-curdling drama as presented on the stage of a minor theatre than to a story of modern English life. They might possibly be made to fit in among the other unrealities of an Italian opera. Nothing is easier than to imagine old Calabressa, whose every movement in the book is stagey, standing wrapped in his threadbare cloak, delivering an aria at the boxes, and echoed by a chorus of conspirators who lurk in the shadow of the pasteboard rocks at the back of the scene.

— Certain persons, with a practical interest in the cause of temperance, have recently been considering the question whether lager beer and other mild preparations of malt might not be made to supplant the deadly alcoholic liquors to which so many classes in this country are addicted. Whether or not the plan is practicable, the idea is one that commends itself to a large number of persons, always excepting that small body of reformers whose intolerance is exasperating enough to drive a naturally abstemious man into habits of intoxication. For my part, I do not see how any one who uses such insidious beverages as tea and coffee — and uses them to excess, as almost all tea-drinkers and coffee-drinkers do — can object to light German beers. There lurk more deleterious effects in a single cup of strong Hyson than in half a dozen glasses of lager. As I pen this assertion, I see in my mind's eye the flutter of ten million cap-strings. They belong to most estimable and proper elderly ladies, who pass sleepless nights and restless days, having contracted innumerable chronic diseases of the nerves through drinking too much tea. I do not say that an immoderate indulgence in beer will not produce evil results. I would n't say that of water. But I will say that the most healthy and temperate people on the globe are the people of Germany, where every city, town, and hamlet has its beer-garden, — I do not except the Spaniards, who drink nothing but water, since they drink reprehensible quantities of it. There is comparatively little drunkenness in the wine-growing districts of

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France and Germany, where the inhabitants generally prefer hocks and clarets to brandies. It is needless to remark that gin-tippling is England's national vice, — or at least one of them. You come face to face with it in the great towns. How it stares at you in London! Even in some of the more reputable parts of the city there is street after street in which every twentieth shop is a dram-shop, with its separate entrance for women. He would do a priceless work in the Lord's vineyard who should teach the English lower classes to drink lager beer, — and then teach the nobility to stick to Apollinaris!

I am perfectly well aware that I have approached but one side of a question which has several sides. The argument against indorsing the use of ales and beers is that many persons who do not now touch anything of the sort might be induced to form habits which would ultimately lead to a desire for dangerous stimulants. Of course such an argument is not to be refuted by the statement of my individual observation, which is that no beer-drinker ever cares in the least for spirituous liquors.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Juvenile. Mr. Richard Jeffries calls his Wood Magic a fable, but the work has a fascination which does not belong to that species of obsolete composition. He has given the power of speech to birds and beasts, and not made them wearisome, as the conventional fabulist is apt to do. The story of little Sir Bevis, with his squirrels, and crows, and weasels, and woodpeckers, is a story that will go straight to the heart of childhood. One of the innumerable charms of the book is that it does n't spring a moral on anybody. (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.) — A very different sort of book, with a very different sort of purpose, is Harold Dorsey's Fortune, by Mary Dwinell Chellis. (Congregational Publishing Society.) It is one of those fictions which go a good way towards putting the reader out of patience with propriety. We had supposed that this kind of book, like the dodo, was an extinct bird.

Biography and Memoirs. Madame de Sévigné forms the subject of the latest volume of Foreign Classics for English Readers, edited by Mrs. Oliphant. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) Madame de Sévigné fell into sympathetic and skillful hands when she fell into those of Miss Thackeray, who has made a singularly charming study of her brilliant French sister. We shall hereafter have occasion to speak more in detail of the book, and also of the Letters of Madame de Rémusat, a selection from which has been made by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie, the admirable translators of the Mémoires. (D. Appleton & Co.) The same work appears by arrangement in Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Art. The proprietors of L'Art have presented to the subscribers of the present volume an exquisite etching by E. Champollin, after a painting by A. Casanova, entitled Un Coin dans le Jardin (A Corner of the Garden). The impressions, which are on Holland paper, are very carefully printed by Lienard of Paris. The plate measures 18½ by 15 inches, and is altogether a gem. The picture is Spanish in subject, representing a Capuchin monk seated on the edge of a stone bench, one end of which is occupied by a distracting señorita. The *groseria* and embarrassment of the holy man are capitally hit off, as is also the cool coquetry of the Spanish girl, with her fan and lace mantilla. The etching suggests great richness of color in the original, and is a worthy pendant to the artistic premiums issued with the two previous volumes of L'Art, — namely, Makart's Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp, and Fortuny's Academicians Choosing a Model. (J. W. Bouton, New York.)

Religion. The Bible Defended and Atheism Rebuked (E. J. Hale & Son) is the title of a neatly printed pamphlet in which Mr. Allan B. Magruder takes Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll sharply to task for his idiocy. Perhaps it was not worth doing, but Mr. Magruder, who describes himself as "layman and Bible student," evidently thought it was, and has done it with great earnestness.

Education. Lee & Shepard have issued the first volume of a very valuable work (to be complete in two volumes), entitled New England Bird Life, being a Manual of New England Ornithology, edited from the manuscript of W. A. Stearns by Dr. Elliott Coues, United States Army. The present part treats of singing-birds, about which the reader will find a world of curious and novel information presented in a clear and entertaining manner. On the completion of the second part, we shall return to the work. It belongs to that

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delightful kind of scientific literature of which Mr. Scudder's treatise on Butterflies is an excellent example. — Elementary German, an Outline of the Grammar, with Exercises, Conversations, and Readings, by Charles P. Otis, Ph. D., is a hand-book of uncommon fullness and clearness. The majority of German text-books lend difficulty to a very difficult language. When the world is a little more advanced, the Germans will probably adopt the Roman letter for their alphabet. The use of the Roman letter in the first pages of the present work simplifies much that would be hard to the beginner. — Prof. G. A. Wentworth, professor of mathematics in Phillips Exeter Academy, has prepared a valuable class-book in the line of his study, Elements of Algebra. (Ginn & Heath.) The advantage of this work over many others in use is that the author has not aimed to baffle the student with complicated exercises, but to furnish him with such problems as may be solved without a useless expenditure of time and energy.

Guide-Books. Wallace's Descriptive Guide to the Adirondacks, of which the present is the ninth edition, seems to have proved its usefulness. It is published by the author at Syracuse, N. Y. — We can speak less confidently of Mr. David Macbrayne's Summer Tours in Scotland. It is not easy to see where it ceases to be an advertisement of Macbrayne's line of steamers and becomes an impartial adviser to the tourist.

Poetry. The poetry of the month is not notable, if we except the collection of Oscar Wilde's poems (Roberts Bros.), about which the critics are disagreeing. We shall have something to say later touching Mr. Wilde and the "utter" school. — Farm Festivals, by Will Carleton (Harper Bros.), needs no introduction to make him welcome to a large class of readers who like homely themes pleasantly rhymed. Mr. Carleton seems to furnish the missing link between poetry and prose. — The author of Motherhood, who wishes to remain anonymous, and claims the authorship of this work on the title-page of another published simultaneously, has higher aims than Mr. Carleton. The poem entitled Motherhood is purely and tenderly written, and is not without pathos of a very touching sort. It is much more satisfactory than the miscellaneous collection of lyrics put forth by the same writer with the title of Breath of the Field and Shore. Both books are exquisitely printed. (Lee & Shepard.) — A Tire-d'Aile, by René des Chesnais (Bray et Retaux, Paris), is the title of an exquisitely printed little volume of poems of a religious cast. M. Chesnais dedicates his work "à tous ceux qui défendent cette triple cause, — le Christ, la France, la Liberté." It is to mix paganism and Christianity to speak of Th. Gautier and M. Chesnais in the same breath, but the careful finish of several of the lyrics in this collection reminds one of the Émaux et Camées. In all other respects the two writers are worlds asunder. Gautier's muse is a rosy bacchante, with a wreath dropping over her brows; M. Chesnais's muse wears a cowl and carries a crucifix. The strongest verses in A Tire-d'Aile are perhaps those addressed to Victor Hugo; the most graceful are those entitled Prologue, from which we quote a stanza: —

> "Je suis trop hardi, je le crains,
> De m'aventurer dans la rime,
> Triolets, sonnets ou quatrains.
> Je suis trop hardi, je le crains.
> L'imprudence mène aux chagrins;
> Témérité peut être crime.
> Je suis trop hardi, je le crains,
> De m'aventurer dans la rime."

— Legends of the Northwest, by H. L. Gordon, is one more attempt in the field of Indian poetry, and is not to be pronounced wholly successful. It is a field strewn with the bones of American poets.

Miscellaneous. From the press of Sands & McDougall, Melbourne, we have received a handsomely printed volume entitled On Renascence Drama, or History made Visible, by William Thomson, F. R. C. S., F. L. S. It is a Shakespearean study, whose scope cannot adequately be stated in the brief space allotted us here. Mr. Thomson, if we catch the drift of his argument, is inclined to believe that Shakespeare was not Shakespeare, but Bacon. — The Military Historical Society of Massachusetts have issued the initial volume of a series of volumes, in which are to be preserved the papers prepared from time to time by the members of the society and read at their meetings. The present collection relates to the Peninsular Campaign of General McClellan, and contains contributions from John C. Ropes, Esq., Brev. Brig. Gen. John C. Palfrey, U. S. A., and Brev. Brig. Gen. Charles A. Whittier, U. S. V. These papers fall somewhat short of being pleasant reading for General McClellan. (J. R. Osgood & Co.) — New York Illustrated (D. Appleton & Co.) is a model guide-book for the stranger, or for any one, visiting the great metropolis. The illustrations are admirable specimens of wood-engraving, and in every respect worthy of the carefully prepared letterpress. — In To-Day in America (Franklin Square Library) Mr. Joseph Hatton gives a rose-colored account of his recent visit to this country, where he seems to have had what we call in our untutored Americanese "a good time." If Mr. Hatton's powers of observation are neither very wide nor very deep, they appear to have served his purpose. — The second part of The Art of Speech, by Prof. L. T. Townsend, D. D. (D. Appleton & Co.), treats of eloquence and logic. — Illusions, A Psychological Study, by James Sully, forms the thirty-third volume of the International Scientific Series. (D. Appleton & Co.) — The latest of Appleton's Home Books treats of the amenities of domestic life, and contains some sensible essays on education, music, manners, and kindred topics. — Under the title of Butler's Miscellanies, Mr. Noble Butler publishes through Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger a collection of papers dealing chiefly with literary matters. — Select Essays of Arthur Schopenhauer, translated by G. Droppers and C. A. P. Dachsel (Milwaukee), embraces a biographical sketch extracted from Gwinner's Life of Schopenhauer. The essays

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translated are, The Misery of Life, Metaphysics of Love, Genius, Æsthetics of Poetry and Education. — A. S. Barnes & Co. issue a well-printed and large selection of hymns and tunes for service of the sanctuary, edited by Mr. J. P. Holbrook. — The two new volumes of Mr. Hudson's edition of the complete plays and poems of Shakespeare (Ginn & Heath) embrace Macbeth, Othello, Cymbeline, and Coriolanus, with an abundance of critical notes and explanatory matter. This issue brings the work within two volumes of its completion. The Harvard Edition, as it is called, is one of the neatest and most convenient editions ever published.

Fiction. The Lutanist of St. Jacobi's, by Catharine Drew (Henry Holt & Co.), is a charming addition to the Leisure Hour Series, in which, by the way, we have seldom found a mediocre novel. An episode in the life of George Neumarck — a minor German poet and small musician of the seventeenth century — has furnished Mrs. Drew with the material for a delightfully tender and realistic sketch. It is an evidence of the writer's rare art that she has made a simple love affair as fresh and interesting as if it had all happened last week, instead of two hundred years ago. — Paul Hart, or the Love of his Life, by Uncle Lute, is an indigestible American fiction, full of cheap sentiment and reckless grammar; in brief, an overgrown dime novel. On the title-page of the volume an amusing person who signs himself "Critic" offers a synopsis of the work, which he describes as "a thrilling story, so truthful in its presentation of individual traits of character and *superstitious dialogue* that many readers, no doubt, will imagine that it is literally founded on facts." Though Uncle Lute himself does some very fine writing, he does nothing quite so — so superstitious as that. We strongly suspect ourselves of quoting from the "critical opinion" which induced the publishers to give this *chef-d'œuvre* to the world. (T. B. Peterson & Brothers.) — The Skeleton in the House (G. W. Harlan) is a short romantic story, by Friedrich Spielhagen, and is by no means one of his best. At his best, Spielhagen is apt to be dull and prosaic. The present translation, by M. J. Safford, appears to have been conscientiously done. — The Exiles is a Russian story told by two French authors, Victor Tissot and Constant Améro (T. B. Peterson & Brothers), who have evidently made close studies of Russian life and scenery. When we have said that the principal characters in the drama are one Yégor Séménoff, a political convict, and a chief of police named Yermac, we have sufficiently indicated the scope of the romance. It is not uninteresting in parts, but as a whole it is theatrical. Perhaps Tourgénieff has spoiled us for liking this school of Russian novel. — An English translation of almost any book by Gustave Droz requires a generous sprinkling of asterisks to save it from the hands of the police. The translator of Monsieur, Madame et Bébé (T. B. Peterson & Brothers) has adopted this expedient, and has shown excellent taste in his suppressions, though he here and there blunts the point of the too witty Frenchman. The story remains a little *risqué*, however, but to relieve it of that fault it would be necessary to suppress the whole thing. Its great cleverness is undeniable. As to its morality, it is moral compared with Mr. Mallock's Romance of the Nineteenth Century. — Harper & Brothers have added four very entertaining novels to the Franklin Square Library: Ayala's Angel, by Anthony Trollope; An Ocean Free Lance, by the author of The Wreck of the Grosvenor; Sidney, by Georgiana M. Craik; and The Neptune Vase, by Virginia W. Johnson. Of Mr. Trollope it is only necessary to say that no other English writer has anything like his skill in story-telling pure and simple. Mr. W. Clark Russell may be dismissed as briefly; whenever the author of The Wreck of the Grosvenor undertakes to tell a sea-tale he has "the right of way." He is the only living novelist who knows how to sail a ship through the perilous waters of fiction. The novels of Georgiana M. Craik are alway commendable for their earnest purpose and good sense. Of the fourth author on the list it is not so easy to speak. While writing The Neptune Vase Miss Johnson had it in her hand to produce a little masterpiece. Up to the twentieth chapter the story is told with a freshness and grace that must captivate the most unimpressible novel-reader. Nothing could be more natural or exquisite in the way of character drawing than Katy Osmond, Dr. Brent, the Padre Gebezzi, and that wily little Italian contessina, who, though she plays a minor part in the comedy, gives one a very high idea of Miss Johnson's power of delineation. Nothing, we repeat, could be more charming than the first twenty chapters of The Neptune Vase, and then the author spoils the whole thing with the sudden unearthing of a melodramatic and tiresome lost father, who has been masquerading some ten or fifteen years in Siena, disguised in the conventional false beard of a third-rate theatre. The author was within four chapters of the end of her work when she made the fatal mistake of offending probability. In spite of all this, The Neptune Vase is interesting as showing that what is called "the international novel" is capable of an inexhaustible variety in the way of situations and characters. — A. Williams & Co. have issued a new edition of Cape Cod Folks, an anonymous novel, which has proved to be one of the successes of the season.

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